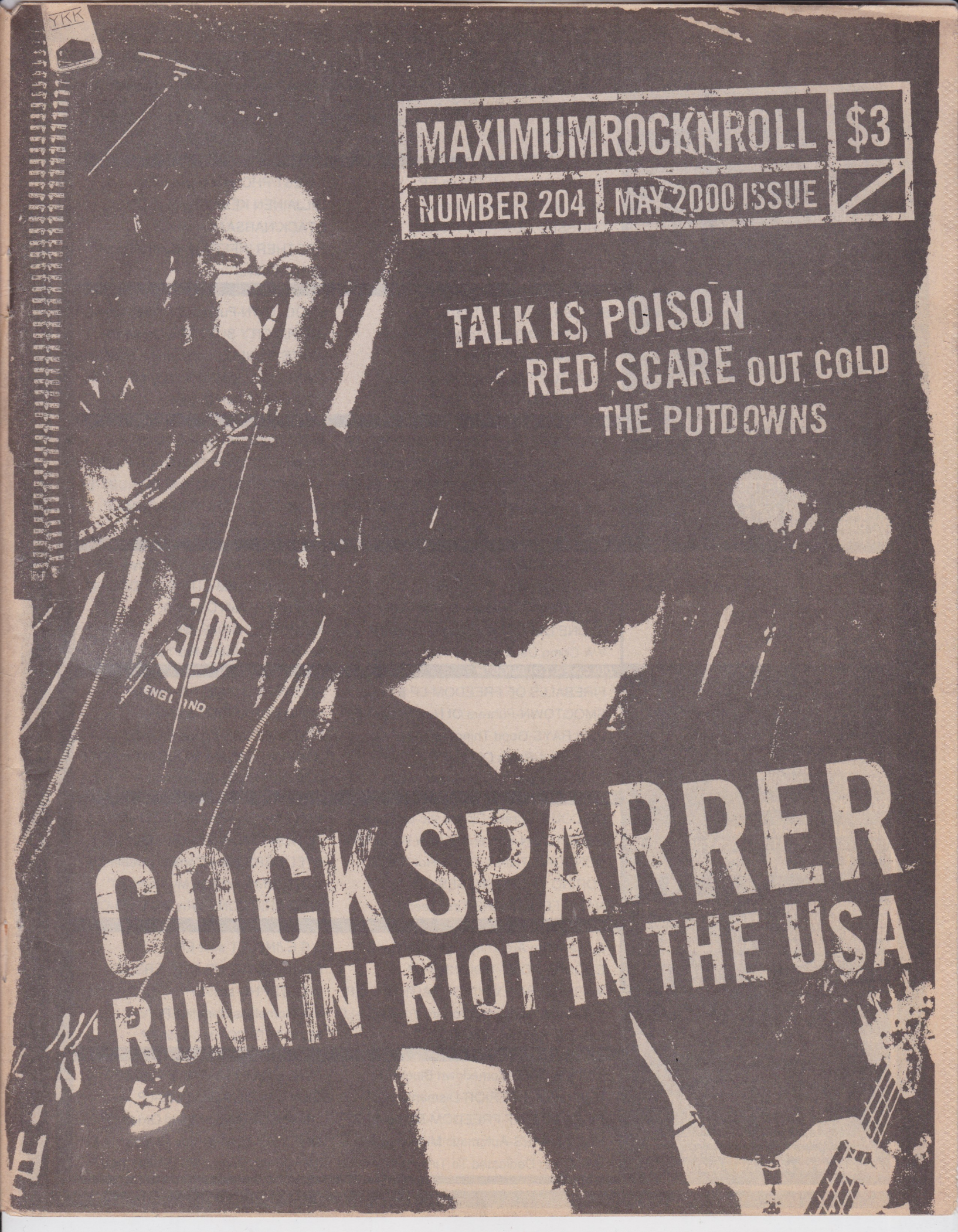
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
$3
NUMBER 204
MAY 2000 ISSUE
TALK IS POISON
RED SCARE OUT COLD
THE PUTDOWNS
COCKSPARRER
RUNNIN' RIOT IN THE USA

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Back issues 143, 145-146, 148, 150-151, 155-163, 165-166, 168-203 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on the page after next.

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Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
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COVER: Alan Hynes

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Email: maximumrnr@mindspring.com
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Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

CARRY ON-Line Is Drawn-EP	INFEST/PHC-split-reissue EP
DEAD NATION-Dead End-LP	HILJAINEN KEVAT-Sininen-CD
CROSSED OUT-1990-1993-LP	STACK/NARSAAK-split-LP
PIG DESTROYER-Explosions-LP	BROTHER INFERIOR-Dismantling-EP
VOORHEES/DEVOID OF FAITH-split-LP	BENUMB-live

JEFF HEERMANN

SPLASH 4-Rules Of Life-EP	SMOGTOWN-Fuhrers Of New Wave-LP
ACTION TIME-Comedown Blues-EP	CHARM CITY SUICIDES-Green-EP
DISTRACTORS-Shake It Up-EP	WHITE STRIPES-Let's Shake Hands-45
BLOWTOPS-Menacing Sinistress-EP	ANDRE WILLIAMS-Rib Tips-LP
CHARGERS STREET GANG-EP	VOM-Live At Surf City-EP

TOM HOPKINS

BROTHER INFERIOR-EP/DIASPORA-LP	KID DYNAMITE-LP/AXIOM-LP
T.NATION/AMBITION MISSION-split-EP	POWER OF IV-LP/STATE OF FEW-EP
LAST SECURITY/MAN IN SHACKLES-EP	ACURSED/VICTIMS-split-EP/RUST-EP
JUMPIN' BEANS-EP/CLONE DEFECTS-EP	OI-MELZ-LP/HARUM SCARUM-LP
VOORHEES/DEVOID OF FAITH-split-EP	BLACK CAT #13-EP/DS-13-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

DISTRACTORS-Shake It Up-EP	BLOWTOPS-Menacing Sinistress-EP
SPLASH 4-Rules Of Life-EP	RC5-10"/CHARM CITY SUICIDES-EP
EVOLUTIONS-Primate Not Ape-EP	DAS BOOT-Talk Dirty-CD
CLONE DEFECTS-Scissors Chop-EP	KNOXVILLE GIRLS-live
V/A-Comp Dedicated To Tim Yo-Mama-LP	ANDRE WILLIAMS-Rib Tips-LP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM-LP & live	ANDRE WILLIAMS-Rib Tips-LP
SMOGTOWN-Fuhrers Of New Wave-LP	NERDS/GRABBIES-split-EP
BELLRAYS-Good Thing-45	DISTRACTORS-Shake It Up-EP
SPLASH 4-Rules Of Life-EP	JUMPIN' BEANS & MOUSTACHES-EP
LONERS-Love 'Em Or Leave It-EP	LOS INFERNOS-Rocknroll-LP

RAY LUJAN

DISCOUNT-Crash Diagnostic-Lp & live	PAN AM-CD/RIPPING TEETH-EP
SMOGTOWN-Fuhrers Of New Wave-LP	ACTION TIME-Comedown Blues-EP
CONDORS-Tales-CD/JP5-Hot Box-CD	EYELINERS-Here Comes Trouble-LP
TORINO 74-EP/JONESES-CD	TANTRUMS-Knife In My Heart-10"
NAZIS FROM MARS-Tina Teen-EP	PRESCRIPTIONS-Why We Don't-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK

A.O.A.-Who Are They Trying To Con-LP	B.S.E./INSULT-split-EP
CROSSED OUT-1990-1993-LP	DS-13-LP/GET UP & GO'ERS-CD
VOORHEES/DEVOID OF FAITH-split-EP	INFEST/PHC-split-EP
V/A-Comp Dedicated To Tim Yo-Mama-LP	V/A-Homeless Benefit-EP
V/A-Ziko Syucyou Vol. 2-CD	ACURSED/VICTIMS-split-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

ACTION TIME-Comedown Blues-EP	BLACK CAT #13-Wrist Elbow-EP
BROTHER INFERIOR-Dismantling-EP	DEAD NATION-Dead End-LP
FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM-Blowout-LP	HARBINGER-New World Order-EP
HOT SNAKES-Automatic Midnight-LP	ONE WAY DOWN-Kids Of Insanity-EP
V/A-Comp Dedicated To Tim Yo-Mama-LP	SNFU-Ping Pong-EP/TORINO 74-EP

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

RUST-It's Full Of Counterfeits-EP	SMOGTOWN-Fuhrers Of New Wave-LP
VOICE OF A GENERATION-Billy Boy-EP	THE DICK SPIKE-Let's Start-CD
DEAD NATION-Dead End-LP	SOUL CRYING-Twisted Punchers-CD
V/A-Comp Dedicated To Tim Yo-Mama-LP	CLONE DEFECTS-Scissors Chop-EP
TANTRUMS-Knife In My Heart-10"	NAZIS FROM MARS-Tina Teen-EP

ARWEN CURRY

V/A-Comp Dedicated To Tim Yo-Mama-LP	ACTION TIME-Comedown Blues-EP
TORINO 74-45/RUIDO-Vete-EP	GRIZZLY ADAMS BAND-Like A Gun-EP
BROTHER INFERIOR-Dismantling-EP	DISTRACTORS-Shake It Up-EP
T. NATION/AMBITION MISSION-split-EP	DEMON SYSTEM-13-Vad Vet-LP
V/A-Homeless Benefit-EP	ANDRE WILLIAMS-Rib Tips-LP

SEAN SULLIVAN

DS-13-LP/BLACK CAT #13-EP	GASOLINE-EP/DISCOUNT-LP
WHITE STRIPES-both-45s	ANDRE WILLIAMS-LP/HOT SNAKES-LP
STARLITE DESPERATION-45	CHARM CITY SUICIDES-EP
BROTHER INFERIOR-EP/RC5-10"	HARUM SCARUM-LP/SMOGTOWN-LP
CROSSED OUT-LP/PIG DESTOYER-LP	VOORHEES/DEVOID OF FAITH-split-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

UNITED '97-Running On My Life-CD	MIBURO-Hard Hit Oi!-EP + CD
OI-MELZ-- Berfluchte Oimelz- LP	WEEKEND BOWLERS-In Over-EP
YOUTH ANTHEM-Bolt From The Blue-CD	LOIKAEMIE-Wir Sind Die Skins-LP
THE DICK SPIKE-Let's Start-CD	DIRTY POLITICIANS New Age-EP
SMOGTOWN-Fuhrers Of New Wave-LP	4 PROMILLE Die Jungs-EP + LP

MAX WARD

ONE WAY DOWN-EP	DEMON SYSTEM-13-Vad Vet-LP
HANDSLEG-EP/INFEST/PHC-split-EP	CARRY ON-The Line-EP
DEAD NATION-Dead End-LP	VOORHEES/DEVOID OF FAITH-split-LP
STACK/NARSAAK-split-LP	CONSTRICTED-All Confusion-EP
ROCKY & THE SWEDEN-844-EP	GEHENNA-live

RYAN WELLS

DELMONAS-Dangerous Charms-LP	VOM-Live At Surf City-EP
V/A-Comp Dedicated To Tim Yo-Mama-LP	HOT SHAKES-Automatic Midnight-LP
LSD-Real Garage Punk-LP	WHITE STRIPES-Let's Shake Hands-45
DISTRACTORS-Shake It Up-EP	RUST-It's Full Of Counterfeits-EP
CLONE DEFECTS-Scissors Chop-EP	CHARM CITY SUICIDES-EP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

DAS BOOT-Talk Dirty-CD	LOS INFERNOS-Mierda Vita-CD
GRIPS-Firebrand Rocknroll-10"	SPLASH 4-Rules Of Life-EP
QUADRAJETS-All My Friends-EP	LONERS-Love 'Em Or Leave It-LP
THE DON'TCARES-Spit In The Ass-EP	GRIZZLY ADAMS BAND-Like A Gun-EP
NAZIS FROM MARS-Tina Teen-EP	ACTION TIME-Comedown Blues-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Oblivion #9	Modern Industry #1
Impact #25	Shagstamp #8
Bitter Pie # 4-6	Broken Pencil #12
Chicken Is Good Food #6	Hello My Name Is Rachel #3.5
Vamped #4/Thurteen #5	Vision On #17

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#143/April '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit, "Maximum Crime Stories," "Pioneers —Northwest Noise pt. 4".

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#155/Apr '96. 3rd Degree, Russy Crush, Surfin' Turnips, Sickoids, Anti-Flag, Slight Slappers, High Plains Drifters, Cro-Mags, Hockey Teeth, "The Knights Of Malta".

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, Sub-Rosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '97. He's Dead Jim, Millionaires, No-Talents, Blanks 77, The Hives, The Freeze, Chris Speding/Other People's Music, Defiance, Real MacKenzies, Savage Malignant, Sea Monsters, Dropkick Murphys, Vou Sou Nezumi, "Roots—Richard Hell".

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '98. Infoshops/radical bookstores, Scared of Chaka, Wongs, Palatka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squidboy, Beltones, Sky Grain, the 145s, Ducky Boys, John Cougar Concentration Camp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Forgotten Rebels, The Dirtys, Josh Collins, Letterbombs, Go-Devils/Gyogun Rend's/Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, American Steel, Economics theme issue.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#183/Aug '98. Lewd, Asshole Parade, His Hero Is Gone, Cee Bee Beaumont, Teen Idols, "Pioneers—X-Ray Specs", Chiapas article.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnick Termites. "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk–Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall" articles.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Helvis, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, bibliography of MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, best punk singles of the '90s, reports from the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters, "ASCGB—Rezillos," "Zines in Prison," scene history of Bulgaria.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, Slug & Lettuce zine, Suburban Voice zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses, "ASCGB—Cult Maniax," "The Murder of Brian Deneke."

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, Charlie Brown Gets A Valentine, Pillage People, *Reader's Guide To Underground Press*, "ASCGB–Electric Eels."

BACK ISSUE SALE: For every three you purchase, you get a fourth one free!

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested.

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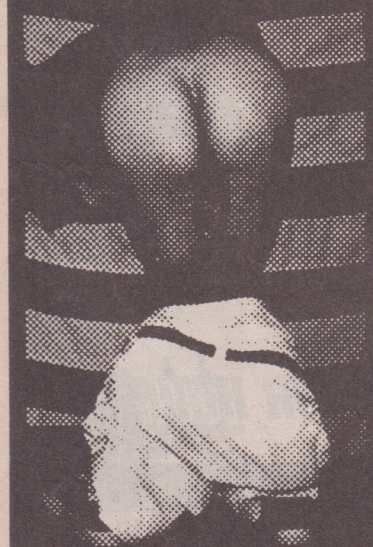

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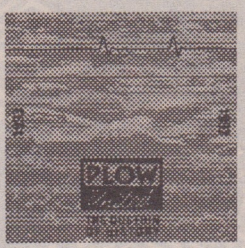

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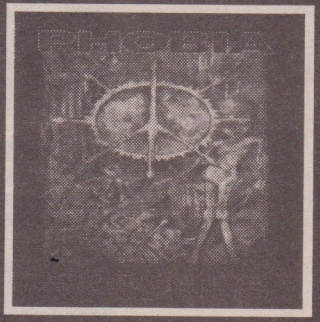

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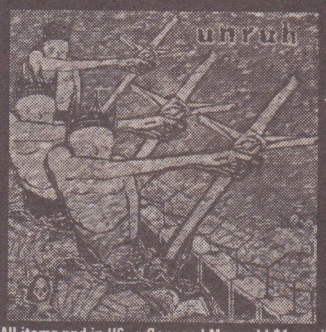

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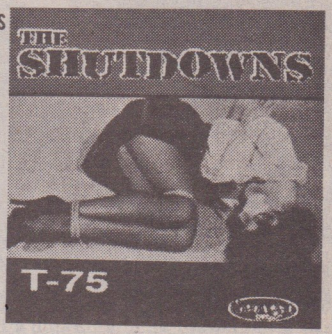

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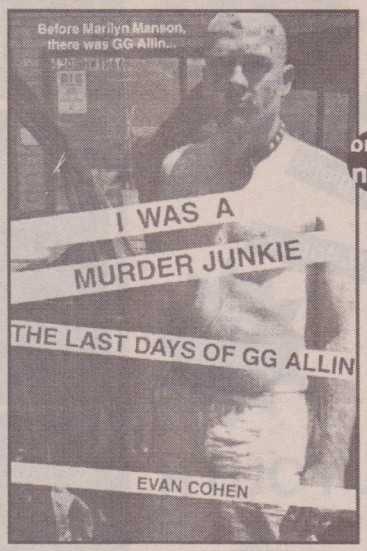

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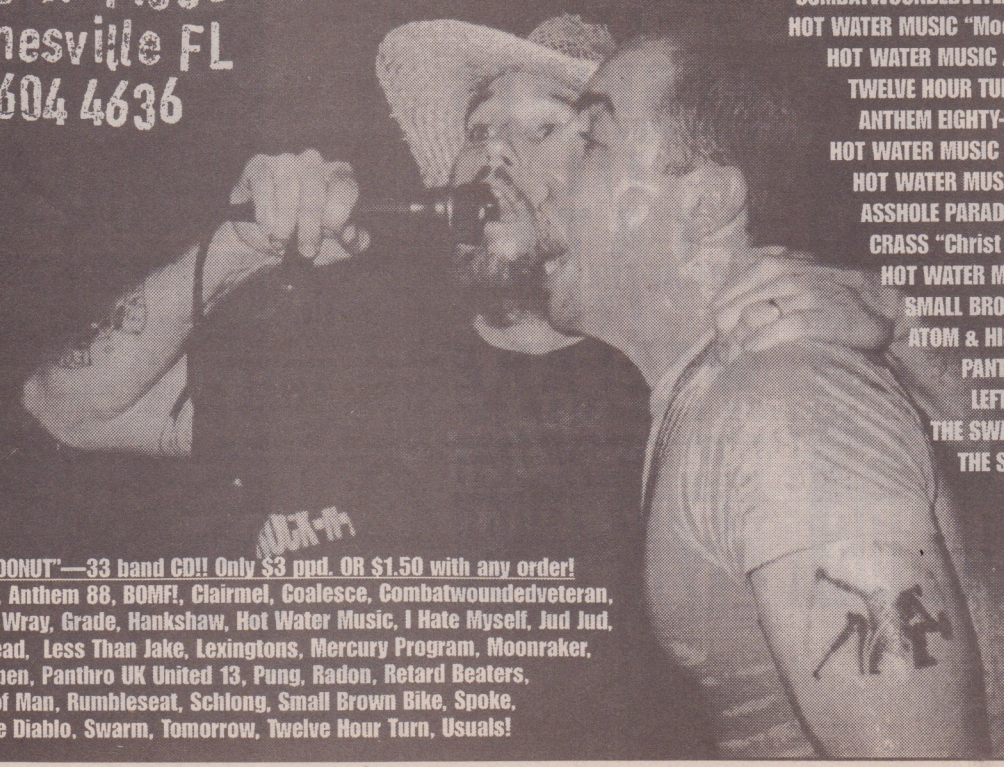

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The Hellbenders- Pop Rock Suicide LP/CD

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The Hellbenders: Pop Rock Suicide US Tour 2000

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TUES. 18 OFF — WED. 19 WASHINGTON DC
THUR. 20 VIRGINIA BEACH, VA
FRI. 21 PHILADELPHIA, PA — SAT. 22 NJ
SUN. 23 NYC, NY

-For more info on these shows e-mail us at: DeadBeatrx@aol.com

MON. 24 CINCINNATI, OH
TUES. 25 COLUMBUS, OH — WED. 26 CLEVELAND, OH
THUR. 27 DETROIT, MI — FRI. 28 CHICAGO, IL
SAT. 29 GREEN BAY, WI — SUN. 30 DES MOINE, IA

MAY

MON. 1 SIOUX CITY, IA — TUES. 2 OFF
WED. 3 DENVER, CO — THUR. 4 GREAT FALLS, MT
FRI. 5 SPOKANE, WA — SAT. 6 SEATTLE, WA
SUN. 7 PORTLAND, OR — MON. 8 OFF
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THUR. 11 SAN FRANCISCO, CA

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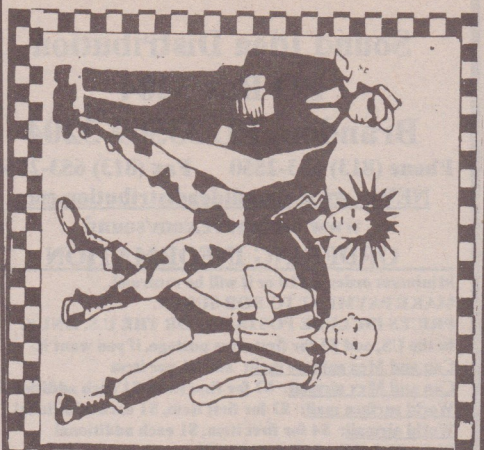

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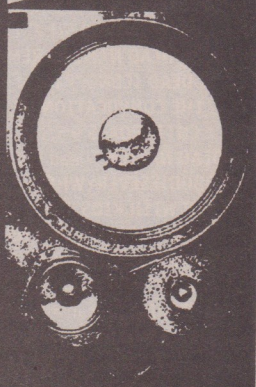

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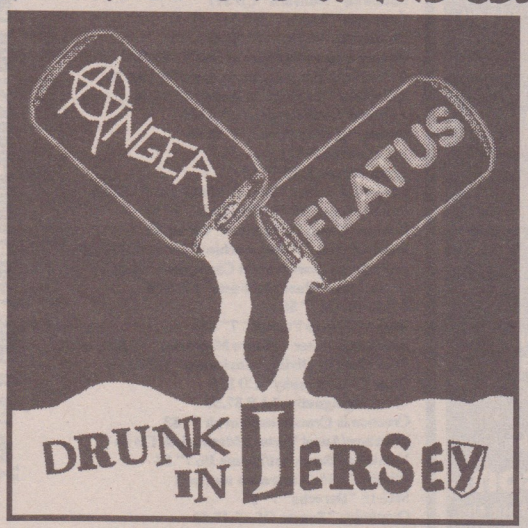

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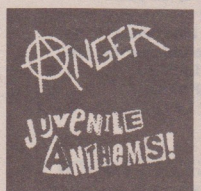

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Letters

MRR -

In response to an article that was written a few issues back in the Scumbag of the Month *[sic]* section by Brian of Grand Theft Audio about Temperance Records and Distribution. Usually, I wouldn't waste my time attempting to respond to these allegations, but when the article was published, our phones were ringing off the wall. A lot of people would think that it was calls from people asking us if the article had any merit, but the calls were different. Much different.

Like any growing business, we have had problems like anyone else has had. We have had our problems with stores not paying us, people bouncing checks, distributors paying much later than the outlined terms and we're not in a position to sustain a financial hit of large sums of money. In essence, it is one big circle financially, and when one person is late or delinquent, it goes around and around. It is of no intention of ours of burning bridges with labels by not paying. We have great working relationships with a lot of labels and work hard to keep them the way they are. Also, we have been late paying some labels and have made every effort to pay what is actually owed. There is no label, magazine, fanzine or distributor that has paid every bill or invoice on time or never had financial struggles at one time or another. Even the big labels of our punk and hardcore world have experienced these situations. This is far from an excuse or distraction from the situation Brian has brought up.

This brings me to a group of particular phone calls we have received regarding the letter Brian had written. We have been told of numerous allegations of Brian's past of being a bootlegger and starting Grand Theft Audio on money that was made from bootlegging records. Personally, it is none of my business if it is true or not of Brian being a bootlegger but what I would like to address is the fact that if it is true, than we have some issues to address.

We were told that Brian has bootlegged records from specific bands such as Rollins, L7, Husker Du, Tad, SOA, Mudhoney and many others. If you (Brian) did do these records behind the bands back, never asked to release them, never had a contract or agreement and sold them to specific distributors at one time and never gave any of the bands a cent from the sales, then how can you write about anyone being what you would call underhanded or shady. I am really surprised that labels such as Know Records would be friendly with someone who bootlegged records, if it is true, when in fact, they (Know) would probably not be too happy if someone was bootlegging bands on their label. If these are all rumors that are not true in any way, Brian, please respond with a letter saying whatever you feel about these allegations not being true so we can forward our second response immediately in the next issue. If these allegations are totally true, this is beyond hypocritical. If you never had anything to do with these allegations of bootlegging records and these people who who are alledging that you have are lying for one reason or another, please reply asap. Other than that, people, check us out at www.temperancerecords.com and stay tuned for chapter two of this ongoing hardcore/ punk soap opera. Thanks.
Chuck/ Temperance Records

Chuck,

You don't deny anything Brian said, and spend a third of your letter making lame excuses. You had owed us $140 before you sent this letter! Then you go on about the many phone calls you received, but you don't say who called. I don't want to be insulting to weasels so I will just say, after reading Brian's column and your response, I would not front you a nickel.
Jeff M.

MRR:

Does anyone know what ever happened to Last Will? About fifteen years ago I listened to a rad show on KFJC called Vinyl Rites which exposed me to bands like Black Flag, Bad Brains, MDC, The Faction, etc. It was great and I miss it. I only have one tape of a show from back then, the final Vinyl Rites. I would love to have more tapes of other VR shows and even find out what Will has been up to since then.
Eric Fortner/ Hayward, CA/ xthirtyonex@hotmail.com

Hello...

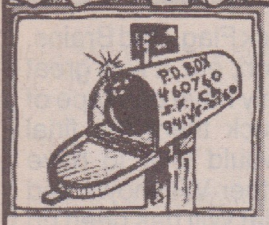
I have been a *MRR* reader for years now and I look forward to every issue... I have never had a complaint or a reason to write until today... I was in a chain CD store today in my area when I saw a CD from a local band called Midtown on the racks... I was very surprised to see this in stores...The CD is on a label (Drive Thru records) who is owned by a major label (MCA)... On the packaging of this CD was part of a review from *MRR*... This review is stickered on every single copy of this major label distributed CD... Did you know this was a major label band? If you did, I am highly disappointed... But I'm sure you didn't so you might want to look into this... Do you really want *MRR* comments attached to these CDs that you find in stupid chain stores? Please fill me in...
A concerned reader

Hey,

No, we didn't know. No, we don't want that, but what can we do about it? Thanks for clueing us in.
Jeff M.

Hey *MaximumRockNRollers*:

This is Wells from Traffic Violation Records in New York. I think I vaguely remember someone grumbling about how y'all should put e-mail addresses in the reviews contact info. I am just writing to say that I agree! A lot of people (including me) use the reviews to network and trade records for distro. I think having e-mail addresses back there would help us to communicate more easily and save a lot of time and money. Thanks for getting the mag out every month,
Wells Tipley/ Traffic Violation



records/ POB 772/ E. Setauket, NY 11733/ USA/ wells@traffic violation.com

MRR,

My letter regarding Joseph Gervasi was printed in issue #202. In my angry haste, I urged readers to write Gervasi and confront him about his distribution of rape-pornography and racist pornography videos, but neglected to give his address! He can be reached at 142 Frankford Ave/ Blackwood, NJ 08012-3723. Sorry that I forgot to include that with my letter. Thanks!
Melissa Tacke/ PO Box 8431/ Albany, NY 12208.

Maximum Rocknroll -

This letter is sort of in response to "a little turd" from issue 200's letters section, but also in response to some of the comments made by Raimundo Murgia and Bruce Roehrs in their top ten/ review sections of that same issue.

First of all, I'm glad that "turd" wrote in his letter regarding Rupture. I've been whining about that band for years (ever since the Slap A Ham 7", with such lyrical gems as "with your legs wrapped 'round my head you know sexual equality is dead") and it's nice to see someone else echoing my sentiments. OK, so their music is good (I don't think so, but whatever) but is their "brutal thrash" really *so fucking killer* good that the lyrical content needs to be overlooked? I think not. This band has been putting out garbage for years, and I've yet to see an *MRR* reviewer (or most any reviewer, really) really touch on their homophobic/ racist/ sexist lyrical content in a review. Which brings me to...

Youth Defense League. Who? Shitty "hardcore" band from the late '80s. I believe they were featured on the *NYHC: The Way It Is* comp or some such. Anyways, Vulture Rock records (who Neale Fishback claims is a non-racist-band-supporting label, since they happened to release a record by Soldier '76, a multi-racial band. Ahh... I guess that puts them in the clear! Whatever...) recently released a 7" and an LP by Y.D.L., which received somewhat favorable reviews in *MRR* 200, and even snuck their way onto a top ten list. Now, I can usually understand a favorable review of a band like Y.D.L. by someone who doesn't really "know any better" (kinda like someone who's never encountered Rupture before...), because they weren't really *that* outspoken about their beliefs in their songs (not the ones I've heard anyways). But to see favorable reviews by Raimundo and Bruce? Now come on! I've been reading their columns/ reviews for years, and I think it's safe to say that they "know their shit" when it comes to older Oi bands... so why the praise for YDL? Here are some quotes from an interview with their singer, Nick, from a 1988 issue of *Blood and Honour UK* (uhhhh...): "We are definitely a pro-American, Nationalist, anti-Communist band. At the moment there are not too many Nationalist bands in the States but I think that the way things are going a strong upsurgence in Nationalism is imminent."

"Interviewer: What political individuals and musical influences have inspired you to do what you do?

"Nick: Our political influences range from the US Constitution and American Founding Fathers (Washington, etc.) to David Duke's National Association for the Advancement of White People. Our musical influences are Skrewdriver, Brutal Attack, Combat 84, Last Resort, Agnostic Front, and early American hardcore bands like Iron Cross, Negative Approach and DYS.

"There are a lot of nationalist parties in America unfortunately only a few are really worth anything. The best party is probably the NAAWP.

"We would like to see greater unity between America and Europe to present a united front against Communism. Also support to the Contra Freedom Fighters. Cheers to Ian Stuart..." He then goes on to list his favorite songs, including choice cuts by Skrewdriver, Brutal Attack, etc etc.

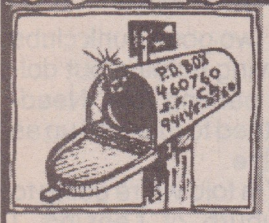
Now, that's beyond "questionable" (*MRR*'s description used/ excuse to promote Nationalist homophobic asshole groups like Combat 84 and Anti-Heros), don't you think? I'm not suggesting that Bruce or whomever are inherently evil or stupid or whatever for enjoying these bands. I could care less how many white power bands they choose to rock out to, that's up to them. But when it comes to *promoting* that shit in a supposed punk-rock magazine? Seriously. I think it's about time *MRR* and its staff of reviewers, columnists, shitworkers, etc, started treating homophobic/ nationalist/ sexist groups as they treat outright racist ones. Quit the fence-sitting and stop carrying ads by labels and bands that release this garbage already. Ahem.

Other than that, keep up the good work. I think *MRR*'s getting better and I look forward to upcoming issues. Take care.
Judd/ Olympia, WA

PS And also, in regards to Toxic Narcotic's interview, the reason someone may have done a zine entitled *Why I Hate T.N.* is probably because members of the band are a bunch of misogynist fuckers. Just because one of you is married to a "angry vegan feminist" doesn't discredit the time when you played Spokane and sat behind your merch table making crude comments about the bodies of the women who walked by, followed up by a killer game of "hey baby, wanna see the inside of our van?" Or this gem (overheard after an argument between two members of T.N. over which one of them was going to "score" with my girlfriend that night): "Fuck it if we don't get laid in Spokane, cuz we *always* get laid in Seattle!" Fuckin' punk rock man... keep it up.

Judd,

As far as my review of Y.D.L. is concerned, I did indeed allude to the fact that it was pretty fuckin stupid. "Get out your dunce caps" is what I think I said. From a musical standpoint, I thought the songs themselves were pretty good, so I said that too. I actually knew this band was comprised of right wing morons when I did the review, but as far as them being "white power" morons, I



wasn't aware of that. Even if they were, I probably would have given it the same review. The reason being that I don't think the "white power" movement presents much of a threat to people of color, Jews or anyone else in this country anymore. So, if people like Y.D.L. want to live on ranches in the middle of nowhere, say they hate whomever and/ or beat off to pictures of the Führer, or labels like Vulture Rock want to put out records with some of the dumbest lyrical content ever, it's not that big of a deal to me. It's kind of pathetic and funny actually. As for Neale, yes he is a dumb ass. I will personally serve him up one hell of a beat down in your honor, and Bruce, he's just senile. Take care.
Raymundo Murguia

Judd, etc..,

I have to disagree with Mundo in two respects. First, the recent YDL records are so bad they are fitting punishment for those stoked on YDL's politics. Further, from reading Spokane zines, I know that white power fucks still are a physical threat to punks perceived as queer up there, and I don't think that is the only place or situation in the US where that's true. Jeff M.

Dear *MRR*,

I've been an avid reader of your fine news-print-and-ink-that-turns-the-fingers-black collection of stapled papers for quite a while now and have always wanted to write a letter to the editor, but could never quite get pissed off or inspired enough to write one. Well, my friends, my day has finally come. Gerry Atric from Austin, TX wrote in the letters to the editor of issue 202 about Nitro Records. I'd just like to say a few things about that.

For one thing, Nitro has absolutely nothing to do with Epitaph Records. The only Nitro release bearing the Epitaph logo is the re-release of the Offspring's self-titled first album, for reasons only God and Dexter Holland know why. If you'd bother to do your homework, you'd find out that Nitro does it's own distribution. Gasp, shock, horror!

Nitro being distributed through Epitaph makes no sense in the first place; remember the big Offspring v. Epitaph/ Brett Gurewitz debacle of 1994? I think it goes without saying that Mr. Holland and Mr. Brett are no longer "buddies." So I guess Nitro Records are on the shit list for being erroneously affiliated with Epitaph Records, who, although some of the bands on there are really, really good, are under somewhat insane management and are also in bed with Sony of Japan. Ta-freakin'-da.

But, of course, I am in no way affiliated with the fine boys and girls out at Nitro, so there's a good chance I'm just making a complete ass of myself in front of a lot of people. I'll take that chance. Look it up and see if I'm wrong.
Anonymous/ 1565 Granger/ Indiana

PS And don't make fun of me for having to live in the Corn State, dammit! It sucks enough already without the abuse!

Hello everyone,

I'm writing to tattle on Sessions Records due to their ad in issue #202. It says in the ad policy that you do not accept ads from labels that are involved with major labels. So keeping this in mind, the band whose record they released was Gwar, who to my knowledge are still on Metal Blade Records which most recently put out a Goo Goo Dolls CD. So not only are they sleeping around with this label's band, they also excessively overcharge on all the merchandise they carry (I know 'cuz I bought stuff from them as a young, unknowing punk), that's why I'm writing this so other kids won't be suckered. Sessions Records aren't very down with the underground as I see it. Any other opinions?
Jason W./ PO Box 1406/ Roanoke, VA 24007

Dear people of *Maximum Rocknroll*!

Hi, my name is Stefan and I'm from Germany! A couple months ago I put in an advert for my wife in *MRR*. She wants more mail and I thought it's a good idea. Was a good surprise for her and a lot of cool letters reached her, some strange but nothing really bad. But some weeks (days) ago we got this letter from this guy called Scott Prusak... Normally I don't care about stupid letters... But this right wing Nazi shit is by far too much *[photocopied stupid Nazi letter enclosed - ed.]* I don't expect too much of this letter but maybe there is someone or some organization who collects names or letters like these. Maybe he is a stupid guy and maybe not too dangerous. Strange enough that he likes Dead Kennedys and MDC! I just want you to know this name 'cuz maybe it's just good to know their names. OK... All the best for you!
Stefan Föcker/ Germany

Hi,

Just trying to dispel a nasty rumor before it gets too big. Some kid that I had to throw out of Sound Idea *twice* is going around spreading rumors about me being a racist skinhead. Those of you know know me are smart enough to know the truth.

You can check out this jerk's web page and see what he writes: www.mediattack @ digitalbomb.com. And if you feel compelled to tell him what you think, his e-mail is plastictrash@mailcity.com. And then you can see my response to his stupid accusations in the "Dear *Loser*" letter below. Sorry to waste your time with this soap opera shit but I'm not going to see my good name tarnished. Feel free to pass this along. Thanks.
Dear *Loser,*

Sorry, I don't know your name, as you never even told me, but *loser* seems to be a appropriate term, so I will call you that. Let's get the facts straight.

The first time you were at Sound Idea in Feb., you really took advantage of my hospitality. I let you use my stereo and tape records that you couldn't afford to buy. I let you use my bathroom and you tore down a GG Allin poster. I let you watch an Avengers video (30 minutes) because you said you were interested

Letters

in buying it, but of course you did not. I gave you a lot of phone numbers and addresses. I gave you information about releasing a record. You offended my good friend Felix Havoc who was visiting me from Minnesota. And when you left, I noticed a few records that were missing. I will give you the benefit of the doubt. *Maybe* you didn't steal those records, but you sure are a pain in the ass.

After putting up with your annoying, smelly ass for nearly *five hours*, I told you that I had a lot of work to take care of and you finally left.

So, when you showed up at Sound Idea on Sunday, March 12, you can imagine that I was not exactly thrilled to see you. Yes, I did tell you that if you entered Sound Idea that I would shoot you and I still will if you ever show your mangy ass around here. I am not denying that. I did *not* threaten to shoot you because of your poorly-reproduced political flyers. You are just an annoying asshole who is not welcome in my store. Stay away.

The first time you came into Sound Idea, we talked a lot over those five smelly hours. I think you will recall that you and I have most of the same political viewpoints. You even said that you learned a lot from talking to me. So you know damn well that it is a fucking lie when you call me a racist and a nationalist on your web page. I am neither. Where did you get this idea? I hate racists and nationalists and am quite vocal about it. Sound Idea does not carry any racist or nationalist material. And because of my stance on racist material, I have received numerous death threats over the years from racist groups.

And then you go on to call me a skinhead? That's really fucking funny. Just because I have short hair does not make me a skinhead. *Your* hair was almost as short as mine the first time we met.

I'm definitely *not* a skinhead. I am a punk. That's what I have always been and always will be. I got into punk 17 years ago, which is probably about the time you were a toddler. I will be a punk when I'm an old man on his deathbed. Talk to any of my friends and you know that your accusations of racism, nationalism and me being a skinhead are total shit. Go ahead and ask Neil Robinson from Tribal War. Ask Chris Dodge at Slap A Ham. Ask Dan at Profane Existence. Ask Felix Havoc. Ask the guys in Los Crudos, Dropdead, His Hero is Gone, Aus Rotten, Anti-Flag and Unseen. Ask Kent McClard at Ebullition. Or, locally, you can ask the people in Ruins, Cumshotte, Banned From Society and The Scams. They will all laugh at your absurd claims.

I just finished talking to people at The Lightpainter club in Sarasota. They said that you're banned from there for being such an asshole. Something about smashing a $3,000 table with a chair. How very punk of you. Why don't you put this letter on your web page. You would if you had half a testicle, but I know you don't.

I also know that you're a spoiled rich kid. I saw your multiple credit cards and fancy 35 MM camera. I also know that your rich parents give you a rent free condo in Sarasota because you are too lazy to get a fucking job. Yeah, try putting the *truth* on your web page, *loser*.
Bob Suren/ Sound Idea

Hello Bill Florio,

If you're a thinking fellow, and you care about the health of the environment, you won't eat meat. Fairly simple. Perhaps you need to change the quality of folks you hang out with if they are all a bunch of lame-os. Yer paintin' with a broad brush, pal. XOX,
Marko

Dear *MRR*,

I'm writing from the cafeteria of my bitch-ass Abercrombie and Fitch infested high school. Someone sent in a letter complaining about not seeing many alienated teenagers' cries for help. So, here's one directly from my divorce-victim soul.

I used to live in Flint, MI, which was a cool town for a couple of years before the only two good punk clubs shut down, leaving nothing but dollar stores and parking lots. Needless to say, we tried to fuck shit up as much as possible.

Then, I'm told we're going to move to a suburb of Lansing. I thought "Lansing... college town... can't eat that much dick." Boy am I a fucking idiot. There's one good record store (Vinyl Addict) and the rest of the town is a shit stain on a piece of designer clothing. If anyone thinks I am wrong and knows of any punk clubs, etc., *please* notify me 'cuz I must be fucking blind.

Even the people suck eggs. Fifteen year old kids playing '80s rock (Motley Crue, Ratt, Scorpions), I would definitely call that a cry for help. I don't think actual youth culture exists anymore. Everyone's programmed to purchase. Walking propaganda... excuse me, fashionable walking propaganda.

Well, the unch bell just rang and I have a shooting spree schedule to keep, so goodbye and thanx.
Justin Rhody/ 9605 Deer Trail/ Haslett, MI 48440

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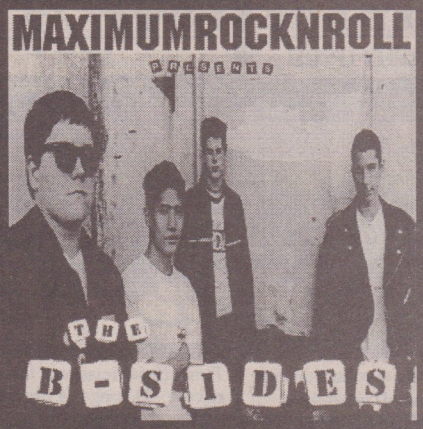

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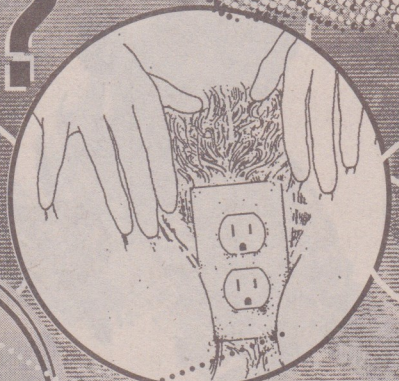

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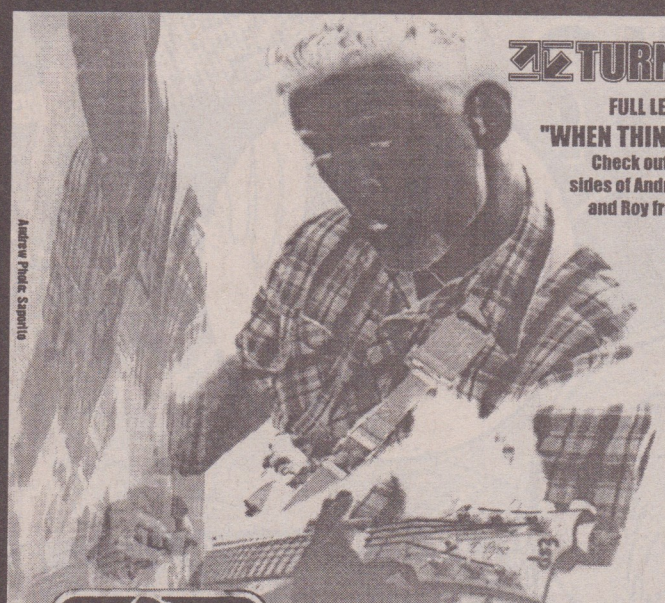

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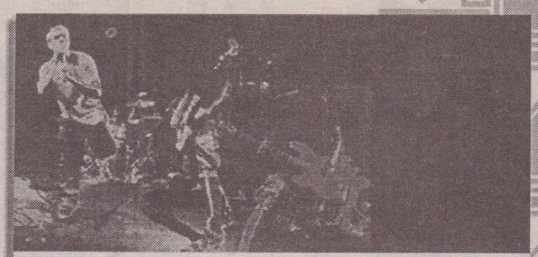

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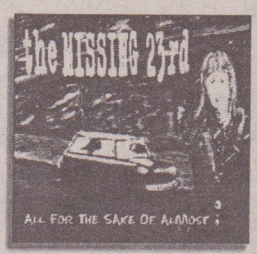

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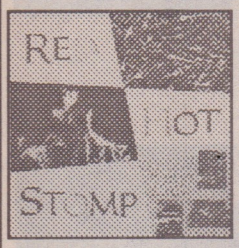

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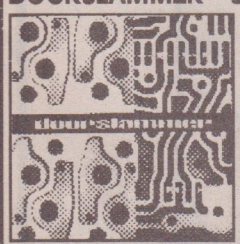

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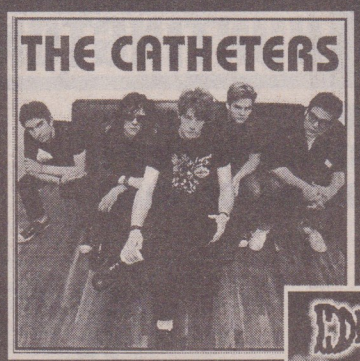

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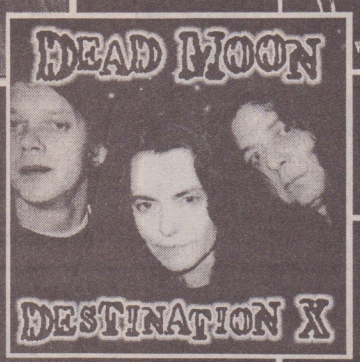

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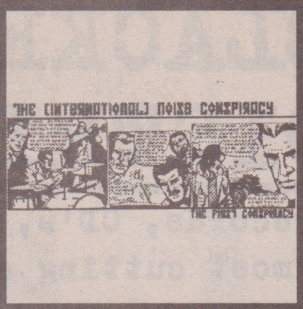

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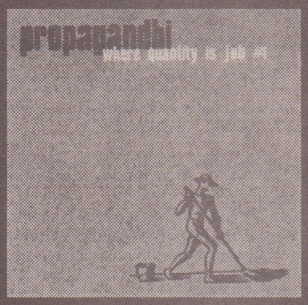

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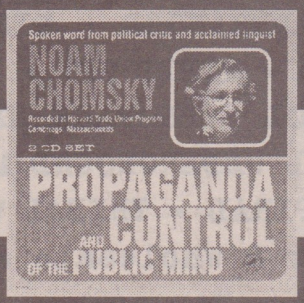

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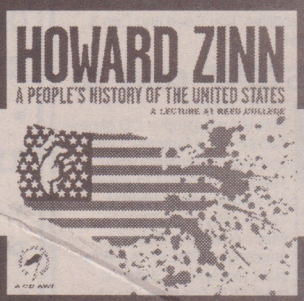

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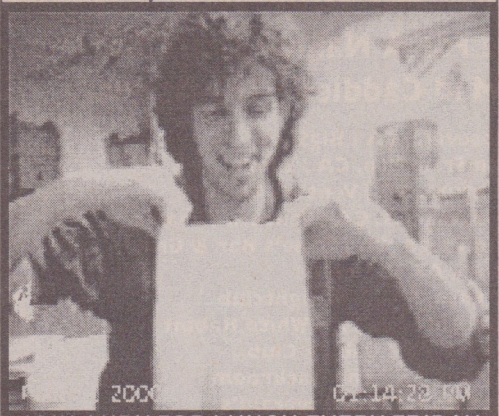

JOIN ANDY FOR LUNCH EVERY FRIDAY

The Vitalcam is up and running at the website. Watch the Vital staff at work and at play! Make sure to join Andy for lunch every Friday at 1:00 pm est.

Here is a tiny sampling of stuff we have available.

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Columns

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So, there I was, in front of the whole damn camp. Me and Roy Twig. And they were yelling stuff at us like "Retard" and "Faggot". And the counselors weren't doing anything. Just watching. Then one kid runs up and hits Roy right in the face, and then says, "we don't want your kind here, you fucking retard. Go back to the institution." All the kids laugh, as do some of the counselors. Then some kid yells at me, "Hey George, you pussy boy, why are you sticking up for a retard? You some kinda fag?" I don't know what to say. I mean, hell, I was wearing little blue camp shorts, and the Camp Kaibian t-shirt, and I do look like a puss, but, I had to wonder what was wrong with all these kids. Then someone hit me. In the face hard. With a bottle. My nose started to bleed. One of the counselors yelled to the kids that it was quite enough. But they didn't think so. The insults kept getting hurled at us, and Roy just looked at me with a confused look. Then some kid yelled that his parents didn't want him going to camp with a retard. I yelled back to the kid that Roy was my friend, and a good person. He just laughed, as did many of the other kids. Then the same kid walked up to me and told me to get out of his way. His name was Brian. A big Irish kid. And he was like one of the worst bullies at the camp. I told him that I wouldn't move and to leave Roy alone. Then Roy said to me, "George, why are they doing this? Where is my ball? I want my ball". The ball Roy was referring to was a ball he had made out of masking tape, and had somehow become very attached to. All the kids laughed and Brian warned me for the last time to step out of the way. I looked at the counselors who were watching, and suddenly realized that there was no way they were going to stop this. Roy Twig, a retarded kid, was about to get beaten. And they probably wanted it to happen. They were tired of having to take care of a retard. They probably figured if he got beat up, then he'd leave, and he'd no longer be their problem. So I think they were excited to see Roy eat some fist. Only thing was, there was one thing they hadn't counted on. Me. Fuckers.

I think it was my twelfth summer. Or something like that. My parents decided that it would be a good thing for me to go away for the summer. Somewhere far away. Like New Hampshire. Actually, Lake Winnapasockee, or however you spell it. To a camp called Kaibian. Some Indian name meaning some shit about land and rivers and crap like that. It didn't matter. The important thing was that I was getting out of the house, and away from an abusive father and step-mother. When they sent me away to camp, they told me that they would come visit on Parent's weekend, which was like five weeks away. So, of course, I looked forward to that weekend with dread. Actually, I don't remember if they actually made it up there. I don't think they did. They said they were too busy or something. It was just as well.

Anyway, so I am sent off to camp with my trunk and duffel bag and everything. I remember taking the bus up there from New York. The ride was long, and I got to talk to lots of kids. One of them was named Tony. Tony Gordon. He was from New York too. A slightly over-weight kid. I remember him telling me on the way to Kaibian that his parents wanted him to lose weight, and this camp promised that they could help with that. I remember looking at Tony, and seeing nothing wrong with him. But, obviously, his parents thought there was. Whatever.

So, we arrive at camp, and as luck would have it, Tony and I get to be in the same cabin. By cabin, I mean cabin. Like what fucking Lincoln built and lived in. A god damn log cabin. It seems that all the kids at the camp slept in cabins. Like out in the woods. In nature. And stuff. It was really weird. But they did have electricity, so there were lights and stuff. Still, we were in the mountains, and there was no heat, and at night, it got way fucking cold. But I was a man. I could take it. And besides, to tell you the truth, it was great to be away from home. Away from my parents, and brothers and sisters. The only people I missed were my mom and step-dad. But I kept in touch with them through many, many letters. Of course, in these letters, I asked them for lots of stuff. Like Mad magazines, candy, and whatever a kid wants at camp. And they sent stuff to me every week. They were called "care packages". And it made me feel really nice. Actually, my dad and step mom sent me packages as well. In them I'd find things like my dad's old socks and t-shirts, which he said would keep me warm, and books on math, so I could be ready for school the following year. I think these packages were more like "don't-care packages". I remember once my dad sent me a picture of he and my step mom in Mexico or something. In the picture he was holding up a big fish he caught. In the letter that accompanied the picture, he told me to put the picture up in my cabin, near my bunk, so I wouldn't miss him. I threw the picture, and his letter, in the outhouse toilet.

So, the first couple of weeks of camp were okay. I mean, I learned to swim in a lake that had temperatures below that of my freezer. I mean, hell all ya had to do was look across the lake and see Mount Washington, with the snow on the top of it, to know the water was gonna shrink your testicles to the size of peas. Also, I learned to whittle. That meant playing with knives. Which, to me, was very cool. I also learned all about different kinds of plants and animals, and how to get more food at the mess hall by eating very quickly. I also learned how to steer a canoe. Although that is something that I know a lot of people will debate me on.

As I was away from home longer and longer, I grew closer to my friend Tony, and the counselor of my cabin, Chris. Actually, my cabin was called the "Tiger" cabin. That is what we named ourselves. Other cabins had cool names like "The Bears", or "The Eagles". But we were "The Tigers". I don't know why we named ourselves after a dog on The Brady Bunch. Oh well. Anyway, Chris grew to really like me and Tony, and would sometimes take us into town. With his wife. Pam. She had the largest breasts of any woman I had ever seen. I remember once in the car, on the way back from town, I was really tired, and asked Chris and Pam if I could go lay down in the back. They said yes, then Pam asked if I would rather lay on her lap. I wound up lying on her chest. The best pillows I ever felt. I remember looking up from the back seat into the rearview mirror, and seeing Chris looking at Pam and I. He kinda had this funny smile on his face.

So, summer went along well until the beginning of August. At that time we were to get a new camper, and a new counselor. It turns out that Chris was going to be leaving the camp, along with Pam, on some trip to some foreign country or something. They were only hired for half the summer. I'd miss him. And her breasts.

The new counselor we got was named Brad. And he was a total and complete dickhead. He always wore his t-shirts tucked in, and was an expert tennis player. In fact, his job was being our cabin counselor, and teaching tennis. His sneakers were always white, and he really didn't seem to like any of the kids. He was always talking to the female counselors. I remember once, when I was swimming Lake North Pole, I got some water up my nose and started to cough. I got kinda dizzy, and almost started to drown. It really sucked. I yelled and waved at Brad for help. But couldn't get his attention. He was too busy talking to Eve, the lifeguard. He was supposed to be watching me, and the rest of the Tigers. It was his tennis day off. Anyway, finally, Eve jumps in and saves me. When she drags me up on the beach, and makes me cough out the water, I start to feel better. Then, as Eve walks away to get me a towel, Brad leans over and calls me a little asshole for ruining his chance to score with the chick. Nice guy.

So, besides Brad, we get a new camper. I remember the day he came. We were all told that we were going to get a new camper, and he was "special". His name was Roy Twig. And he was mentally retarded. Brad informed us that it was not fair that Roy was going to camp here, and that he was going to be put in the Tiger cabin. He said that Roy was fourteen years old, a full two years older than anyone else in the camp, and quite a bit to handle. He told us to try and be nice to Roy, but not to worry if we weren't. That if he left, it wouldn't be such a bad thing. Then we met Roy.

He entered the cabin with his parents, who seemed very nice. Roy was about my size and weight, meaning he too was small for his age. He had a soup bowl haircut, and blonde hair and blue eyes. He was wearing his Kaibian shirt, and blue shorts. And in his hand he had a ball made of masking tape. As

columns

he played with it, Brad's dog, Buffy, kept trying to take it away. I remember Roy started to cry and say "bad dog" and stuff. All the kids laughed, as did Brad. Roy's parents just kinda smiled an uncomfortable smile. Finally I pushed Buffy away, and Roy said "thank you" to me. And he smiled. And it was a wonderful smile. A smile that was just that. A smile. Pure and honest. And it made me feel nice.

So Roy and I became friends. We went boating together, swimming, and even went on nature hikes. I liked the kid. Sure, he was a little slow, but everything in the world was new to him. He liked the trees. He liked Buffy. He liked the mountains. The lakes. The food at the camp. I guess it was good that he was retarded. Anyway, he liked everyone and everything. And that was a problem.

See, all the kids at camp didn't like Roy. And neither did most of the counselors. The kids thought he was weird. Some kind of freak. I mean, he had buck teeth, weird hair, and cried and screamed a lot. And this was very strange to many of the campers. Maybe they were scared of the something unknown about him. Me? He was a kid like me, and he was fun. Hell, he liked to melt ants with a magnifying glass just like me. He liked to eat really fast so he could get more food. So what if he wet his bed every once in a while, and would cry in his sleep. He was nice. And that is the key word. Nice. Everyone took advantage of him.

I remember once this group of older kids told Roy that they lost their candy in the outhouse, and wondered if Roy would get it for them. They led him to the outhouse and said the candy was down in the area where all the crap and piss was. Roy went in there. He came back to the cabin all covered with shit, and smelled horrible. I remember Brad freaking out, and dragging Roy to the showers outside the cabin, and then yelling at him, calling him a fucking retard. Roy just cried.

Another time, we were playing softball, and the ball went near a nest of wasps or bees or something. None of the kids would go get the ball, so they sent Roy. He was just happy to be useful. He was stung so bad, he spent three days in the infirmary. Of course, if I had been around for any of this, I would have stopped it. But I wasn't. And I still curse myself for that.

One night all the Tigers were making fun of Roy before bedtime. I asked them all to stop, and they all called me "fag" and "retard lover" and stuff. I looked over to Brad, and he just smiled. Anyway, they kept insulting Roy, and he started to cry very badly. So bad he was shaking. I sat on his bed next to him and hugged him. I told him not to cry, and that everything would be okay. I just got called "fag" more. Dorks.

So that night, me and Roy decided to run away. To where, I have no idea. But I felt that I just had to get Roy away from them. They kept telling him that they didn't like him, and that their parents didn't want them going to camp with a retard. I felt as though there was no one there to protect him, and he was a great guy. I remember once telling my Dad over the phone that I met a kid named Roy, who was mentally retarded, and who was my best friend. He told me that it was not my responsibility to take care of him, and to hang out with normal kids, like that fat kid, Tony. I didn't understand him. I never did.

So, we go out into the woods, and sleep there overnight. We build a campfire, with traits that we learned from camp, and a book of matches I stole from Brad's trunk. That night, Roy opens up to me as much as he can and tells me that I am his best friend. He says that he loves me and his masking tape ball very much. And Buffy, the dog, too. Finally, the fire goes out, and we sleep under the stars. Of course we freeze our fucking asses off, and are found at like five in the morning by an entire search party.

The next few days I am yelled at by everyone in the camp. I am told that I took Roy's life into my own hands and that I should have never run away. I am told that Roy is a bad influence on me, and the rest of the campers, and that he will be leaving the camp as soon as they can some way to kick him out. They tell me not to hang out with him anymore, or they will tell my father. I tell them to go ahead.

Things get a lot worse over the next week. A pure and simple hatred for Roy develops in Camp Kaibian. The counselors hate him because they are responsible for him, and the campers hate him because he is different, and their parents hate him. This leaves both Roy and I very confused and alone. I try to make new friends like I am told, but every time someone says to me, "Hey, aren't you friends with that retard", I go crazy and start fighting. I become a "problem camper".

Then one morning the shit hit the fan. It turns out that Roy was throwing his masking tape ball around, and it landed on Brian the bullies bunk. Buffy, Brad's dog, hopped up on the bed, and decided to take a leak. Only problem was, Brian was still in the bed. Brian starts yelling and screaming at Buffy, and then Roy. Roy starts crying and runs outside. During the morning gathering. Ya know, when they blow the trumpet and everyone gets together. Whatever the fuck that is called.

So, the whole camp is out there, and Roy is out there crying. Brian comes out and starts calling Roy a retard. The rest of the camp join in. The counselors do nothing. Brian says that they don't need his kind around here, and to go back to the institution. Roy gets confused and just wants his masking tape ball back. He also asks me why they are doing this. I tell him I don't know. Then some kid punches Roy in the face. He just looks stunned for a few seconds. I'll never forget that look. Then Brian tells me to get out of the way, that he is going to teach Roy the retard a lesson he'll never forget. I tell him to leave Roy alone. He tells me to get out of the way. I tell him again to leave Roy alone.

The whole time this is happening, everyone is watching. I start to get really nervous, but know I must hold my ground. Brian tells me that this is his last warning, to move out of the way, stop being a "fag", and let him beat up Roy.

Then I did something I rarely do. I started shaking. Not just a little, but a lot. I couldn't help it. I also felt my lips quivering, and I felt tears running down my face. And I started crying. Loudly. Moaning. Everyone looked at me. Shocked. Hell, I was shocked myself. I didn't know why I was crying, or why I was shaking, but I was. And I looked at Roy. And he looked at me. With his big blue eyes. And he said, "Don't cry, George". And then I snapped.

I started to hit Brian with everything I had. Fists. Knees. Kicks. Whatever. It took four kids and a counselor to get me off of him. I gave him two black eyes and a bloody nose. They dragged him away, and as they did, I was still crying and shaking. Then Roy hugged me. And started crying as well. And told me everything was okay. Imagine that. Roy settling me down.

The following week Roy was kicked out of camp Kaibian. They said he was too much trouble, and too much responsibility. His parents came and picked him up. They told me that I was a good friend to him, and that he will always remember me. I told them that I really like Roy, and wished him well. Roy said good-bye to me. I think he thought he was just leaving for a day or something. I don't think he really understood what was going on. But it didn't matter. It was probably better that way. He'd probably forget me in time. But I'd never forget him. He was really nice. And my friend.

Two years later I got a Christmas card from the Twig family. And Roy wrote something on it. It was hard to read, but it said, "To George, my best friend, Merry Christmas. Love, Roy."

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. george@furiousgeorge.com
2. Some of you may have seen an earlier version of this story, but I felt it was time to tell it again. Especially since it's the year 2000. We can all learn from the past, and WE MUST stick up for others.
3. Cool CD's and tapes and shit I got lately are from bands like Danny's Wednesday (from Italy), Man Scouts Of America (totally rockin'), Sector 12 (great live band), Worse, Hevy Floe (Heavy, dude!), Dirt Bike Annie (I'm in love with DBJ), Starr, Slap Happy Rabbit, The Retardos (wailin'!), Sedated, The Shy Guys (rule!) and much more! Yee Haw!
4. Believe it or not, I'm still in court against Curious George. I guess this shit will never end. Doh!

Some of you may be familiar with my "voice" from reading *Slug & Lettuce*, but in case you're not - this is my first column for

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MRR and I figure that I'll write as I tend to, about some things that have been on my mind a lot of late. I see the punk scene in a bit of a transitional point. I spend a lot of time trying to figure out if I'm the one that has changed or if the scene itself has changed. The answer of course is both. I figure that we should all continue to change - in a growing and hopefully evolving way. I mean, who wants to be doing the exact same thing that they are now in ten years, or vice versa. Do you want to be doing the same thing today that you were doing ten years ago? I always like to think that we can continue to push ourselves in the direction we want to go and grow and evolve. While maybe we want to continue with the same thing we're doing now (whether it be a specific project or simply a lifestyle) — if things stay exactly the same, then life is probably pretty stagnant and boring. And only the boring get bored.

One of the things that I think of the most lately is how to take this whole punk thing further. For those who have accepted that punk rock is a way of life and not just a passing fad, a point comes where you have to figure out how to fully integrate your life. By that I mean make all the aspects of your life part of one whole. Many people live in a schizophrenic manner - sometimes by choice, but usually out of necessity or due to outside pressures. The punk community has evolved to a point where it can be self-sufficient. There are a growing number of "punk businesses" or "punk-run businesses". And god forbid we become business-people, cause I think that is something that just about all of us have sworn off of; but there is a point at which you can do your thing, without taking advantage of other people nor ripping anyone off, and create something new and positive with your actions and creativity. And if you can offer a service or a product in a fair way at a fair price — then better that we do it ourselves than let someone else do it for us. I think it's important to keep the "Do-It-Yourself" philosophy a part of our whole lives and not just the punk side of our lives; just like we strive to make the punk part of our lives our whole life.

So I'm thinking of two different areas here. First of all, the way in which to incorporate the philosophy and ideologies we learn from the punk community into all aspects of our life. That is how to go about integrating the punk side of life into the whole of our life. And the ways in which we can find a means of supporting ourselves and sustaining ourselves and our community.

Many an argument has been made over making money off of punk rock. And many arguments have been fought over how you have to lose money in order to stay on the okay side of the punk scene. I'm the first one to yell over those who start to operate in a business manner or to be motivated by making money. As soon as your goal is to make money - compromises must be made. So in a sense, anyone trying to keep their head afloat is in some way destined to financial failure and ruin. But I think that there is a way to find a happy medium. There always is. I like to make the case that it makes a lot more sense for us to continue to take the DIY ethics and use them further — and as slowly but surely, we have more punk-run services — the more that we support those people, the stronger a community we build. At the foundation of this structure is minimizing the consumption level of our lives to the point where we are not passive consumers, but but rather we only purchase those things which we need. Reuse as much as you can and recycle that which can not be reused. Donate items you no longer want to those in need - be it friends, your neighbors or a charitable organization; and get what you need second hand whenever possible. When you do spend your money — do it in a way that counts, and sends a message, by supporting punk businesses and co-ops, supporting other mom and pop stores, worker owned and independently owned businesses. The way I see it, money is a necessary evil in our society that is pretty hard to avoid dealing with. So with all of the good intentions and ethical ideologies - it's important to recognize that we can send a message in the ways in which we support others with that almighty dollar. The more we can lessen our dependency on money and cash, the simpler life can be and ultimately the more out of the clutches of society we can be.

But of course, most people have at least one foot held by the clutches of society. And many people are content with having both firmly stuck. However, I try to look to see how much we can remove ourselves from the trapped feeling that the demands of society place upon you. The further into the money world you get the more you need to stay afloat, just like the old adage ~ the more you have the more you need and the greedier you become. And likewise the more you have the more time you waste keeping track of all your shit. The more minimal and simply you life - the more freedom you have and I think the richer the quality of life. See for me — this all goes hand in hand with the punk philosophy and way of life ~ take control of your life and retain as much power over your life as you can.

The more committed you are to the punk lifestyle — the more necessarily it is to figure out how to sustain yourself. It's real easy when you're living under your parents roof to look a certain way, act a certain way and hold a certain attitude. And I'm all for maintaining attitudes and looks and not attempting in any way to conform, but I find that it's easy for someone who has not yet had to provide for themselves to be the ones to scream the loudest at those who they think are doing wrong or gulp, "selling out". I believe that there is an ethical means of finding balance. And that it's not necessary to give up your green mohawk, hairy armpits, or dreadlocks, nor conform to the 9-5 hours of an office environment. Granted where you live can open or limit your options. But there is always a way — and you don't have to give up on anything that you care about in order to "grow up" or join "the real world" by anyone's standards. I think that at some point or other we have to accept some of the stickier parts of life — like being accountable and responsible for your actions and your well-being. Whether you consider it "the real world" or "growing up" is a manner of your take on it — but I firmly believe you can be responsible in all ways demanded of you without compromising yourself and in staying true to your visions and dreams — chart your own territory and create your own world. Cause it's your life - make it what you want it to be.

I have found myself often defending my vision of what it means to be DIY. Many take the DIY ethics to the extreme of not-for-profit. And then many point the finger at those who do a label or distro full time. I think that this is one of the most harmful aspects of the punk community these days. Granted there are plenty of labels and distros who exist for the sole purpose of making money. And there are many who practice very questionable actions and policies. But there are a lot who are done out of pure dedication and love, and sure they pay their rent from doing their label, but they also work 100+ hours a week so that they have no other chance to earn the money to pay the bills. The way I look at it — if you can do that which you love, dedicate yourself fully toward your dream or vision — and work your fucking ass off — you deserve to be able to pay your bills. The sad thing of it is that even these people who can pay their bills off their label are probably struggling and are not very secure in their finances and barely make the rent. And people who are quick to point the accusing finger without even taking the chance to understand the philosophy behind the project nor the individual needs of the person behind it are cutting off so much potential.

The point I am getting around to is that the older we get the more "real life" shit we have to deal with, whether we like it or not. There are ways to minimize it and there are ways to make it easier and ultimately better. And the decisions that we make along the way do really matter. I think that the punk community as a sustainable life-long commitment is made stronger by dialogs about how to take our dedication to the next step. We are all helped out by those labels who have shared their horror stories of being audited and their success stories of getting around the hassles of being legal. Hearing about the different ways in which we have families, and raise our children is as valuable to the sustenance of the punk community as to how to fight the cops and buck the system. Think of all the ways in which we can take our lifetime of experiences and help to pass on that which we think can better another generation. If we can not continue to rejuvenate ourselves, pass along our ideas and experiences to those younger and continue to be inspired and learn from those who have gone before us then we limit our entire community. However, if those of us who are older can continue to remember what it was like to be younger and first discovering punk rock and relate with a bit of compassion; and likewise if those younger kids can pick the brains of those who have been around for awhile — maybe we can forget about age, break down more barriers and boundaries, and continue to inspire each other ~ and in turn push forward and really create something new which

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can keep the punk community growing forward, further evolving and ever-changing.
-Chris Boarts Larson
to write or respond directly write
c/o *Slug & Lettuce* / PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

"It can't be right what I'm reading here / No one believes in all this stuff no more. / Our ideas don't see eye to eye / You get your press with a pocketful of lies. / Telling everybody every word is true / One day soon they're gonna see through you. / I've got your number. / You can fool some people some part of the time. / I've got your number. / I ain't ever gonna toe that particular party line."

COCK SPARRER came to the states and completely swept their fans away with four of the most heart-felt shows delivered anywhere at anytime. It is absolutely astounding how much power these men have over an audience. From the first notes of "Riot Squad" in the beginning right through "Runnin' Riot" and "We're Coming Back" at the end, this band moved the entire club - old fans, casual fans and new fans alike. Mr. Colin McFaull's singing has, if you can fathom this idea, actually improved with age! Mr. Steven Burgess, Mr. Michael Beaufoy, and Mr. Daryl Smith delivered superlative bass, lead, and rhythm guitar work. The incomparable Mr. Steve Bruce pounded his drum kit as if it was still 1977. There is no adequate words to describe the emotion of hearing four hundred skinheads and punks of every color and age sing every lyric in perfect unison. This was the show to use as a measuring stick for assessing every other band, old or young, performing today.

Our thanks goes out to COCK SPARRER for the great sense of humor they exhibited and the once-in-a-lifetime experience of seeing them perform in small clubs for their very first appearance in the U.S.A..

Many words of praise must go out to Dave Woods and Jim Martinez of First Round Promotions for putting on the show that no one thought would ever come to fruition. Thanks to Mark Rainey and the workers at TKO Records for their undying efforts in facilitating the whole affair.

Keep an eye peeled for a TKO LP/CD release of the live COCK SPARRER shows in New York and San Francisco, possibly as early as October. Also on deck at TKO for the month of May is a five song EP by THOSE UNKNOWN, a full length LP by THE RANDUMBS and the long anticipated full length LP by Georgia's fucking tough street rockers TERMINUS CITY.

Knockout Records has some new product for you punks and skins. First out of the chute is the band MI BU RO with their EP *Hard Hit Oi!*. This Japanese skinhead band has it all! Great vocals, stunning guitar work and power house drums and bass. On one side you have the song, "Genkai" which is smooth and streamlined Oi! with guitar working the perimeter while super Oi! vocals and harmonies hold the foreground. Very slick production here. These fucking guys can play! ! The song "Jounetsu" starts things rocking on the flipside with a mid-paced melodic Oi! thriller. Next MI BU RO take it up a notch further with the song "Makoto". A hammer of an Oi! track! This EP scorches the fucking planet!

The next skinhead treat is the LP by LOIKAEMIE called *Wir Sind Die Skins*. Gruff, gruff vocals are supported by surging guitar parts with the band singing the choruses enthusiastically. This rough-hewn Oi! punisher is sung in German with a gut filled with anger and a head filled with bad thoughts. Fuel this with too much beer and you've got a short-tempered, short-haired problem on your hands! These guys are not your new friends! The picture on the cover shows the fists and the brass knuckles waiting to greet some hapless soul.

The next item of interest available on Knockout is a fucking excellent LP by the great Oi!/punk band OiMELZ from Germany, with their newest LP called: *Verfluchte OiMelz*. This is finely crafted melodic Oi! with top-notch musicianship all the way around the band. The tasteful bass and guitar playing compliments the deep singing. The songs flow along at quite a clip. This might be one of the better bands for recreational beer drinking in all of Germany. The brute force is here in the music but the delivery is refined and honed to perfection. This is sung in German with no lyric sheet included but one get's the feeling that the words come from the heart and the brain working in conjunction. Included is a punk-rock cover of "The Last Time" by the ROLLING STONES. These songs have been shaped and polished to a state of rock n' roll bliss. Listen to OiMELZ!

Also available on Knockout this month is a damn decent skinhead recording by 4 PROMILLE from Germany. The new LP is called *Im Nachsten Leben*. This band features both male and female vocals - each taking a turn at the singing chores. This music has a good melodic Oi! feel to it with the underpinning of a pogo punk outfit such as PUBLIC TOYS or BLANKS 77. This would be accessible to a cross over crowd of punks who might be overwhelmed by RABAUKEN or POBELS & GESOCKS on first listen. This is a pleasant collection of songs and the band is steeped in warmth and unity for the punk/skinhead scene. A very positive and uplifting record!

The 4 PROMILLE also have a brand new EP on Knockout called *Die Jungs Von Nebenan* with a fun cover of the UNDERTONES, "Teenage Kicks". Give this band a listen.

MCR company has a really good skinhead CD available for you kids! This one is called UNITED '97 *Running On My Life*. These "Gifu Japanese Skinheads" have taken a page out of the BOVVER WONDERLAND song book. This Oi! music has good vocals and tasteful guitar hooks. Talented harmonies abound. The song writing is quite accomplished. The lyrics are sung in English and printed inside the liner notes. UNITED '97 wants you to think about your priorities in life - your job, your lover, your friends. Playing in the skinhead band is revered by UNITED '97. In "Freedom Crusher" the band questions the authority of your boss at work, the "rulers" in the government and selfish law enforcement. This melodic Oi! has a fine up tempo demeanor with good production and superior sound quality. This is very good!

MCR Company has issued a CD compilation featuring some over-the-top hardcore punk mayhem by Japanese artists. Contributing to the carnage are: REAL REGGAE, FLASH GORDON, FLUX CORED WIRE, IDOL PUNCH, VORACIOUS SOUL, ZERO HOUR, CAVEMEN, NICE LIFE, SLIGHT SLAPPERS, FREAKS and STAB 4 REASON. This compilation showcases some spectacular hardcore noise attacks with the guitar being handled as a weapon of destruction. The vocals kill and maim. This is not for the weak-hearted - it's an extremely vicious full-frontal assault!

Straight Up Records from Japan has some ear splitting Oi! and hardcore punk for you punks and skins this month. The band YOUTH ANTHEM kicks off the onslaught with the *Bolt from the Blue* CD. This CD is packed with prime skinhead Oi! complete with sing-a-long choruses and prominent guitar leads. The vocals bear a marked resemblance to BAD VULTURES or CRIKEY CREW. Mitsuo from the great skinhead band SIDE BURNS contributes guest choruses, and a definite SIDEBURNS influence permeates this band's output. The singing is in English and is quite powerful. The lyrics are printed in Japanese and English. On this strong CD some of the stand-out tracks are: "Counterattack By Youth", "Young Troops Will Never Give Up", "No Escape - No Way Out", and "No More Violence".

The next rocking selection from Straight Up Records is THE DICK SPIKIE with their CD *Let's Start from in Complate*. This is nasty spikes and studs punk with a heavy debt owed to THE EXPLOITED and DISCHARGE. This Japanese band shows an influence by GBH circa 1983. The music is high- spirited, fast, and punk as fuck. The charged hair, black leather and pyramid studs that adorn these punks are badges of honor. Listen to "Clock Work World", "Fighter Knows", "No Adapting Maybe", "Worst of Mind", and "Strong Hold". Furious drumming punctuates a barrage of guitar and bass lines. Rock and roll with DICK SPIKIE! Recommended to fans of THE BOLLOCKS,

For you knuckleheads who crave brutal Japanese hardcore, Straightup Records presents the various artist compilation entitled *There Is Hardcore Making A Entry in 2000*. This fucker is a bleeding hardcore meltdown! Some of the immediately noticeable bands are: SLANG doing "The Problem Still Remains to

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be Solved", BOLLOCKS doing "We Are the Truth", RAID doing "Love and Soul", NO REALIZE doing "Blow Your Fuse", Old metal/hardcore veterans ROSE ROSE doing "Life", BRAIN EATERS doing "Warning Days", and TERMINAL doing "Price O' Life". This three CD super pack ranges all over the map in styles and quality running the gamut of what is loosely called hardcore these days. Some of the material is close to "grind" or "crust" with "cookie monster" vocals. Some of it is brilliant hardcore. This probably could have been condensed down to two CDs, but then you wouldn't get to hear fifty-eight different Japanese bands, would you?

Cyclone Records from Merrimack, New Hampshire has a first rate EP out this month. The band is the WEEKEND BOWLERS and the EP is called *In Over Our Heads*. This melodic Oi! Record starts out with "Stick Shift" and segues into "What It's About", about a betrayal by a so-called friend. This record has good gruff vocals with the band members singing good back-up vocals. In "We've Been Had", the WEEKEND BOWLERS sing "Fighting for contradictions is part of their plan/ You're playing on their field and you've been had." Smart lyrics! Good shit! The last song "Thin Line" illustrates some of the desperation most working class men and women have gone through . This is a good record! " In Over Our Heads" is recommended to fans of THE HUDSON FALCONS or THE BELTONES.

While we are on the subject of the HUDSON FALCONS- Have you listened to the CD *Desperation and Revolution* yet? You must acquire this CD as soon as possible! This is excellent street punk from New Jersey with very intelligent lyrics and strong political views that come from the heart yet avoid becoming preachy or condescending.

THE BOOKED from Corpus Christi, Texas have a good CD out for you blue-collar types. This release on Radical Records is called *Feel the Pride*. This CD is a celebration of working class life in America with songs honoring labor and calling for respect for the generation that came before. THE BOOKED announce credit where credit is due to the grandfathers and fathers that built this country with their sweat and toil. The songs are catchy Oi! numbers with a variety of influences including the DROPKICK MURPHYS. These guys have drawn a line in the sand and they are not afraid to defend their territory. Drinking beer with the boys is an important ritual on this release. THE BOOKED deliver thirteen songs of "Northwest Thugs" pride in working for a living. Give this a spin.

Punk Core Records out of Middle Island New York present two new CDs for punk rocker pleasure. First up is the veteran punkers from Belgium FUNERAL DRESS. These irreverent mother-fuckers have been keeping the faith since 1985 and this is their first American release. The CD is called *Party Political Bullshit* and it features spikey haired melodic punk on songs like "My Generation", "Riot Patrol" and "Oi! Oi! For the Punx", "Violent Society", "We're the Ones" and "Nothing In Between". This is good beer drinking punk in THE VARUKERS or CHAOS UK tradition. FUNERAL DRESS will be touring the USA in May with the CASUALTIES and THE LOWER CLASS BRATS.

THE CASUALTIES have a fresh CD-EP out on Punk Core called *Who's In Control?*. This is the CASUALTIES first new studio EP in five years. Included on the mini-CD are 3 originals plus a cover of Blitz's "4Q". You also get five live songs from 1995 with fair sound quality. The frantic energy of THE CASUALTIES continues to perpetuate their momentum as one of New Jersey's leading purveyors of pogo punk.

Coming soon on Punk Core is the long awaited second full length album by Austin, Texas's street punk heroes THE LOWER CLASS BRATS. The new thirteen track CD is entitled *The Plot Sickens*. This CD will include interactive video tracks that can be watched on your computer. Catch THE LOWER CLASS BRATS on tour with FUNERAL DRESS and THE CASUALTIES in May! Bones and his crew have been known to steal the show from the headliner with their uncanny punk rock flair!

We have a good compilation CD on board here called MIDWEST RULES. This mix is brought to you by that consistently rocking label, Haunted Town Records from Chicago. Some of the bands included on the *No Coast Rock* compilation are BRASSTACKS, BUMP N' UGLIES, the great LAST YEARS YOUTH and BRASSKNUCKLE BOYS. Check out this CD- there is some good rock and roll to be had on this slab.

Outsider Records from Long Beach, California is poised to release *The Singles Collection* by those Orange County favorites BONECRUSHER. Dave and Dave are providing you punks and skins with all the BONECRUSHER music that you might have missed on all the seven inches on one big beautiful CD. This shit kicks ass! This CD will be available on April 4 at your local punk rock record store. If you have not witnessed BONECRUSHER live, then you must do so at once!

London's ZERO TOLERANCE have a real good new CD out on Combat Rock label from France. This CD is called *Home Sweet Hackney* and it combines good street punk with the flavor of English Oi!. There are requisite punk lyrics lambasting the police force and the politicians. ZERO TOLERANCE rail against "Crap Boy Bands and Nazi Cunts" in the song "Living in the Past" . ZERO TOLERANCE wisely suggest that punks "Look at Your Life....". "As the pictures of your life unfold/ What tales haven't you told?/ It's time for you to move on./ Stop living in the past.../Take a step forward out of your hell./ Look to the future/ Stop talking out your arse."

ZERO TOLERANCE do a good cover of J.S.A. by the excellent British punk band THE RESTART. Fans of THE STEAM PIG would like this band.

Until next month-
I'll be seeing you.
See you around.
See you in Hell!

PETE MENCHETTI

Our record store just turned three years old! Here I'll tell the abbreviated story of Resurrection Underground Records, one of the few remaining volunteer-run punk shops in the USA. Lucky for us, we were able to learn from the mistakes of others who came before us, like Epicenter. Not to say we haven't made the same exact mistakes **anyways**...!

So here's how it started. I'd been running 702 Records for a couple of years and accumulated several boxes of records from the various labels I traded with. I was going to gigs, setting up a table, and selling $250 worth of records in a night. I figured, hell, we could open a store. So I got a bunch of people together at a meeting, rented a space, and we made a record store! Our beginnings were very meager, and compared with now, our store looked like shit! But there was quite a bit of support from the community despite the fact that it was so easy to steal CDs from Tower (and other stinking corporate hellholes).

The store has pretty much chugged along ever since our grand opening on March 1, 1997. There have been lots of ups and downs and it's always related to the amount of time and energy people are putting in. And how supportive the community is — even if we can't special order a copy of the Melvins 5" for them.

A lot of trust is involved in running a volunteer-run store, because inevitably you will have many volunteers. Since people are only willing to volunteer 1 or 2 days of their time per week, you'll need a bunch of different people to cover all the shifts. For us, it has meant around 20 people total, many of them with keys to the store. It was never a problem until recently, when a volunteer stole $600 cash from us and nearly put us out of business. Whoever did it, I hope you're reading this: you are a big fat piece of festering fucking dog shit and I hope your death is slow, painful, and imminent.

Now the exciting news is that we're moving into a better space, right off the main drag and next to the trendy piercing parlor. We have a basement, a lot of space, and a landlord just about as cool as they come. We could potentially actually make some money in this location. Not money that would go into anyone's pockets, but money that would be funneled back into the store and into cool projects like festivals, art shows, and fun stuff.

It's really frustrating at times, putting time and money into this project and getting 'nothing' in return. But I actually find it pretty rewarding when the store is doing well, and hey, that's something. What we stand to gain when we become more successful is that we

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will actually become a force in this community. We'll have some people and some money behind us, and with those two things, we can make things happen. That's pretty exciting, especially in a town like Reno, where there just isn't much happening.

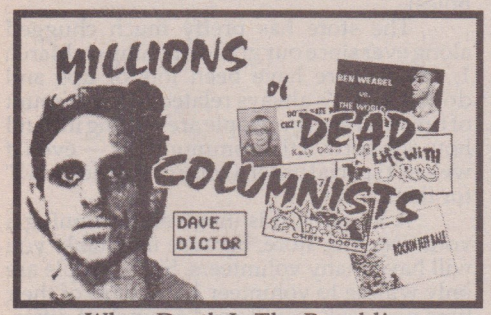
Hey, if you're passing through Reno this summer, come and check out our shop! Resurrection Records, 25 St. Lawrence St., Reno NV 89509, 775-324-4628, resrecs@hushmail .com, www .stickerguy.com/resurr

* * *

By the time you read this I will be getting ready to embark on my fourth DIY tour of Europe. To be fair, I had a bit more help with the booking than I ever have, thanks to Brock and others. This will be the third time over there with SCARED OF CHAKA for me. You can find tour info on the web at www.stickerguy.com/702.htm.

I'm super excited about this trip: on April 1, I'm leaving this one-horse town for Curitiba, Brazil. I'm going to a conference there called Ecocity, which focuses on sustainable urban planning. I'm pretty sure that's what I'm going to study when I go back to school. From there I'm off to Romania, for another conference called "Towards Car-Free Cities." Then, after a big family reunion in Italy, the SOC tour begins! I'm going fucking nuts right now trying to prepare for everything...! Til' next time.

Pete Menchetti / pete@stickerguy.com / Po Box 204 / Reno NV 89504 USA



When Death Is The Punchline

Death, I'm definitely in denial about death about my grandmother's, about Timmy Yohannon's, about Donny The Punk's . It's like they've all gone down under to Australia but it still haunts me makes me feel sad. I Remember talking to my x-girlfriend about writers for *Maximum RocknRoll* and she said she liked George Tabb. I responded that I kinda liked reading him its cool to hear that Rodney Dangerfield, "I don't get no respect" or just bitching about how frustrating life can get. I totally get that but I really like how Mykel Board gets you with a punch line or a finale. I try to have a punch line. Some times I don't send in my column cause I don't have one. Probably I missed my deadline, sorry to the editors and you all.

I am back in my home town, Glen Cove, Long Island, its 24 miles from the city. I took my kid to my ol high school to enroll him. Same ol doors and lockers over 20 years later. Everything looks the same here even the secretary but that can't be she seems my age or younger. How could this be, I ask her what happened to Ms. Kaufman the secretary when I was a student . She tells me she retired but she's fine. I ask my son's guidance counselor about this and she tells me that the new secretary is Loraine Kaufman's (the old secretary's) daughter. This captures Glen Cove in a nut shell everybody has been here since time and a lot of folks never leave, a real time warp. As well a look through the halls as kids go from class to class there are no punx, no goth, just this generic baseball cap backwards with Nike t-shirts and Gap Gap Gap every where. I feel like PeggySue Got Married or Back To The Future my kid is gonna hate it. He's used to that white trash, criminally minded, no chance to make it so why give a rat's ass about anything mind set from back on the northeast side of Portland

My time at Glen Cove was like *Happy Days* and I was like Ritchie Cunningham but from my sophomore year in high school on I was turned on and tuned out. I did acid at a dead concert in the summer and threw my clothes into the fire then later rioted with 75 fried dead heads till we took over a Jersey City bus and forced it to take us to a Path Train into Manhattan from there I took a subway to north Queens and still frying called my mom to pick my 3 friends and I at 2a.m. in the morning. This was 1972. America was different then, no M.T.V. hell, no cable television and Vietnam was still raging. There were demonstrations throughout and there was yearly race riots. Yes every spring, almost on cue, these gnarly race riots would break out. People were killed by tire irons and knives and baseball bats. Truly awful spectacles sparked originally by the assassination of Martin Luther King then thereafter by some national or local brutality or injustice that took place. Every year into the 70's till my senior year 1973 these riots took place. But the times were a changing, my friends and I dealt pot and we had gotten to know everyone white and black by selling every body kill Jamaican and Columbian marijuana. We scored this great connection through my best friend's sister on again and off again boyfriend that she met through a wrong number phone call. So any ways that spring all the freshman sophomores and juniors started the race riot ritual thing during lunch. Blind hate fever started to rage through the school and I and my friends groaned that this sucked. We twisted about 20 joints and started getting stoned with Sylvester Davis and Cliff McBride the jocky African-American main Bubbas and when all these younger class man white and black tried to get us involved we said we ain't fighting today but to take a toke. Before you knew it about 200 people were on the hill facing the cafeteria huffing and puffing and laughing and you know what there was never any more riots at Glen Cove High . This is still one of my life's proudest achievements. After that, Sylvester started hanging out with us full time. He was a happy soul ,with a big gold tooth and we partied hardy our senior year . One time we went into a bar the next town over, in Glen Head and we got drinks. Shit back in the old days kids it was easy to be 16 or 17 and get served in bars . Anyway after a few drinks the bartender said, " you guys can stay but your nigger friend here has got to be leaving". So we up and left but once outside Sylvester takes his beer bottle and throws it through the big picture window and everyone jumps into my car with the bad starter and the bar empties out with pool stick waving patrons and they surround us and start to scream threats and bash the car. Finally the car engine kicks over and I race us out of there. Later that summer I split out west with Sylvester and 2 other friends and some where along the way Sylvester flew home and I never saw him again , I kinda never turned back I ended up in Austin, Texas and from there onto doing mdc and then out to San Francisco then up to Portland.

So here I am in modern day Glen Cove. My ol friend Chippy who lived with me in San Francisco is living in Long Island and teaching school in the city. He took me to a party with a bunch of my old classmates, they were party folk back in the day but now lived pretty sedate lives in the suburbs or so I had believed. Though they all had kids ,at this party I was to learn they were all in swinger husband/wife swap situations and quite frankly I was shocked. I mean yeah I'm a perv from way back ... strait Queer ...submissives... you've heard the gossip. I've had very homosexual men say I was the queerest strait man they had ever known. Tom Ammiano for President , a big crush on K.D. Lang and all of Tribe 8 ,,,but these folks, in between all their kids 1st Communions and Confirmations and Bar Mitzavahs are mate swapping. I mean I feel like I'm the square. These folks fake it so well and I'm the old fashioned one that's gotta live like it is. Go figure... And Long Island is such a consumer's nightmare. Developments, gaudy malls and car dealerships everywhere. Rat Race... I guess I've been in a time bubble...My brothers and their wives all have combined $60,000 a year incomes and up but they all feel so on the edge. I've never earned over $15,000 a year (except when I was dealing speed). Money is such the God, OH yeah, I guess that's why we're punk rock.

Anyway I've met a few good punkish souls and we're working up mdc and submissive songs and we'll be touring by summer. But I just went back into the Board Of Education to apply for a teach job at Riker's Island, the new york city holding jail. It's a tough job, but its gotta be rich in experiences and I want to try it. So I interviewed and they said come back in 2 weeks for a second interview. So 11A.M and I decided to walk to the East River and from there across the Brooklyn Bridge. It was a cold brisk day but crystal clear from the bridge you can see Governor's Island, the Statue Of Liberty, the Manhattan Bridge, the entire east side skyline World Trade Towers, U.N. buildings, the Chrysler building and on and on . I crossed into the city, walked and bussed to Grand Central Station and on into Central Park and then ducked myself into the Metropolitan Museum Of Art. What a place, you enter into the cave person art and on into the Egyptian Rooms with those gold sarcophagus's ,whole tombs and then onto Babylonian tile walls taken apart in Iraq and reassembled here, those rich dark blue/purple colors holding their color 3,500 years later, then 3 large Greek artifact rooms with whole

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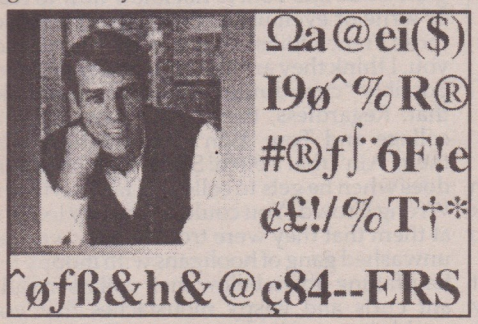
walls with etches of goddesses and gods than Rome and on and on. Rembrandt's, Van Goth's, Picasso's then I saw this painting of J.P. Morgan nose bumps and all and I thought of him looting all this treasure and it didn't kill it for me or bum me out but ,but it was time for me to be going. I caught a train home than caught a cab and I thought of Sylvester Davis. One of the folks at my old friend's party said Sylvester Davis was driving a cab, so I asked the African-American man driving if Sylvester was still driving a cab. Ol Sylvester is dead man , he died of a heart attack 8 months ago. Wow what a bummer..I'll see you down under...
mdcops@hotmail.com or 110redspringlane, glencove,ny11542



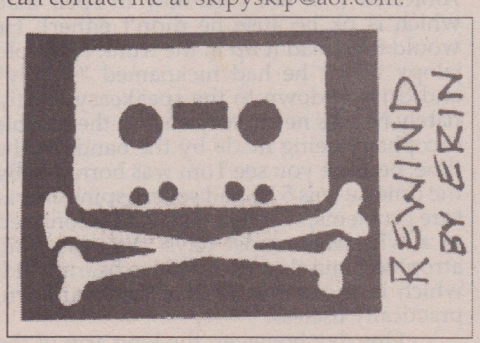
I've been working a bit on developing some original political theory. Don't worry, I haven't gotten it together enough to run it here yet. No time for that when I have to take a bunch of freshmen laden, introductory classes to meet graduation requirements. A word of advise wee ones: transferring schools is approximately as pleasant as transferring bone marrow. Avoid it if you can.

Nevertheless, I can provide a warmup. I've decided to run a piece by a real political philosopher, and who is more real than Niccolo Machiavelli? A successful playwright and a widely misunderstood thinker, Machiavelli is well worth the time. He is also damned funny. And so, I present you with,

A LETTER FROM MACHIAVELLI TO LUIGI GUICCIARDINI

Damn it all Luigi! You see how fortune can bring about in men different results in similar matters. You, when you have screwed her once, you still get the urge to screw her again—you still want another go at her. But I, having been here several days, going blind crazy without my wife, came across an old woman who washed my shirts; she lives in a house that is practically underground, and the only light that comes in is from the door. I was passing by there one day and she recognized me and made a big fuss over me; she said that if I wished, she would show me some beautiful shirts that I might want to buy. I believed her—innocent prick that I am! And when I was inside I dimly saw a woman hiding in a corner, pretending to b bashful with a towel over her head and face. The old hag took my by the hand and led me to the woman, saying; "This is the shirt that I want to sell. but I want you to try it out first and pay later." Timid as I am, I was now completely terrified; nevertheless. since I was alone with her and now in the dark (The old lady had left the house immediately and shut the door), I gave her a good hump. Even though I found her thighs flabby and her cunt watery and her breath stinking a bit, my lust was so desperate that I went ahead and gave it to her anyway! And once I had her, I had the urge to see my merchandise and I took a brand from the fireplace near me and lit a lamp that was above it; and hardly was it lit when the light almost dropped from my hand.My God! The woman was so ugly that I almost dropped dead. The first thing I noticed was a tuft of hair, half white and half black, and although the top of her head was bald, which allowed you to observe a number of lice taking a stroll, nevertheless, a few hairs mingled with the whiskers that grew around her face; and on top of her small, wrinkled head, there was a scar-burn which made her look as if she had been branded at the market.; her eyebrows were full of nits; one eye looked down, the other up, and one was larger than the other. Her tear ducts were full of mucus and her eyelashes plucked; her nose twisted into a funny shape, the nostrils were full of snot and one of them was half cut off; her mouth looked like Lorenzo de, Medici's, but it twisted on one side and drooled a bit since she had no teeth to keep the saliva in her mouth; her upper lip was covered with a think but rather long mustache; her chin was long and sharp, pointed up and from it hang a bit of skin that dangled to her Adam's apple. As I stood there, amazed at this monster, she noticed my surprise and tried to say:"What is the trouble sir?"; but could not since she was a stutterer; and as she opened her mouth there came from it such a stinking breath that my eyes and my nose, the gateways of the two most outraged senses, found themselves offended by this pestilence this was such a shock to my stomach that, not being able to bear it, it heaved so much that I vomited all over her. And so, having paid her in the way she deserved, I left. And I swear to God, I don't believe my lust will return as long as I am in Lombardy. So you can praise God in hope of enjoying your pleasures again, while I shall be thankful because I have lost fear of ever again having such an unfortunate experience.

After that, it becomes less amusing. Next time you hear some jackass complaining about how culture has declined and become too vulgar or crass, you can kindly direct them to this nearly 500 year old gem. In case you are interested, Machiavelli's most famous political work is The Prince, and his most famous play is The Mandrake Root. Both rock. You can contact me at skipyskip@aol.com.



Demos, demos. In case you're curious, the CD self made "demo tapes" are outnumbering actual demo tapes about 2 to 1. Do you want to know whether it's a tape or CD? Would that help you order some of this fine music? Let me know.

AFTERMATH thrashy hardcore with dark slow parts, sometimes screeching vocals and sometimes deeper, more standard yelling vocals. Good and solid. (9 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 123 NE Fremont, Portland, OR 97212.)

DON AUSTIN play fast paced hardcore-with throaty vocals. Occasionally they have the slow parts to breakup your frenzied pit, but mostly they don't slow down. (11 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 301 Arbawr Ct., Akron, OH 44304.)

DRIVEN OUT play fast good punk (not hardcore). They sometimes have snotty vocals that get held out to emphasis the punk rock whine (which I really like) and sometimes have gruffer more straightforward vocals. $1 ppd. (but they would rather trade. Zines or tapes with a socio-political emphasis). (6 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 21811 Bonita St., Carson, CA 90745.)

ELECTROCRYPT are a keyboard heavy rockandroll band, slow and mesmerizing songs, with snotty, sometimes groaning vocals and lots of effects. (6 songs, good production, lyric sheet. There's no address, but it was recorded in San Diego, CA. Maybe check the Letters section in the next few months, maybe they'll let us know.)

FALLBACK play pretty straightforward hardcore, mostly fast paced but sometimes blazing. His singing style is shouting, but he sure does manage to get a lot of words out. Good lyrics. $3 PPD. (with prizes!). (7 songs, good production, lyric sheet. 5270 South Zinnia, Littleton, CO 80127.)

This FLOODPLAIN tape is a posthumous package of old and unreleased songs (not that I can tell the difference, but maybe you're more in-the know than I am) and some live stuff. Emohardcore, not very fast, and gradual changes instead of stopping on a dime. (20 songs, good production for the recorded stuff, and decent for the live stuff, although the low end is prominent. $3 ppd. 825 W. 12th #1, Sioux Falls, SD 57104.)

FLYBOY play a tougher version of pop punk than normal. Mid tempo love songs, with a slight crooner influence. 4 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. (24 Rosewood Ave., Rugby, CV22 5PJ.)

FOOD IS A RIGHT NOT A PRIVILEGE is a 12 band (plus Mumia Abu Jamal) comp tape, benefit for Food Not Bombs. Blazing hardcore crusty punk bands mostly, but AGAINST ME play melodic political songs featuring an acoustic guitar that just doesn't sound one bit wussy, a feat I don't know if I would have believed possible before this. Also, the SWEATSHOP BOYS play melodic hardcore,' and there's DECIMATION OF AUTHORITY, a spoken word guy with a drum machine backing him up (and even he does 3 crusty songs!). (32 songs (plus the spoken word), mostly poor production (your tape player will be cranked!), lyric booklet! 253 Alexander St. #322, Rochester, NY 14607.)

HUMAN BUFFET play raunchy roc-

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kandroll that's heavily guitar dominated. (5 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 18700 NE 35th Ave, N. Miami, FL 33180.)

The JET BOYS put out a demo of all christmas songs, I'm sorry it isn't more timely for y'all. They cover some annoying "classics" and some of the modern takes on the christmas song (Wham, Mariah Carey) and some of their own. They're fast and guitar driven rockandroll, and catchy! (6 songs, Lo-Fi production, no lyric sheet. 2-39-2-301, Wakabayashi, Setagaya, Tokyo, Japan.)

JOHN HILLERMAN play sloppy punk rock, simple and good. Short songs, and I think this is all live, because you can hear talking in-between the songs. If only I understood German, because these people are cracking themselves up. 66 songs, okay production, some lyrics. Their email address is roehlkj@hotmail.com, included because I'm having a hard time reading their street address. My best guess is: Paracelsusst. 15, Zimmer, 925, 5A375, Leverkuten, Germany. OFF TARGET's songs are at that weird tempo that wouldn't be slow in any other music genre, but it's pretty slow for punk. The music is melodic with gruff vocals. (4 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 43 Weavers Hill, Fullerslade, Milton Keynes, MK11 2BN, England.)

THE POWER OF YOUTH is a comp from Toronto with OUT OF HAND (fast, anthemic style) SECTOR 7 (straightforward, speaking-vocals), NO CONNECTION (ska influenced, sometimes fast) DNS (more melodic, ohohoh's), and RACER (fast, but not hardcore. They actually sing). (10 songs (2 per band), good production, no lyric sheet. 65 Front St. W.Suite 0116-42, Toronto, Ontario, M5V 1E6.)

SIX TEN SPLIT play melodic music, girl singer included! pretty much mid paced, but the vocals dominate this recording, and they include lots of weird religious samples. (12 songs, good production, no lyric sheet. 201 South Prospect St. Columbia, SC 29205.)

SOUR MILK mid paced punk with really melodic lyrics that have a lot of the room sound in the recording (they sound far away compared to the music) and distorted guitar sound. In the same vein as PEGBOY. (9 songs, okay production, no lyric sheet. PO. Box 27851, St. Louis, MO 63146.)

STINK AND LINGER play mid tempo snotty punk rock. It's basic, it's classic. $4 ppd. (3 songs, okay production(music is too quiet compared to the vocals), no lyric sheet. 4615 NE Crystal Lane, Portland, OR 97218.)

STRESSED OUT play mid paced punk, in the style of early days LA.. Some songs have sparse melodic guitar, and some have the Greg style bursts of solo. Some even have a SUICIDAL TENDENCIES feel about them, but then there's an equal amount of dance surf stuff. It's cool to have such varied style with the rhythm section still tying it all together. (14 songs, with a range of production quality, no lyric sheet. 921 N. Rd. #J100, El Paso, TX 79907.)

THE TARTARS play straightforward 3 or 4 chord punk rock. It's pretty slow, and pretty catchy. (7 songs, good production (but kind of quiet), no lyric sheet. Via F., 52 - 00153 Rome, Italy.) Remember, addresses and all other information on more than just the envelope, and no, I'm not sick of this yet, so you can stop asking me in your nice little notes (almost half the people asked me this!). Radio, radio.

A last note: although it's not a demo the HARUM SCARUM album is fantastic and you should sit down and mail order it right now if you don't have a cool local record store to go to. P.O. Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.

THE PUNK ROCK SCENE AS A GERITOCRACY, OR THE STORY OF TOM HOPKINS

I am sure many of you are familiar with Thomas George Hopkins, Maximum Rock and Roll's premier emo columnist and he also does some other shit there, but god only knows what that other shit might consist of. So yeah all of you think he's really great, like he's the shit or something like that. You're all like, oh Tom, can I stroke your beard and shit, and can I polish your lawyer shoes cause like you're so old and shit. But how many of you know the Real Tom Hopkins story? How many of you have walked a mile in his old-timey shoes? (He is after all, extremely old) How many of you have sat by the fire and listened to the wisdom of ancient lepers through his old-timey ear horn? Probably none of you little mother fuckers have done any of that shit, so fuck you.

Back when Tom was all little and shit, he lived in Louisiana. And you may think that he used to take bong hits with EYEHATEGOD and shit like that, and call them pussies for playing so slow, but you'd be wrong because Tom is way older than that. No, back when Tom was born, all there was to do was to make hooch and sell it to speak-easies, where ragtime bands would play and people would get drunk off of corn squeezings and they would do the Lindy and the Charleston and other bullshit Swinger dances like that. Fortunately that is one trend that will NEVER come back in style. Tom used to make hooch out in the barn belonging to his grandpappy Aloicious (I'm not sure how to spell that, which is ok because he didn't either). He would then load it up in the trunk of his old jalopy which he had nicknamed "sloppy" and drive it down to the speakeasy. Fortunately he was never subjected to the terrible cacophany being made by the bands of the time, because you see Tom was born old. By the time he was 5 he had severe spine curvature problems, so much that he was confined to a wheelchair most days. And his frail, atrophied muscles rendered his hearing aid, which in those days was a large ear-horn, practically useless.

One day however, the long arm of the law descended upon Tom with terrible swiftness.

They threw the book at him, but fortunately for Tom he was only 12 and the time he did wasn't too hard. He got several tattoos, and wasn't raped once. Well, at least that's what he says. But anyway upon his release, he decided that the hooch game was not the game for him, so he loaded up Sloppy with several jugs of squeezings and a bundle of tattered rags (which in those days passed for clothes), and headed for the promised land, Washington DC, where a prematurely old bootlegger like himself could make it big. Tom enrolled in college there, where he was not hampered by illiteracy because back in those days it was pretty common for a collegiate dude like Tom to not know how to read or write or even use a toilet, let alone one of those French toilets that washes your ass for you. I think they are called "ass-warshers" or possibly "cum-dumpsters" or some shit like that. Regardless, they didn't have them at college and Tom didn't know how to use them. Ain't that a bitch! So the first thing Tom does when he gets to college is fall in with the Wrong Crowd. You could tell just by looking at them that they were trouble, they were an unwashed gang of hooligans with moppy red hair falling down below their collars in radiant curls and wispy moustaches that you couldn't see unless you got really close and poked at it with your finger, or possibly your sexual organs, which I'm pretty sure is what they intended to happen. They also had freckles, which made them twice as repugnant as they had already made themselves. The leader of these jerk-offs, who called themselves "the Douche-Bags" was a big bad red-headed motherfucker named "Scott Pactor." Scott's specialty move was named after him, and could reduce a grown man to tears in a matter of seconds. "The Pactor" was what they called it. It's easy to do, all you need is a bare ass and the ability to rub it on someone. Tom had both of these things, and quickly rose through the hierarchy of the gang until he was second only to Scott. Tom knew he could take Scott out in a Pactor-off, but his lack of red hair and freckles, and the fact that his moustache was hidden inside a big bushy beard insured that he would never become the leader of this gang. So he was like, dude, fuck this, I am going to California to study law and shit. So he movedto San Francisco, and started going to punk shows and studying law. Today he devotes all of his time to writing a column and doing some other shit for Maximum Rock and Roll and also tracking down the killer of Jon Benet Ramsey, who is still at large. Rest assured because Tom is going to bring the terrible swift hammer of justice down right on that dude's ball sack, and its gonna hurt! Goddamn!

Please send all correspondences to Mike Fucking Joyce, who was the guy that wrote this column because John was too lazy and too busy masturbating into his own mouth to get off his fat Fred Perry wearing ass and submit anything. Here is my impression of John: "Bleah, I'm John Ringhoff and I have sex with Kerrie and I work at a big fancy record label and I like to fart in other people's asses and then have those other people fart

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my fart back into my ass and sometimes I pay people to kick me in the crotch because I like that sort of thing. "Booyah!" John is always saying "booyah!" like some kind of jack ass. Write to him and tell him how much of a jack off he is: 4446 Finley Ave. #201. Los Angeles, CA 90027. Oh yeah I live there too. Email me: mjoyce@dreamworks.com. Or better yet don't.

Late breaking footnote to the ongoing retro wars (pitting retrogarage enthusiasts against retrohardcore enthusiasts against retrometal enthusiasts etc.), if anyone still cares (I'm forced to assume that someone does, or I'm out one column idea, even though the leading indicators {such as youngsters listening to Tennessee Ernie Ford on their way to a rave} are that the prevailing zeitgeist is one of inclusiveness) is provided by worthy (and unwitting) correspondent R.S. Loomis in *Arthurian Literature in the Middle Ages*, (although I encountered it in *The History of Popular Culture*, which is the most engaging eight hundred page anthology I've encountered all week), specifically under the heading of "Arthurian Influence on Sport and Spectacle" (he earlier provides some nifty coverage on the persistence of beliefs surrounding Arthur's survival, a damn sight more edifying than sitting through "Magnolia" despite the greatness of Henry Gibson and {believe it or not} Tom Cruise {whom I still confuse with Rob Lowe, so clearly if anyone is in need of digesting eight hundred pages on popular culture, it's yours truly} {and [returning to Tom Cruise in "Magnolia"] not in the father's deathbed scene, which is written in such a hackneyed fashion that no one could rescue it}).

I'll begin quoting Loomis (not counting my quoting of his heading) where he begins quoting the dude tattooed on Shane White's arm. "Oscar Wilde's paradox that `Life merely holds the mirror up to art' has seldom been better exemplified than in the reflections of Arthurian literature in the practices and pageantries...of our medieval ancestors."

As early as 1223, it seems, knightly tournaments in imitation of Arthurian tournaments. By 1281, "The bourgeoisie caught the craze" and took to organizing tournaments which gave them the opportunity to play knight, predating not only the Society for Creative Anachronism and the Renaissance Pleasure Faire but the actual Renaissance (an obvious jape, but sometimes that's the price of trying to inject a little humor).

Although the tournaments were supposed to be conducted with care for personal safety, accidents will (and did) happen. "...at Calatayud in 1291...the great Catalan admiral, Roger Luria had a wooden castle built at the end of his lists, which served as his station. When he was challenged by a knight from Murcia, umpires brought the two combatants two pointless [I'm not going to touch that line!] shafts, the challenger took his choice, and Luria the other. In the encounter Luria's shaft struck his opponent's helm, crushed his nose, and covered his face with blood. The Round Table was then halted for fear of quarrels..."

The moral? Umm, "People are funny. History is funny. It's all fun and games until someone gets hurt. History is all fun and games until someone gets hurt."

Warning: The following column contains content that, if placed in the wrong hands, could destroy human civilization. Do not lend this issue of MRR to any nimrods, fools, imbeciles, twits, buttheads or human beings of similar ilk.

The calls began coming in about six months ago.

"Hello?" That's me.

"Yes, may I speak with Isaac Bernstein?"

"There's no one by that number here."

A few seconds later, the phone rings again.

"Hello?" That's still me, albeit a slightly irritated version thereof.

"Mr. Bernstein?"

"No. You have the wrong number."

"Is this 663-**08?"

"No. You're not even close."

A few seconds later—well, you know.

Patience and laziness form key components of my personality, which is why it took several more months of calls to Isaac Bernstein before I took decisive action: Waiting for someone else to call for him.

"Hello, this is the Visiting Nurse Service, returning Isaac Bernstein's call."

"What number are you dialing?"

"What? Oh—663-**08."

Like all patriotic Americans, I have two phone lines. One is for making phone calls. The other one is devoted to an Internet connection, which allows me to get fast-breaking news events and stock quotes on a constantly frozen computer screen. I called 663-**08 from the Internet extension. My other phone rang.

As much as I hesitated to call in the awesome power of the telecommunications industry, this wasn't something that I could handle myself. A customer service rep from Bell Atlantic, which is one of four companies that provide various forms of phone service to the Rall household, put me on hold.

"I tried calling 663-**08," Linda told me. "But I got your number."

Having confirmed that I wasn't a liar, or at least not a liar enamored of lying about phone-related issues, Linda broke the news to me: "Whether it's intentional or accidental, it seems that Mr. Bernstein's phone is being call-forwarded to your line."

Although I have call forwarding myself, I've never even thought about using the thing. This is why I had never before considered the terrible consequences of a service that allows any fool to forward their calls to anyone else they choose—*without ever having to ask their permission.*

Linda promised to try to contact Mr. Bernstein to ask him to disable his call-forwarding feature. In the meantime, I kept getting calls for him—typically about six a day. A sister, who sounded somewhat elderly, didn't believe me when I explained that I'd become trapped in call-forwarding hell. "What have you done to my Isaac, you bastard?" she shouted before hanging up. The Visiting Nurse Service called several times, returning Isaac's calls. Fortunately for me, he didn't seem to have any friends. Still, I worried about the poor guy. What if he was ill? Or suicidal? He must have thought that the world was conspiring to ignore him; of course, every time people returned his calls to them, they'd get my sorry ass instead.

Whenever the image of a lonely, sick old man forced to turn to the Visiting Nurse Service of New York crossed my mind, I'd comfort myself with the thought that Isaac ought to have thought twice before he activated the call-forwarding feature on his telephone, before he mistakenly typed in my number and before he forgot the two previous actions. He was driving both me and himself crazy, and I wasn't even being paid for the privilege.

Meanwhile, Linda from Bell Atlantic was on the case. "I tried to deactivate Mr. Bernstein's call-forwarding remotely from the Call Center," she advised me, "but I can't do so because he uses a different local service provider."

"Can't you contact his phone company and ask them to do it?" I asked.

"We don't have those kinds of contacts with rival companies," Linda said. Clearly such cooperation would be a first risky step towards unraveling deregulation, competition and ultimately capitalism itself. The end result? "I could change your number," Linda offered. But what would be the point? That new number could just as easily be corrupted by some other random moron.

Fortunately, the Bernstein calls began to trickle off, and a few months ago, they stopped entirely. Maybe he moved away to a gentler city where people actually return your phone calls. Perhaps the Visiting Nurse Service never got there on time, and his neighbors will notice a funny smell when the weather gets warm. Personally, I prefer to believe that he's still sitting at home next to his silent phone, wondering what the fuck is going on.

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I've used this space before to bemoan the lack of interesting zines in the last few years. I guess what interests most zine readers just doesn't interest me because my attention span for most zines is about as long as it takes to crumple them up and stuff them in the wood stove. Since Profane Existence packed up there aren't very many zines that cover the music I like or agree even a little bit with my political views. I have to admit even when I pick up well known zines like MRR, Heart Attack and Hit List I scratch my head and ask myself "who are these bands?" Am I out of touch with "punk" or is the music scene out of touch with me (and most of the people I hang out with). Well fear not! Here are two great new zines that cover stuff you will actually want to read about, written by people who actually know and care what they are writing about. From here in Minneapolis comes Mangelslakt, currently on issue number two. This zine has the best international coverage of blazing hardcore crust and thrash I've seen in a while. The last issue featured Clusterbombunit, Warsore, Forca Macabra, Unholy Grave, Discontrol and scene reports from Bulgaria and Indonesia plus lots of the other stuff you'd expect in a zine like reviews and opinions. If you don't put one dollar in an envelope and mail it to PO Box 580402, Minneapolis, MN 55458 today, then you are a poser! The other killer new zine on the scene is Game of the Arseholes edited by Stuart who formerly did Disturbing the Peace zine. GOTA is a fold over six page zine with well thought out reviews, commentary, interviews (this issue Gordon Solie Motherfuckers!) and punk history. Stuart is one of the most knowledgeable and insightful people writing about hardcore punk today and since this zine is free, what do you have to loose. Send Stuart some stamps and an envelope! (Fenwick Road, Whippany, NJ 07981.

Hey I thought this guy said he was going to write about Finnish Hardcore four months ago. Yes here we go part two of my series on Finnish Hardcore.

As I said before, Rattus and Terveet Kadet are the best known Finnish HC bands in the USA but my personal favorites are the Bastards, Riistetyt, and Kaaos. If I'm not mistaken all three bands were from Tampere, Finland's Rock City. So here we are in 1981 with a raging piece of vinyl known to history as the Kaaos/Cadgers split 7". This was P. Tuotanto records ep number one. As far as I know P. Tuotanto records is still going, or at least the guy who ran it was selling records in Helsinki when I was there. Kaaos plays some seriously crazed Finnish style hardcore on their side. Typically fuzzed out driving thrash and one long droning number. Musically I would most readily compare Kaaos sound on this ep to early Disorder, but it has a distinctively Finnish sound in the reverbed vocals and the distorted sonic assault. On the flip side is Cadgers, who soon became known as Riistetyt (Exploited). While they thank the Exploited, Discharge and Disorder I find their sound on this recording more reminiscent of the early Italian bands such as Wretched and CCM. It's the wild chaos that comes through, loose and discordant but with enough drive and force to hold it all together and prevent it from becoming just noise. Jump ahead to 1982 and we have some more of the crucial (now seminal) Finnish hardcore records. *Kaaos Totaalinen Kaaos* ep (Propaganda 09) is one non stop raging slab of pure power. Kaaos sound had "matured" just enough to be tight and aggressive but still filled with rage and fury. Really powerful driving fast hardcore. My copy is on blue vinyl and I'm missing the insert (if there was one) so anyone who can send me a copy?. Before we pick up Kaaos career lets check in on the Bastards. Now there have been a lot of bands called the Bastards but only one that played such great hardcore. Kaaos ep was Propaganda number 9 with 9 tracks, so wouldn't you figure the Bastards ep would be Propaganda number 10 with 10 tracks. The Bastards World Burns to Death ep from 1982 is yet another fierce and brutal testament to the raw power of early Finnish Hardcore. Like most of the early Finnish bands the point of departure is Disorder and Dicharge but the music is faster, the vocals more pissed off and reverbed and there is this feeling of chaotic abandon to the music as if they are barely in control of a runaway riff that threatens to speed out of their grasp. My copy is red vinyl, what color is yours? As we read, the Cadgers became Riistetyt (pronounced reestatoot) and in 1982 they returned with an ep titled Lakija Jarjestys P. Tuotanto records 3. These guys definitely had the look down, with charged hair, studded leather and bondage pants. My copy has a sticker on it that says "second pressing in colored vinyl 500 copies made" so I don't know about the first pressing, mine is on green vinyl. At this point I'd say Riistetyt was good, but not yet great, the music is still a little sloppy but its still better than 90% of todays so-called hardcore.

The Bastards came out swinging with one of my favorite Finnish LPs *Jarhjeton Maalima* (*Insane World*) Propaganda Records Pro-17, 1983. This record is a monument to thrash/hardcore power. I really liked the cover art when I first saw it. The dictator's jackboots confidently standing over the ruins of civilization. Judging from the song titles the LP is a statement against nationalism, war and state power. Over the top Finnish HC. Real powerful thrash with air raid siren and third reich samples. The Bastards guitar player seemed a little more willing to play leads than say Kaaos. Not full blown solos, but smoking lead fills. If this record came with an insert I don't have it so anyone with a photocopier handy?

The Bastards followed this up with *Siberian Hardcore* in 1984 (Rock o Rama Records RRR29) A little more polished and produced but still the same raging hardcore attack. The cover art is a silly cartoon of funny animals rocking out in the Siberian wilderness. Members of the Bastards also served in Skitzo, Kaaos, Protesti and Riistetyt. How can you lose with thrash like this?

In 1984 Kaaos finally got around to releasing an LP. *Riistin Naulittu Kaaos* was on Barabbas records (BRS 01) and has a big fold out poster sleeve. Compared to the 7" material this is much tighter, more powerful sounding and better produced. There is a lot of experimentation with the basic Finnish hardcore sound without leaving the hardcore genre for another style. Compared to American bands of the same period these songs are really long. This album rages from start to finish and is a must for any fan of Finnish hardcore. My copy has a booklet with the English translation of the lyrics. Later on there was split live LP of Kaaos and Terveet Kadet called *So Much Fun* on Weird System Records a German label (WS 008, 1984). This contained a lot of previously released material but its still cool as fuck. I think they are all on orange vinyl, but I could be wrong. Members of Kaaos were also in Riistetyt, Bastards, Protesti, Kohu 63, Koulleet Kukat and two are still in Positive Negative today!

Riistetyt put out quite a few albums and slowly slid into metal-glam territory. The first LP *Valtion Vanika* was on Propaganda (PRO-006, 1983) This was later released on Rock O Rama under the title *As a Prisoner of the State* (RRR 271983) I haven't seen the Rock O Rama version in years but I'm pretty sure the cover was different, at least a different color. They start off the lp with a Varukers cover with hints at the influences. Total early UK style HC crossed with the manic Finnish thrash style. There are some more catchy slower numbers and the obligatory droning slow tracks as well. A winner by any reckoning. These guys also had the leather studs and no survivors look down to a science. Remember the days when guys with big hair and studded jackets played fast thrash? My favorite by Riistetyt is the Skitsofrenia Mini-LP. Propaganda PRO-018, 1983. This is some really raging Finnish HC with a heavy Disorder/Discharge/Varukers influence. Next was the *Nightmares in Darkness* LP, one side live one studio (Rock O Rama RRR 34, 1984) The last album was the *Raiskattu Tulevaisus* (*Raped Future*) LP (Rock O Rama RRR 44, 1984) By this point Riistetyt were subtitled "Holy Dolls" and were heading into glam rock territory. Its funny how thin the line could be between charged hair with studded leather and teased hair with platform shoes. This is a really bizare LP. Its almost as if they decided to change from a hardcore band to a rock band while they were in the studio recording it. Some of the songs are pretty hard driving punk but others are a strange hybrid of cock rock and hardcore, maybe like later Discharge without the falsetto vocals and guitar leads. Its really not that bad an album, but not up to the standards of the earlier material. There is a later Riistetyt 7" called *Toumiopaiva* ep (Kill City Sound, Kill 02) I'm not too sure about the date of this one. I think its mid 80's material

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but not released until the late 80's or early 90's. I'm pretty sure I've seen it on green vinyl, but mine is black. Its straight forward Finnish thrash as only Riistetyt can lay it down.

Some of you may remember in the 80's Chris of BCT records and tapes booked a US tour for Raw Power and Riistetyt. Unfortunately by this time Riistetyt was diving deep into metal glam territory and they were not very well received. Indeed, most people took to calling them Ristishit and such for not playing their old material. I remember how disheartening it was in the mid and late 80's going to see your old time favorite bands and hearing their weak new metal or new wave material, Youth Brigade, Seven Seconds, Discharge, COC, DRI, Government Issue, all just fucking fell off the deep end into total shit. It galls me when those bands "return" to hardcore after they strike out playing mainstream music. Riistetyt's last line up became Phyat Nuket, a sad attempt to copy Hanoi Rocks success. From what I'm told they bombed, even in Finland. At the Lepakko gig Riistetyt was talking about reforming as an HC band and touring Europe. I have to admit I really enjoyed seeing them live. You be the judge.

Code 13's tour of the Pacific looks pretty solid at this writing we'll be playing in Japan, the Philippines, Malaysia, Australia, New Zealand and maybe Thailand and Indonesia. There will probably be some California gigs as well. See you in the pit!

"High potential/underachiever" was the stamp on my junior high academic record. High potential/underachiever. What that meant was that while I scored high on assessment tests, those smarts didn't necessarily translate to good grades. Or, if I am to be frank, I was a teenage fuck-up.

I got tossed out of classes, probably spent a year in detention, got suspended a couple times, and kicked off the school bus for life. My antics ranged from gambling in the restroom to faking epileptic fits to dancing on tables in the cafeteria to making absurd noises in class. I was one of two teen experts in throwing whatever the imagination allowed out of the bus window: Tomatoes, eggs, olives, Tonka toys, etc. While at a stop sign we even tossed a cat into a convertible (the cat wasn't harmed). It is no shocker that my grade point average was a solid D. The only reason it wasn't a F was that I really enjoyed history.

Part of the reason I dug history is because I had a good teacher, a Mr. Walton. He knew how to deal with fuck ups, his son being one. He also knew how to make places and dates interesting. Mr. Walton was so good at arresting my attention and awakening my intellect that I was proclaimed the school's best history student. With the proclamation came an award which was presented to me at a school-wide rally. I was so much of a fuck-up that when my name was called the auditorium echoed with the student body's laughter. My fellow fuck-ups chanted my name and had to be ordered to sit down. My parents were puzzled by the kids' reaction. As far as they knew I was a B student, a bit of forgery engineered by a fellow fuck-up.

My interest in history continued through high school and college and remains with me today. Paralleling my history bug is a music addiction, also woken in junior high, but by neighborhood dirtheads, not teachers. The duel obsessions feed off each other. Whatever I listen to—heavy metal, punk, garage, R&B, free jazz—I have to know about it. I have to know the history, the origins, which band led to what and who influenced or spun off of whom. For a long time, tracking down the records I read about in old Creem mags and books like "Black Music" was hell. Sure you could find any Blue Oyster Cult album, but the MC5? Forget it! Even more frustrating was reading about things by the Stooges or Velvet Underground and not finding them for less than $15 used or import, which in 1979 was way more than 14 year-old me could afford.

I'd sit in my bedroom high on pot, drinking Pepsi out of a glass bottle using a red vine as a straw, while reading reference after reference to bands whose records were out of print and out of reach but always mentioned in any review of any punk, new wave, or experimental band. After what seemed like centuries some of the stuff came back into print on that early 80s shit-vinyl and sold at a Nice Price. But other "important influences" remained out of reach, never to be seen in the used bins of the excellent Marquee Records (run by Donnie Jupiter of the Twinkeyz) or Esoteric (run by another ex-Twinkey). Nor could the stuff be had at teenage-friendly prices in the pre-corporate Tower's import section, which was paradise for any music freak. It took me years to find a copy of "Fun House," a decade to find a used Can LP at an affordable price.

Those who mythologize underground rocknroll's past—whether it be 1957, Œ67, or Œ77—always leave out the fact that before CDs and today's reissue mania if you wanted to hear the 13th Floor Elevators' first album and didn't know someone with that rare gem, you had to pay $75 and up for the pleasure. Same goes with the first ? & the Mysterians LP or anything by the Creation. The list of important yet high-ticket records was as endless as that of Killed By Death singles today. Occasionally, bootlegs or reissues would surface and disappear (and later reappear at collector prices), but not always. Some folks tried to make the vital past affordable—most notably Lenny Kaye and his seminal "Nuggets" collection—but it took a while before the Rhino folks, the Pebbles people, Tim Warren and others opened up their record collections by issuing terrific comps of collectibles (thems patterned after old country blues collections churned out by Yazoo, Arhoolie, & others). Nowadays, the Killed By Death/Back to Front/Bloodstains crowd continue this fine tradition of comping the rare and financially crippling. Others, such as the god-like Get Back label, Sundazed, and the sneaky-petes in bootleg fandom, are making legends like the ESP catalog, the West Coast Experimental Pop Art Band stuff, Screamers recordings, and the Hubble Bubble LP available for cheapos like me. And I haven't even mentioned CDs. (Glory to the highest the folks responsible for the Stooges' "Fun House" sessions, eight CDs of wonder!)

But this is today. Years ago, in the "boom years" of the late-Seventies/early- Eighties, we might have dined on Black Flag and the Zero Boys, fresh from the chef, but we were starved of our history. My need for knowledge about the underground's yesterday led me to play documentarian of the present and, later, archivist of the past. While I paid attention to what was going on in California, the US, and the world, for reasons of economy and ease, my main focus was Sacramento, my home.

Studying, excavating, and preserving the local underground goes hand in hand with what I think punk rock is about. At its best, punk rock is a folk music. I am not writing of Folk Music, just as I am not referring to Punk Rock. In both cases, Folk and Punk are calcified styles devoid of what makes them folk (populist music about people's everyday life and concerns—whether fucking or a strike at the plant) or punk (raw, high-energy, unpredictable in one way or another). If you want a concrete example think of the difference between the country music of Jimmy Rogers, Hank Williams, Sr., and Willie Nelson (or any bluegrass) and the New Country of Faith Hill or Tim McGraw (Hank Williams = speed freak; Faith Hill = jogging: case closed). So by my definition, my interest in punk, in the local underground was/is a grassroots type of thing.

My digging up Sacto's punk past was matched and fueled by involvement in what was going on around me. Since the early-Eighties, I've done everything that people active in punk do: bands, a label, radio, zines, promotion, selling records, etc. Being an active part of what I love makes the stuff that results from my work all that much more enjoyable. It also intensifies my quest for what has come before my friends' and contemporaries' efforts. I have found people like Alex Paleo, Dennis Newhall, and Joey D., archaeologists of Sacramento's Sixties and early-Seventies bands. I have stumbled into great, forgotten obscurities like Ozzie, a Sacto new wave/punk band heavily influence by Roxy Music, T-Rex, and Beefheart and responsible for the great "Android Love" 45. But there is no use documenting this stuff if I can't share it.

The info on Sacto Underground records is located at <http://www.sl.net/~ttbooks/moolala/disc.html>. I have been in the process of accumulating stuff for a History of the Sacto Underground comp/book. Others such as the aforementioned Alex P. & Joey D. are working on comps of Sacto 60s punk/psych stuff (already releasing CDs by She & the

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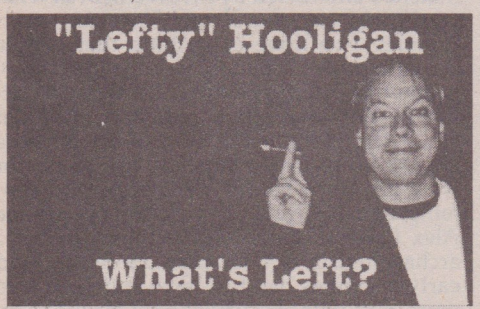
Oxford Circle on the Big Beat label). Karl Ikola shares info and put out the wonderful Twinkeyz CD.

This info also trickles down to some of today's local bands and with good result. How could a band not benefit from knowing that Blue Cheer and the Tales of Terror are part of its heritage? The links to the past strengthen and give more meaning to what people are doing today. They know that they are not doing something in a vacuum, that they are part of a tradition, that there were freaks and fuck-ups like them 10, 30, 50 years ago.

We mythologize New York of the Seventies with its Suicides, New York Dolls, and Chain Gangs. We research and document places like Cleveland with their Pere Ubus, Electric Eels, and Albert Aylers. But your town has a history, too. Sometimes its as exciting as the abovementioned places, more so cuz it is home. The past might be hidden under many layers of neglect, but often it is as accessible as walking down to the local music store and asking a few questions. Some beardo will reply, "Yeah, we had a garage band back in the Sixties. It was pretty funny. We recorded a bit, too." And he will refer you to the local banker, who was the band's drummer. Some guy you see walking down the street in a suit & tie was the singer. The bass player teaches school ten miles away. You go over to the banker's house and he pulls out a reel of tape and slaps on his reel-to-reel player. Out of the speakers comes the craziest, most fucked-up, pathetically stupid, teen, garage thud that you've ever heard and you are in paradise. And it came from your shitty town.

I am going on the road by myself for the month of May. I will be going through the Midwest & Northeast. I need places to crash for a night. If you can provide such a place contact me. Also I am booking a Bananas tour for July/August, if you can set up a show get a hold of me. Scott Soriano/1114 21st Street/Sacramento, CA 95814 USA scotts@sl.net



I get email... I've got a few lengthy critical emails to pass on, so this will be a column of other peoples comments. Enjoy.

MRR #200 COLUMN:

Lefty,

Your column in MRR#200 is a well reasoned and well written essay re: the ongoing attempt to body count the terrors of Nazism and Communism (and thus declare that that Nazism is the lesser of 2 evils, whether or not this is the stated goal). This serves to soften resistance to creeping fascism in the New World Order. Fascism then, as now did not arise out of thin air or because of "bad people." It is a natural outgrowth of capitalism as it attempts to maximize profits in the face of an inchoate resistance.

This nebulous dissatisfaction with evermore painful extraction of surplus value is given form by grossly distorting the causes and perceived solutions to the misery. The working class is divided, a process already well under way with the atomization in even the "good times," and anger is directed at workers of different races, religions, etc. Yes, Leninist Communism is a failed response to imperialism but with no genuine revolutionary response, fascism is probably inevitable. I say probably because I am not a Marxist determinist. The point is I think your piece could have benefited by placing Naz and Com in historical perspective—both history we have seen and history yet to come (as a result of historical trends). Regardless of what Molotov may have said, fascism as an actually exiting reaction is not just a matter of taste, just like imperialism is not a policy. The working class does have a choice but to make an informed choice it will have to choose between the lies and distortions of capitalist PR (of which the Black Book, however true it's statistics may be, is part, at least in terms of the way it is presented) which will lead to reaction and fascism and non-Leninist sources of left libertarian analysis, of which you seem to be a tribune, which will lead to genuine workers revolution, whatever that may be as we hash it out. Do we have the time? Do we have the resources to get the word out in competition with the global corporate oligopoly? I am not too hopeful. But we can do down screaming punk rock.

Your pointing out that Nazi atrocities in little over a decade in such a relatively small area arguably make for a qualitative distinction in the use of terror, is brilliant. This is the sort of thing that must be pointed out as part of the effort, not to whitewash Leninist horror, but to stop the process of softening up the resistance to fascism as the lesser of two evils. It is also crucially important to point out the true ongoing capitalist holocaust of which the Nazi years were only one of the most glaring examples. Even people who would never go along with National Socialism or its variants can opt out of struggling or even hoping for anything better than neoliberalism if the full criminal nature of the present system is not clear and there is also a belief that any alternative will certainly be at least as bad. The 100 million dead figure that is currently being bandied about includes those killed by famine that was exacerbated by Communist policies. When body counting over the course of the 20th century we should include those killed by the policies of the capitalist governments, or even just those of the dominant one—the US of A.

Along these latter lines I am enclosing a short piece by Noam Chomsky. You may not have seen it....

Millennial Visions and Selective Vision
Part One
By Noam Chomsky

The new year opened with familiar refrains, amplified by the numerology: a chorus of self-adulation, somber ruminations about the incomprehensible evil of our enemies, and the usual recourse to selective amnesia to smooth the way. A few illustrations follow, which may suggest the kind of evaluation that would have appeared, were different values to prevail in the intellectual culture.

Let's begin with the familiar litany about the monsters we have confronted through the century and finally slain, a ritual that at least has the merit of roots in reality. Their awesome crimes are recorded in the newly-translated "Black Book of Communism" by French scholar Stephane Courtois and others, the subject of shocked reviews at the transition to the new millennium. The most serious, at least of those I have seen, is by political philosopher Alan Ryan, a distinguished academic scholar and social democratic commentator, in the year's first issue of the New York Times Book Review (Jan 2).

The "Black Book" at last breaks "the silence over the horrors of Communism," Ryan writes, "the silence of people who are simply baffled by the spectacle of so much absolutely futile, pointless and inexplicable suffering." The revelations of the book will doubtless come as a surprise to those who have somehow managed to remain unaware of the stream of bitter denunciations and detailed revelations of the "horrors of Communism" that I have been reading since childhood, notably in the literature of the left for the past 80 years, not to speak of the steady flow in media and journals, film, libraries overflowing with books that range from fiction to scholarship... — all unable to lift the veil of silence. But put that aside.

The "Black Book", Ryan writes, is in the style of a "recording angel." It is a relentless "criminal indictment" for the murder of 100 million people, "the body count of a colossal, wholly failed social, economic, political and psychological experiment." The total evil, unredeemed by even a hint of achievement anywhere, makes a mockery of "the observation that you can't make an omelet without broken eggs."

The vision of our own magnificence alongside the incomprehensible monstrosity of the enemy — the "monolithic and ruthless conspiracy" (John F. Kennedy) dedicated to "total obliteration" of any shred of decency in the world (Robert McNamara) — recapitulates in close detail the imagery of the past half century (actually, well beyond, though friends and enemies rapidly shift, to the present). Apart from a huge published literature and the commercial media, it is captured vividly in the internal document NSC 68 of 1950, widely recognized as the founding document of the Cold War but rarely quoted, perhaps out of embarrassment at the frenzied and hysterical rhetoric of the respected statesmen Dean Acheson and Paul Nitze; for a sample, see my "Deterring Democracy", chap. 1.

The picture has always been an extremely useful one. Renewed once again today, it allows us to erase completely the entire record of hideous atrocities compiled by "our side" in past years. After all, they count as nothing when compared with the ultimate evil of the enemy. However grand the crime, it was "necessary" to confront the forces of darkness, now finally recognized for what they were. With only the faintest of regrets, we can therefore turn to the fulfillment of our noble mission, though as New York Times correspondent Michael Wines reminded us in the after-

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glow of the humanitarian triumph in Kosovo, we must not overlook some "deeply sobering lessons": "the deep ideological divide between an idealistic New World bent on ending inhumanity and an Old World equally fatalistic about unending conflict." The enemy was the incarnation of total evil, but even our friends have a long way to go before they ascend to our dizzying heights. Nonetheless, we can march forward, "clean of hands and pure of heart," as befits a Nation under God. And crucially, we can dismiss with ridicule any foolish inquiry into the institutional roots of the crimes of the state-corporate system, mere trivia that in no way tarnish the image of Good versus Evil, and teach no lessons, "deeply sobering" or not, about what lies ahead — a very convenient posture, for reasons to obvious to elaborate.

Like others, Ryan reasonably selects as Exhibit A of the criminal indictment the Chinese famines of 1958-61, with a death toll of 25-40 million, he reports, a sizable chunk of the 100 million corpses the "recording angels" attribute to "Communism" (whatever that is, but let us use the conventional term). The terrible atrocity fully merits the harsh condemnation it has received for many years, renewed here. It is, furthermore, proper to attribute the famine to Communism. That conclusion was established most authoritatively in the work of economist Amartya Sen, whose comparison of the Chinese famine to the record of democratic India received particular attention when he won the Nobel Prize a few years ago.

Writing in the early 1980s, Sen observed that India had suffered no such famine. He attributed the India-China difference to India's "political system of adversarial journalism and opposition," while in contrast, China's totalitarian regime suffered from "misinformation" that undercut a serious response, and there was "little political pressure" from opposition groups and an informed public (Jean Dreze and Amartya Sen, "Hunger and Public Action", 1989; they estimate deaths at 16.5 to 29.5 million). The example stands as a dramatic "criminal indictment" of totalitarian Communism, exactly as Ryan writes. But before closing the book on the indictment we might want to turn to the other half of Sen's India-China comparison, which somehow never seems to surface despite the emphasis Sen placed on it. He observes that India and China had "similarities that were quite striking" when development planning began 50 years ago, including death rates. "But there is little doubt that as far as morbidity, mortality and longevity are concerned, China has a large and decisive lead over India" (in education and other social indicators as well). He estimates the excess of mortality in India over China to be close to 4 million a year: "India seems to manage to fill its cupboard with more skeletons every eight years than China put there in its years of shame," 1958-1961 (Dreze and Sen). In both cases, the outcomes have to do with the "ideological predispositions" of the political systems: for China, relatively equitable distribution of medical resources, including rural health services, and public distribution of food, all lacking in India. This was before 1979, when "the downward trend in mortality [in China] has been at least halted, and possibly reversed," thanks to the market reforms instituted that year.

Overcoming amnesia, suppose we now apply the methodology of the "Black Book" and its reviewers to the full story, not just the doctrinally acceptable half. We therefore conclude that in India the democratic capitalist "experiment" since 1947 has caused more deaths than in the entire history of the "colossal, wholly failed...experiment" of Communism everywhere since 1917: over 100 million deaths by 1979, tens of millions more since, in India alone.

The "criminal indictment" of the "democratic capitalist experiment" becomes harsher still if we turn to its effects after the fall of Communism: millions of corpses in Russia, to take one case, as Russia followed the confident prescription of the World Bank that "Countries that liberalize rapidly and extensively turn around more quickly [than those that do not]," returning to something like what it had been before World War I, a picture familiar throughout the "third world." But "you can't make an omelet without broken eggs," as Stalin would have said. The indictment becomes far harsher if we consider these vast areas that remained under Western tutelage, yielding a truly "colossal" record of skeletons and "absolutely futile, pointless and inexplicable suffering" (Ryan). The indictment takes on further force when we add to the account the countries devastated by the direct assaults of Western power, and its clients, during the same years. The record need not be reviewed here, though it seems to be as unknown to respectable opinion as were the crimes of Communism before the appearance of the "Black Book". The authors of the "Black Book", Ryan observes, did not shrink from confronting the "great question": "the relative immorality of Communism and Nazism." Although "the body count tips the scales against Communism," Ryan concludes that Nazism nevertheless sinks to the lower depths of immorality. Unasked is another "great question" posed by "the body count," when ideologically serviceable amnesia is overcome.

To make myself clear, I am not expressing my judgments; rather those that follow from the principles that are employed to establish preferred truths — or that would follow, if doctrinal filters could be removed.

On the self-adulation, a virtual tidal wave this year — perhaps it is enough to recall Mark Twain's remark about one of the great military heroes of the mass slaughter campaign in the Philippines that opened the glorious century behind us: he is "satire incarnated"; no satirical rendition can "reach perfection" because he "occupies that summit himself." The reference reminds us of another aspect of our magnificence, apart from efficiency in massacre and destruction and a capacity for self-glorification that would drive any satirist to despair: our willingness to face up honestly to our crimes, a tribute to the flourishing free market of ideas. The bitter anti-imperialist essays of one of America's leading writers were not suppressed, as in totalitarian states; they are freely available to the general public, with a delay of only some 90 years.

Perhaps you can do a part 2 to your review of the BBofC

Chimpanzo

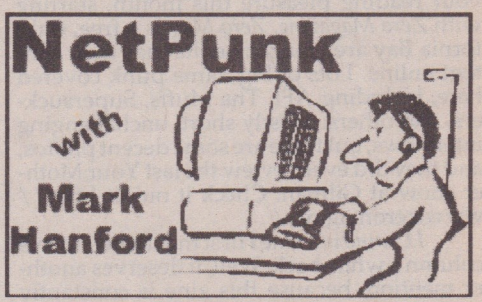
MRR #201 COLUMN:

Dear Lefty...

I was just reading your most recent MRR article and couldn't pass up the opportunity to discuss medieval history with someone(I'm a dork I know). One of the things about your paper that is odd is the description of the Holy Roman Empire and The Catholic Church as the same entity. This isn't really true they were at odds with each other over power through most of this period. Especially during the Avingon Papacy. Another thing was the reason Copernicus didn't publish his book until so late in life was because he was a devout catholic and felt himself as to have committed heresy by his own discoveries. The Gallileo story is even more interesting.(Man am I ever a dork)When he was on trial he Cardinal Bellermine looked through his telescope and said that he saw nothing that Gallileo described. His reasoning behind it was that if science was controlled by the secular wing of society then the entire power of the church would crumble and thus people would stop believing in God altogether. If you're really interested in this subject and near communist monastic orders I suggest the book The Name of the Rose by Umberto Eco. It has a lot of information about the period of the Avingon Papacy and the main character(it is a fictional novel) is loosely based on William of Ocam. I hope this didn't bore you to death.

Jesse

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com. My book, *End Time*, can be purchased from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. Keep sending me your newsworthy items and interesting news clippings c/o MRR.



Along with the usual assortment of punk rock websites, this month I want to explore a couple of other ways to access the Internet from home without having to buy a computer. You'll still have to throw down some cash, but it is a bit less than the cost of a full-blown system. The thing that these devices have in common is that they allow you to access the net through your TV set.

Actually, I'm only aware of a couple of products that allow you to access the Internet without a computer. The first is WebTV by Microsoft, which will run you about $99 for the basic hardware or $199 for hardware with more features, and then costs about $20 a month to sign up with the WebTV Internet Service. For more info on WebTV, visit http://www.webtv.com/ .

The other product is the Sega Dreamcast game machine. This $199.00 unit will give you a net connection, and allow you to waste your time playing video games. In addition, you don't have to sign up for a special Internet service, so you can go with a local Internet provider (but it will still cost about $20 a month). You will want to buy a

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keyboard for the Dreamcast for another $25. You can get info about Dreamcast from http://www.dreamcast.com/ .

Sony is supposed to be coming out with the Playstation 2, which will also give you net access, and I'm sure that Nintendo won't be far behind.

If all you want to do is limited e-mail and getting data from the web, then these devices may provide what you need. If, however, you are looking for the ability to see all of the multimedia content available on the net, have the ability to upload and download files, then these won't do it for you. In addition, e-mail and websites are going to appear fuzzier than what you see on a computer screen, and it can be hard to read some items on websites. And, of course, if you need to write a paper (or a column), manipulate images, goof with sound files, or whatever else, then you'd be better off saving your cash and dropping about $600 for a computer and monitor.

Enough about access. Let's move on to the good stuff.

Speaking of Microsoft (as I was above), you really need to visit http://microsoft.eu.org/ . While this looks like an official Microsoft site at first glance, it is actually a spoof. Whoever did this site obviously had a good time making fun of Microsoft's monopolistic practices and bug-ridden software.

I have another bunch of online zines for your reading pleasure this month, starting with *Zero Magazine*. *Zero Mag* is a free, California Bay area magazine that has their content online. Lots of big name punk covered here, including AFI, The Muffs, Supersuckers, and others. Mostly short, unchallenging interviews, but there are some decent photos, and they did even review the last Your Mother show at Gilman. Check it out at http://www.zeromag.net/ .

I Dunno is a zine I first mentioned in this column a while back. Well, it deserves another mention, because this zine is constantly being updated. In fact, if their "what's new" page is to be believed, they add to it every couple of days. Some of the stuff here is stupid, some is fun, and some is almost thought provoking. Visit *I Dunno* at http://www.sonic.net/~mpaglia/zine/ .

Speaking of almost thought provoking, the *Trash Can Times* is "the medium that realizes that life is garbage and treats it accordingly". Not a ton of content here, but there are some record reviews, an opinion or two, and too many pictures of Britney Spears. The *TCT* is found at http://www.geocities.com/trashcantimes/ .

If you prefer your zines on paper, I found a distro with a bunch of small zines. Most of them appear to be of the personal (rather than music) variety, but there may be something at Pander Zine Distro — http://www.panderzinedistro.com/ .

While New Disorder Records is actually a label, their website is more like a zine than many of the zines I've seen on the web. There is a catalog of the bands on the label, as well as MP3s, but there is also a "Words" section with a ton of good commentary. In addition, New Disorder is now giving away free e-mail. You can get an e-mail address through them, by signing up at their website. Be the firstkidonyourblock@newdisorder.com. Visit at http://www.newdisorder.com/ .

After you get your e-mail address, you can fill it up by subscribing to some punk rock mailing lists. Some of these can seriously fill up your box, so if you subscribe you'll need to remember to read your mail on a daily basis. You can find a pretty good list of punk related lists at topica.com. To find the punk section, point your web browser to http://www.topica.com/dir/?cid=3124 .

Okay, so that's all I have time for this month. Remember to e-mail me with your sites at netpunk@diehippiedie.com . Oh, and visit my website at http://www.diehippiedie.com/ because by the time you read this there is a pretty good chance I'll have a punk radio show available for your listening pleasure. I'll finally be able to put my record collection to good use again. And remember, you can always send me mail the old fashioned way at PO Box 8059; Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

He's the kind of guy who makes you want to rip his clothes off and lick the snot from his nose. You want to press your body against his naked flesh, pinning him to the mattress. You want to cover ever inch of him with your saliva. You want to penetrate, and again. Bite hard, until you feel his blood soak between your teeth.

Hernan, I found his webpage under **Argentina** & **punk**. About 18. Dark brown hair down to the middle of his back. Thin. Except a slightly pimpled nose, his face is smooth as a baby's ass. That's some baby.

Smart guy too. Excellent English and a knows hell of a lot about what's going on in Argentina.

We meet near the subway and go drink in the park. [Note to provincial Americans: In normal countries people drink in parks. It's fun, as natural as a bologna sandwich. Only in Arab countries and if-it-makes-you-feel-good-it's-bad America can't we enjoy our booze with our nature.]

As we talk about things punk, my eyes wander up and down his thin youthful body.

"Is your mother home now?" I ask.

He nods.

"Ah can I meet you later? Someplace more private than a park?"

I'm not the most subtle person in the world. It doesn't work anyway. He's a young man, full of angst and not interested in the momentary bliss I'm offering.

I try all the tricks in the book. He's cold, brooding, yet friendly. I guess there are more important matters on his mind than my glands.

"What do you think of Argentine girls," he says.

OK, I get the point.

We split a large bottle of Quilmes beer. Then split. I wish I had a picture. What a young God!

The looks here in Argentina are more evenly distributed than in Brazil, but I think the boys have the edge. Strange, the Brazilian boys, were mostly muscled men. Nice people, but I wouldn't wanna press skin with 'em. Nope, in Brazil it was the brown beauty of the girls. My God it was wonderful. Here, in Argentina, it's different.

But... I get ahead of myself. Last month I left myself at the port in Uruguay. The boats leave here and head to Buenos Aires. On the boat. Off the boat. Before long I'm at the apartment of my pals in Argentina. First a little background:

One of the reasons I'm here is Javier. He stayed with me in New York as a member of THE WORLD FOR FREE. He brought pictures of his country. Waterfalls, football games, beaches with scantily clothed people, penguins, and gauchos. Real gauchos. What do you learn about Argentina in school? The Tango... and Gauchos. Maybe you know about Evita Peron and Che Guevara... from the Madonna movie. That's a passing (past?) fad. In five years, you'll forget. What everybody knows is GAUCHOS.

Then, a few months after Javier's visit, his brother German, and his girlfriend, Lorraine, stayed with me. They brought a bottle of the famous Argentine beer, Quilmes. Delicious! We go to an Argentine restaurant. They pay. We go to a sushi bar. They pay. We go out with my parents. I have to smuggle Dad's credit card to the waiter, or they would've paid for the whole family.

"Mykel," German tells me, "it'll even be better when you come visit us in Buenos Aires. Lorraine and I both have cars. We'll take you to the beach. We'll go see waterfalls. And..."

"And I know some Gauchos," said Lorraine, "real gauchos on horses."

"Sold," I tell them. "I'm off.

Now, I've found my way to their place in a ritzy northern suburb. They live on the fourteenth floor. In a huge apartment. Each of their windows is bigger than my entire place in New York. From knees to ceiling, they've got a view like in the movies.

When I get there, they seem happy enough to see me. They've cleaned out the computer room, tell me I can use the internet when I want. It's "my room." They'll take the livingroom.

My first two nights in town are like old times. We tour the city. Go out to eat. Lorraine and I dance a tango in the town square. They pay.

I don't see them much during the next few days. German is busy with his street-clothes business. Lorraine disappears for hours. Then comes home for a few minutes. Then leaves again to collect from her "clients." After the first couple of nights, we

never spend time together.

I should know that all is not well when Lorraine takes me aside. "Mykel," she says, "you can only use the shower when one of us is home." Then, they're never home.

It gets worse when she comes into "my" room just after I wake up. I lie on the bed watching her with half closed eyes. My morning erection just peaking out from the top of my black underpants.

SHHHH. It's instant fog. She's spraying something noxious into the air. Glade. The room stinks of fake lavender. I cough. The erection disappears.

"It makes things smell nice," she explains.

Fuck, I mean if I could take a shower...

I leave to have breakfast in the basement of the local department store. I come home, about noon. Ready to relax and jerk off. There's Lorraine, sitting in "my" bed, watching TV. "I love this room." she says. "I love it best in the house. More than where we stay."

I still don't get the hint.

"You know where I can do my laundry?" I ask her.

"Give me your dirty clothes. I'll wash them," she says, pointing toward the washing machine in the other room.

"Great," I say, packing them into plastic bags and delivering them to her.

"I remember," she says, "the washing machine no work good. There's a washing-place near here. Two, maybe three dollars, not more. Across the street. You see."

It's $5... and I have to wait two days.

Today, I come home from a day at the tango parlors, ready to confirm a dinner date with my friends, Ariel and Sylvia. Maybe they called and left a message. No messages for me. I'm running a bit late. I better call them. I reach for the phone. Gone! They took it. The cordless phone, built into an answering machine is missing. Hidden. Did they think I was gonna call Mongolia? They hid the fuckin' phone!

I outsmart the evil hosts. My computer, the little laptop, has a built-in phone program. I unplug the answering machine, plug in the computer and make the calls. Lousy quality, but it works. I'm off to dinner. Return at 3:30 in the morning. The phone is back. OK, now I get the hint. I'm outta there!

Gone. Disappeared. Moved in with Argentine superstar punkband, THE FUN PEOPLE. We spend the night drinking, talking, having a ball. I sleep on the kitchen floor. The next day, early, I'm awakened by a voice. Through a Quilmes-fog I see a girl talking on the telephone. As she talks, she paces a bit. Holy shit!

She's the kind of girl who you want to have rip your clothes off and lick the snot from your nose. You want her to press her body against your naked flesh, pinning you to the mattress. You want her to cover ever inch of you with her saliva. You want to be penetrated, and again. You want her to bite hard, until you feel your blood soak between her teeth.

But, before we get to the goddess of Buenos Aires, her co-goddess from SHE DEVILS... and The Fun People in general, I wanna talk about two more adventures.

The first is another homo-story. It's about the greatest mass display of homosexual love juice I've every seen. Most of the world has a different name for it. In the U.S., we call it *soccer*.

Mauro takes me to the game. All I do is get him a Yankees hat from New York. He does everything for me! Buys me a shirt from his favorite team, *San Lorenzo*, takes me to a zine fest, and brings me to a soccer game.

It's a hot day. Ninety three degrees. As we get closer, the streets are closed. Metal barricades. Rows of cops for blocks around the stadium. No cars allowed within bombing distance. More barricades. Gates. More barricades. More gates. Frisked twice by real cops. Checked hard between the legs.

"Like my weapon, officer?" I don't have the balls to say.

He knows. He can feel 'em.

Once inside the stadium we sit ourselves in the hard wooden grandstands. Next to us is a cyclone fence. On the other side of the fence stand cops. Riot cops with bullet proof vests, machine guns, riot helmets and dogs. In all the other sections are piles and piles of half-naked young men. Is this what happens to good homos when they die and go to heaven?

Most of these guys have the same kind of shirt as the one Mauro bought me. It says CABLEVISION on the front in large letters. In small letters, off to the side, is the name of the team. None of the boys wear their shirts. They aren't for wearing. They're for waving, like a flag. Not simple waving either, but waving and singing. In unison, like a men's choir. And the songs? They're about marijuana and butt-fucking! I'd tell you the words, but they're in Spanish.

Right now, on the field, is a game between two farm teams. The crowd doesn't care much. They're just taking positions for the orgy. Then, the REAL teams come on the field. The opposition, and the great *San Lorenzo*. Nobody cares much about them either. The crowd is too busy singing, taking more clothes off, massing together to rub up against one another as close as possible.

About half way through the game, the play stops. The crowd of young men presses itself against the cyclone fence that separates it from the playing field. Men against men, pressed front to back, tongue to groove, like an erotic set of Leggo Logs. From the field, walking around the inside perimeter, is the fire department. Starting at one end of the stadium, the fireboys raise their hose and aim. Squirt! Squirt! Squiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiirt! Long and hard. They spray water into the crowd pressed against the fence. Instant wet shorts party! The boys press harder against one another. Some climb the fence to get a good dose of the cool spray... right where they want it.

After the firemen pass, the boys go back to their seats. Arms around each others' dripping shoulders. Shorts soaked through in all their glory. The game ends in a tie. Who cares?

The other adventure is with a punk rocker from the town itself. I'm talking about Quilmes. Right where they make the beer. His name is Roman. He heads the Buenos Aires chapter of *Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice*. He publishes a fanzine, NO PASSARAN, and runs a distributorship. We met over the internet. His English is a fuck of a lot better than my Spanish.

"Yo Roman," I say, "I wanna come visit. Does Quilmes give tours with free booze?"

"Sorry Mykel," he says, "no tours."

"Er... you're not straight-edge are you?" I ask, "Do they allow straight-edgers to live in Quilmes?"

"No Mykel," he answers. "I love to drink. I could sit up all night and drink. But I won't fuck you."

"Did I ask?" I ask.

"I read your columns," he answers.

So I meet up with Roman. We buy some Quilmes and drink. We drink in the park. We drink at a restaurant. We drink at an expensive pizza place. This in the midst of the land of *Uggis*. The $2-for-an-entire-pie pizza, with crust like matzo! The ritzy place is my stupid choice. Roman is fun, though as opinionated as any San Franciscan.

"You met the girls from SHE DEVILS," he says. "They're great. They're really sincere. They make great music. They got integridad!"

"Well," I say, "they're not all girls. One third of the band is a boy."

"Oh, I know," he says, "but it's a boy in a girl band. They're not the ***HE*** Devils" are they?"

He has a point.

"Sure I met them," I say. "They are some of the best people I met in Argentina. They are some of the best people I met in my life! I want to fly away with Pilar and, after our wedding, move to a desert island..."

"They live with THE FUN PEOPLE," he says.

"That's right," I say, "I met them too. They've been really nice to me. I think they're gonna take me on tour with them."

"I don't like them very much," he says. "They're just fashion. It's just like Argentina's punks. They just copy. This is South America. We have problems here that are South American problems. We have a dictator in Peru. We have a horrible history of *disappeared* people who've never been accounted for. We have torturers in the government. But the punks here? What do they protest? Eating meat! Ugh! Clones. They're America's clones."

"And The Fun People," he continues, "they keep changing the way they sing... only to please the crowd. And the tour? You'll go on a big fancy tourbus. With beds. A TV set. Just like Aerosmith."

Wow! I've never toured in a fancy tourbus before. I can imagine sexy girls serving cocktails as we cruise along. The air conditioning turned up. Looking through the tinted windows. Filling up in front, on bowlfuls of free Viagra before joining the 24-hour orgy in back. And Quilmes! Bottle after bottle. Hundreds of them. All you have to do is snap your fingers, and a sexy young thing puts one in your right hand. Your left hand is free for anything else you might want.

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It takes awhile more drinking. Roman is increasingly generous, giving me tapes, zines, pulling more and more stuff out of his pack. Piling it on. The complete opposite of my hosts in the ritzy suburbs. I wonder which is the *real* Argentina.

"Mykel," he says, "I don't get it. You seem so nice, yet you're an American. What's wrong with you?"

"I was gonna ask you the same thing," I say.

"I'm not American." he answers.

Wise guy.

"I mean, Americans screw you over," he continues. "They act okay at first, then they screw you over. You're not going to do that, are you Mykel."

Tears gather in his eyes. He looks at me as if I'm the last hope. The last chance to have faith in Americans.

"What happened?" I ask.

"Victory Records screwed me over," he says, "I sent them a packet of records for trade... at their request. They were supposed to send me a package. They never did. Now they say they never got my original package. It's not right. I mean how many post office clerks are gonna steal punk records."

"Ok," I say, "that could just be a misunderstanding. Maybe they really never got it."

"Then how about BYO?" He continues, "I sent them my visa card number and asked for a bunch of CDs. I got nada! I wrote to them. The answer? I got nada. I emailed them. The answer? I got nada. Nada, nada, nada. I checked with Visa. They charged my account. They charged me. I paid. But BYO sent nada!"

He's getting worked up. We stand together.

"I'll pay for everything for you." he says.

"No you won't." I say, "I've got America to defend. I'm gonna pay."

Completely soused, we weave down the street, banging into passers by, store windows, anything not quick enough to get out of our way.

We say good-bye at the busstop. Roman waits with me to make sure I get on the right bus. I make it. As I prepare to board, he grabs me by the shoulders.

"You won't forget, will you Mykel?" he says.

"You'll write about BYO and Victory. You'll let people know what they did to me."

"I promise I'll write about them." I tell him. "You can trust me. I'm an American."

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com, or subscribers (email to: TheBoss@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes.*]

—> *Funny response dept:* Ted Gottfried at See-Hear, the NY fanzine store is one of a crew I call "Heroes of Freedom." These are folks who take huge risks in either expressing unpopular ideas, or giving an opportunity for the expression of such ideas. Among other heroes: Nat Hentoff of *The Village Voice*, David Thorsten of NAMBLA and Peter Loomis of *Loompanics*.

Anyway, Ted forwarded me the following email exchange. I've edited it for space:

From: coozer@juno.com (Adam Coozer), To: SeeHearFan@aol.com

My name is Adam Liebling and I do the ska zine *Two Left Feet*, which your store carries. I am requesting that you pull my zine from your shelves, and do not sell any more copies. This decision is based on two things:

1) I have not seen any of the money that you owe me from my past issues; and more importantly

2) I have heard that you now carry racist and fascist publications such as the White Aryan Resistance newsletter and The Truth. I do not want to be associated with distributors of racist propaganda. Neither act on your part is good business.

I strongly suggest that you stop carrying hate literature, because as word gets out, it will only succeed in you losing both customers and zine vendors. Remember: We ARE the underground press. We influence the opinions of YOUR clients. Something to think about. Adam

Ted's answers:

I usually don't respond to foes of free speech and a free press because I have found that they just don't get it. But I have a little time to waste so you are in luck.

We are really strapped for cash after our move so it will be a little while before we can pay you.

If you hadn't relied on hear say, but checked it out yourself, you would have realized that "The Truth" is a parody and makes fun of racists and racist publications. Also, anyone who reads WAR soon realizes that these people are out of their minds.

The whole idea of a free press is that there is supposed to be a free exchange of ideas and that the good ones will win out over the bad ones.

As to See Hear ruining its integrity... Our customers overwhelmingly support us on this matter and find our critics to be misguided at best and censors at worst.

I'm curious about your motives for not wanting to sell your mag in our store. Wouldn't you like to have a presence in See Hear to counter the stuff you find objectionable? Why would you want to censor yourself? Do you have a guilt complex? Is Coozer a German name? Sighowdy, Ted See Hear, 59 East 7th St.NY NY 10003 www.zinemart.com

—>*Celluloid Liberty Dept:* In a similar vein, March's MRR had a letter complaining about my pal Joe Gervasi. He has a fine video distribution service. You can write for a catalog: jag666@erols.com.

Every few months Joseph sends me a new list and asks me to plug it in my column. Now's the perfect chance.

What Ted said is right. But it's not people, it's ***punks.*** They just don't get it. They think free speech is only for THEM and people like them. Others, who make available "bad" things, aren't entitled to free speech.

Yo buckaroo! If someone's not entitled to it, then it's not free speech. Get it? You may not like it. Then say so.In the case of movies, make your own damn movie. If someone hurt someone in making a movie, then go after the hurter. It's that simple. The celluloid/videotape is an innocent piece of plastic. It never hurt no one.

A worse crime is not allowing these videos or movies or zines. You wanna forbid? You wanna censor? Look over your shoulder. There's plenty of guys who want to do the same to you. And they've got bigger guns than you do.

—>*Write to my friends dept:* My pal Mauro, who took me to the soccer game, wants mail. He doesn't speak English very well, so if you can write in Spanish, all the better. He publishes a fanzine and knows lots about Argentina— and soccer. You can write him at: maurito@arnet.com.ar. You should.

—> *Rocked by Law dept:* San Francisco group THE EVOLUTION CONTROL COMMITTEE got a lawyers notice from the CBS Corporation. The problem? "Rocked By Rape," a record making fun of TV news, that samples the voice of Dan Rather.

"The Evolution Control Committee must cease all distribution of the record or face *appropriate action,*" says the CBS attorney. They believe the little record might make people think bad things about Dan Rather. They don't like that his voice was manipulated.

Yeah right. CBS is the station that changed the Times Square signs for their New Years' broadcasts. The put their own ads over the ones that were REALLY there. Talk about manipulation!

Of course, the little band and label don't have the legal resources to fight CBS. So the evil corporation may succeed.

Though it looks dark, there is one bright side to the problem:

"I was under the impression that the mainstream media considered vinyl to be a dead format," says Mark Seilhamer, from the band's label.

Yes! CBS executives listen to vinyl! It's not dead yet!

You can show how you feel about the case by writing to: CBS Evening News with Dan Rather, 524 West 57th St. New York, NY 10019. You can contact the Evolution Control Committee at ecc@pobox.com.

—> *Speaking of vinyl department:* My pals in South America say it's snobby and culturally imperialist to release records only on vinyl. Record players aren't available in South America. If they are, they're MUCH more expensive than CD players.

"Labels who release only vinyl think the whole world is America," say my pals in LOQUIERO. "They forget, some of us want to hear the music, but we can't if it's on vinyl."

—> *In England They're So Much More Civilized dept:* British education officials had to destroy 48,000 posters promoting literacy. The reason? The Education Department spelled "vocabulary" as "vocabluary." They also said that students "should learn about "though" their own work, instead of "through" it.

Similar errors fill my columns all the time. But then, I never claimed literacy.

—>*Speaking of April Fools Dept:* Most folks probably got this one... but there's always one... All the zines I reviewed last month were fakes. Made up stuff. If you were taken in, and actually sent for something, let me know what you get!

Columns

—>*TARGET STARBUCKS in Houston dept:* I got an email message from Jon Smith who is looking for TARGET STARBUCKS partners in the Houston Texas area. If you don't know what TARGET STARBUCKS is, you can check out the forum at: http://www.delphi.com/target_starbuck/start/
If you're close to Houston and want to join Jon in the anti-Starbucks jihad, email him at **l_ouie40@hotmail.com**.
Note: that first letter is a small "L" not the number one.
—>Justin starts his message to me: *My stepmother is an enormous, enormous woman. I mean really impressively fat. Not chubby, or overweight. Lardo. Not only do you wonder how she could have possibly grown to such enormous proportions,*

He ends it with a complaint about how I've never mentioned him in a column. Now I have. His *Slime Dog* website is at http://members.xoom.com/_XOOM/Stirno/index.html. Text heavy, it's perfect for screen readers, or folks who actually like to read... you know... like words.

Short column this time: I just got back from Eugene, Oregon where I attended the Environmental Law conference (March 2-5). Now in its 18th year, the conference brings together attorneys, students, activists, potheads, etc. I was there only for a day presenting a paper in a panel that dealt with the environmental, labor, and human rights impact on the U.S.-Mexico border. My topic, as usual, dealt with human/civil rights violations on undocumented immigrants in the border region. I must say that it was kind of weird to be in a panel-which opposed the Border Patrol's militarized "Operation Gatekeeper" in San Diego-for reasons that included protecting lizards and frogs to protecting the human and civil rights of undocumented immigrants from Mexico. Not to be speciest, but it felt weird that one of the ways to get some of these environmental folks to try and oppose the growing militarization of the border and the human rights abuses that have increased with this militarization, was to get them to oppose this militarization because of the effect it's having on the environment. I see both issues-environmental and human/civil rights-as crucially linked in many ways and yet in other ways very different. Although folks in our workshop were really interested in making connections, I did feel that the mostly-all-white conference did not realize that arguments that attempt to make connections between "population growth and environmental degradation" have at times had racial overtones. For example, on Saturday, in one of the workshops at the conference, titled "Too Many Amerikans! Overpopulation and Overconsumption in the U.S." put on by the group, Alternatives to Growth Oregon, many of these "environmentals" hinted at reducing immigration to the U.S. as a solution to overpopulation and environmental degradation. This kind of argument is similar to that of the Sierrans for U.S. Population Stabilization (SUSPS) who in 1998 unsuccessfully attempted to get their membership in the Sierra Club to pass "Alternative A", a measure that would force the Club to take an official position against immigration to the U.S. (at least to pre-1965 immigration levels).

I realize this is a complex issue that I can't really get into right now but a few points need to be made. For years, anti-immigrant groups like The Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR) and eugenic theorists like Garret Hardin (of the fascist Pioneer Fund) have tried to influence the environmental movement as "people who care about the environment." It's pretty sad when you have dangerous alliances between these racist groups and people who truly do care about the environment. Clearly, when one looks at the rhetoric of the "population control freaks," one can see that what they have a problem with is not that there are too many people inhabiting our earth, but, that there are too many of the "wrong" kind of people. In an interview, Hardin expressed alarm that "the next generation of breeders" are now reproducing uncontrollably "in Third World countries." In another interview, he suggested that, "it would be better to encourage the breeding of more intelligent people rather than the less intelligent" (Wall Street Journal, 10/2/97). Secondly, over-emphasizing the role of population growth in environmental problems overlooks a major point: who has control of production and consumption decisions on a global level? The fact is that the U.S. military is the world's biggest polluter and that corporations do more harm that individual households or individual migrants. Corporations like GM and Standard Oil do more harm than undocumented immigrant workers. At a time when labor and environmental groups should be working together against corporate downsizing and the gobbling up of agricultural land and wildlife habitat; many of these so-called "pro-environment/anti-population growth" folks are trying to divide what should in fact be a united front. It's also pretty hypocritical for Americans-who with only 5% of the worlds population, consume 32% of the world's petroleum and plastics and produces 22% of the world's carbon dioxide and CFC emissions. So while Amerikans talk about the "U.S. exceeding its carrying capacity" and therefore, a need for population control and more militarized borders, much of the discussion fails to mention the fact that these rich (and mostly white) countries have "developed" their countries off the backs of the "underdeveloped" countries, people's and their natural resources. So, who is really exploiting who? I don't want to reduce everything to economics, but I do think it's important to unite the immigrant rights community and environmentalists in working towards an ecologically sustainable world, while simultaneously fighting for a more socially and just world that does not overlook our growing global apartheid between the "First" and "Third" world. Actually, addressing some of these root causes might help sustain people in their local environments in the first place. Anyways, I've talked too much for now. Next month I plan on doing a follow up on Martin's video and the interview I did with him on the involvement of Chicanos/Latinos in the punk/hardcore scene.

P.S. This column was supposed to be about watching Rosebud's band at the conference. I didn't realize they would have a show at the conference. I remember seeing the bands she was in (e.g. Night Soil Man etc.), playing with bands like Pitchfork, Fishwife, Pulltoys etc. at the Che Cafe in San Diego when I was like 16 years old. So I ran into her at the conference and the first thing she said was, "You want a cookie? I made them with a special kind of hemp," she said to me. "Oh, no thanks. I'm trying to quit right now," I told her. She runs off and does her thing on stage and I remember the crazy shit they would do at their shows long time ago. It has been almost 10 years since those shows and she has not changed much. Full of youth and energy. Moral of the story: Punks Not Dead.

Hey, what's up. Some good shit came through my po box this month so I got a lot of ground to cover. Before I do, thought I drop my 2 cents on some shit that has been buggin me lately.

Being involved in the scene, no matter what it is (ie. setting up shows, playing shows, doing a zine-label-distro, roadie, etc....) can be really fulfilling in a lot of ways. But one big downer is that your exposed to the seedy side of how our scene works, and how some bands compose themselves. In a lot of way I wish I never met some bands, because after I did so, I could not listen to their records, no matter how hard I tried to like them. Whether they are hypocrites, rip-offs, or just plain assholes, its really hard to forget that experience and still enjoy their records. I will be walking around a show and scoping out all these kids with patches from these bands who present themselves as either committed, or politically active, when my experiences with certain bands has completely shown them to be full of shit. It's disheartening in a big way, because you want to trust em so bad, but then again, for every shithead band, there are 2 that keep me dedicated to this thing we call a scene.

In addition, being in a band presents some kinda sticky situations where your faced with tough decisions. Case in point, a lot of

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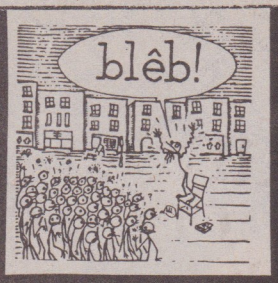

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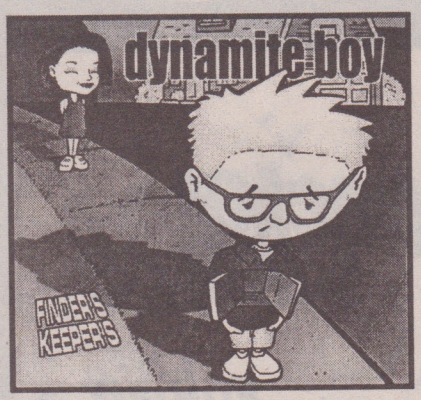

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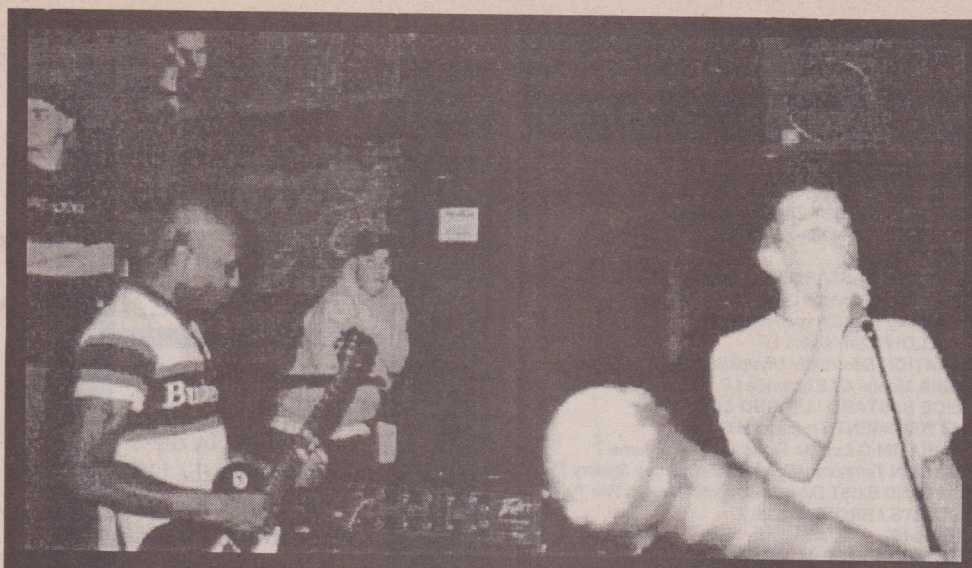

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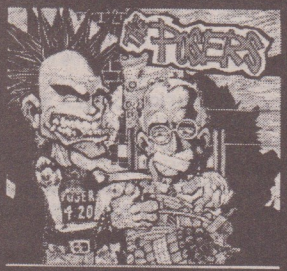

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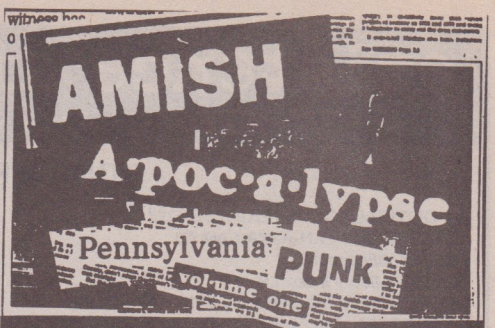

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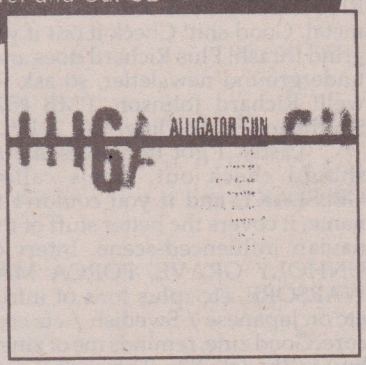

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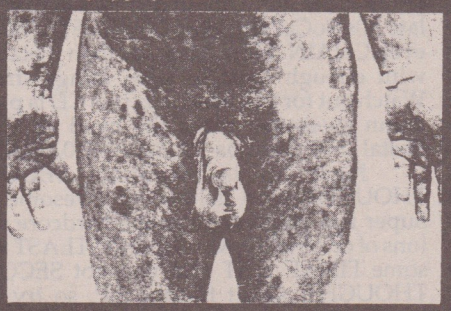

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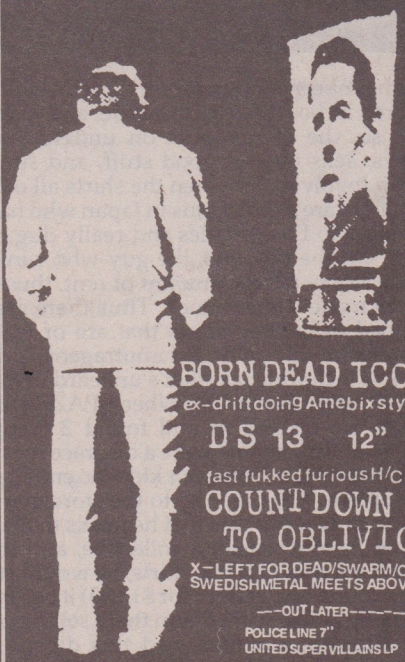

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Columns

kids have been really supporting HEADLINE records in Los Angeles, because, and justifiably so, the owner puts on underground shows, sells tons of good stuff, and seems pretty involved. I've seen the shirts all over, and there are a ton of kids in Japan who have travelled to Los Angeles and really dug the store. On the flip side, the guy who runs it needs to pay a large amount of rent, thus he has to make some money. Thus there are a shitload of bootleg shirts that are of really poor quality and sold for the outrageous price of 14.95 including tax (that's unheard of for a "D.I.Y" store in the US). When SPAZZ went down, we walked in and found 3 crappy shirts on the wall that were a disgrace for not only the band, but the poor kid who ended up buying em. After talking to the store owner (who's only reply was that he needs to make money, that it wasn't a collective, and that even if we sold him our shirts, he would still turn around and sell em for $14.95) it became pretty ugly. We.were down there selling pro shirts for $8 at shows, and this dipshit is selling bootlegs of bands that are still around. I know MITB went in there and had the guy give them all the lame-ass bootleg MITB shit that he sells. To sell shirts of bands like DISCHARGE who have been broken up for godknows how long is one thing, but to sell shirts of bands that are around today for 300% the price of manufacturing (not too mention the really poor quality) is fucking lame. So here I am calling out a place on some sketchy business practices (something that was mentioned in his FLIPSIDE interview as well) while he's not fucking all that bad. He's not the MAN, he's not TOWER records, etc.....but you can operate a business without pulling shit like that. So that's another downer of being involved in the scene.....you get into situations where there is no clear black and white. All you can do is just keep your self in check and make sure you are constantly doing the right thing, whatever your criteria is for that is. Ok enough of this tight pants, spock looking, DEVO sounding emo-violence shit.....lets fucking GO!

First up is a compilation CD from Sure Hand Records from England entitled, *Justice for the Enslaved*. As you can tell by the title, this is a comp of vegan mosh core, which, as a style, has quickly worn out its welcome on my turntable. The bands are really good at what they do, and the opening song by CLOUDED is phenomenal death metal styled hardcore. Its just that its not my cup of tea these days. So if your into quality (recordings and bands) check this out. This is one of the more impressive death-metal / moshcore comps I've heard in a while. Sure Hand Records, Po Box 1251, Sheffield, S11 7XG, England.

Next up is the discography CD from Japan's now defunct DIVIDED WE FALL. They had an awesome EP awhile ago on Tribal War which was what I first heard from them. This is 13 songs collected from their EP, comps, demos, etc. DWF played super metal NYHC, almost in the MERAUDER style, with great lyrics, and with a style only the Japanese NYHC bands have been able to pull off. If you missed em the first time, try to find this! There's no address printed (at least in English) so hunt this down through distros.

Now next up is a band that has the same exact name of another band that will be reviewed later. FAMILY from Brazil play good youth crew hardcore that comes across like late 80s SoCal stuff like HARD STANCE of even CHAIN. More hardcore than metal, yet with enough meat to keep things strong. Watch out for this band, cuz this CD is pretty damn awesome. Write the band at: Caixa Postal 5310, Curitiba-PR, 80040-310, BRAZIL.

Next up is Sweden's SECOND THOUGHT who deliver an awesome EP. Super fast youth crew styled hardcore with tons of originality. Mix some OUTLAST with some FINAL EXIT and you got SECOND THOUGHT. Great fucking EP, so try and hunt it down quick. School Bust Records, Rudolf Harbig Weg 44/207, 48149 Munster, GERMANY.

The new Ep from TURNOVER is pretty awesome Euro-youth crew. While you've heard this style a million times before, TURNOVER does it solid. Watch out for the label that released it (some guys from HIGHSCORE run it) cuz they will have a ton of new stuff out soon. Write em and see whats new: Bushido Records, Soesterstr. 66, 48155 Munster, GERMANY.

Ok, now for the thrash gems that I got in the mail this past month. First one is a split CD from WARCRIMES and FAMILY, both from Japan. I've been trading with the guys from FAMILY for a while, and they play some great Japanese hardcore-fastcore. Really out of control hyper-vocal style shit. These guys are best when they play 1000mph. WARCRIMES has been around for awhile and play an awesome style that is half Japanese hardcore mixed with some crustcore influences. Both bands have come up with some great song titles, such as WARCRIMES "Smash to Authority Fuck'in System" and FAMILY's "Rice Soldiers." I love japanese hardcore. This was a home burned CD, so the best way to get this (or to see if you can) is to write FAMILY at: Takayoshi Asai, 237, Babushi, Atsumicho, Atsumi-gun, Aichi, 441-3606 JAPAN. If this Cd isn't available, at least ask em for their demo.

Next up, and what will satisfy all your wishes is the return of RIPCORD members (yes, that's R-I-P-C-O-R-D!!! Holy shit, now change your pants) to what they do best, which is play fucking blistering thrash core in their new band called DUMBSTRUCK. Man, I'm getting shivers up my spine cuz you can hear the same song structures in this as old RIPCORD. Get this fucking now or I will personally escort you out of the scene with a swift kick to your arse! This is awesome! Blind Destruction, Box 29, 82 Colston St., Bristol, BS1 5BB, ENGLAND.

POSSIBLE SUSPECT is from Holland and play a more street-punk version of Dutch hardcore. It's got some good hooks, and the melody works well. But don't get me wrong, its pure hardcore/punk to the bone. Plus I got the limited cover that's a take off of LIFES BLOOD art, so there. Check em out. Bloodstock, Apolloburg 170, 3437 GL Nieuwegein, The NETHERLANDS.

I got a split EP sent to me awhile ago and I just found it again. Its a split between two Virginia bands called WITNESS and BEDFORD. While BEDFORD makes me gag (melodic stuff), WITNESS is awesome 7 SECONDS styled hardcore. The rough recording(which makes this a lot better in my opinion) and the skateboard artwork won me over. Check it out by writing WITNESS at:3619 Hemlock Rd., Chester, VA 23831.

Next up is a tape I got from Richard (ex-ENEMY SOIL) of his new band called INDEX. Ripping grindcore,actually it reminds me of that rehearsal Cd that DARKTHRONE put out 2-3 years ago....the vocals are totally awesome.....it reminds me of a mix between RIGHTEOUS PIGS and some late 80's black metal. Good shit! Check it out if you dig the grind thrash! Plus Richard does an awesome underground newsletter, so ask for that as well! Richard Johnson, PMB #570, 21010 Southbank St., Sterling, VA, 20165.

Lastly, I got two awesome zines you should check out. One's called MANGELSLAKT, and if you couldn't tell by its name, it covers the better stuff of the Scandinavian influenced-scene. Interviews with UNHOLY GRAVE, FORCA MACABRA, WARSORE, etc...plus tons of info, reviews, etc on Japanese / Swedish / etc crust-thrash core. Good zine, reminds me of zines i used to buy in the late 80s. They sell it for $2us, $3 world, so write em damn it! Po Box 580402, Minneapolis, MN 55458-0402.

The other zine comes from France and is called Empowerment. It covers everything from SXE, to grind, hardcore, punk.....with tons of personal tidbits and social commentary as well. Its packed with text, so its not too aesthetically pleasing, but it makes up for that with the quality interviews, and wide range of coverage. Write them and see if the new issue is out yet: El Trasgo, BP 40 111, 35 101 Rennes Cedex 3, FRANCE.

Well, that's it for this month. Before I cut, just some last minute stuff. The new WHN 6" EP was distributed without it's insert, so if you got one of those without the poster, write 6 Weeks Records and send em a stamp / IRC. Also, WHN will be out in Chicago for that fest that Anton/Underestimated is doing, so maybe I can meet some of you out there! Other than that, 625 is busy as hell, peep my new ads and see whats happening with that. Lastly, you can send tapes for review to: Po Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413 USA. Alright, till next time-MAX XXX 625.

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A column by Prisoners.

Liberation From the Sickness

Columns

I went to see DI when I was twelve years old, and that's when I got that static on the brain Johnny had. I grew up in a small desert town in LA County called Lancaster, where we had a tight-knit local punk scene, dedicated to itself and the bands that created it. I was one of those creepy self-conscious young teens—a self-exile from society and my parent's fanatical Christ worship—carrying a lot of emotional baggage from sexual abuse as a small boy, who really found it difficult to accept the fact that everyone didn't hate me. I hated myself, therefore how the fuck could I be likable? There were suicide attempts, breakdowns, psychs, and strange small offices where I was interrogated seemingly for hours by balding men with clipboards and ever-writing pens about my episodes as a childhood slave of certain people's sick fantasies. Fantasies that got their dicks hard and helped ruin my life.

So I was damaged goods before I really even knew what masturbation was. A brooding loner that rejected friendship because the though of getting close to someone was scary. It was so much easier to just be the school "weirdo" that dressed funny, dyed his hair, and sometimes wore eye makeup. I would wear Christian Death and Meat Is Murder t-shirts and monkey boots in 8th grade. My only two friends were girls, and one of them was on psycho medication and in therapy just like me. She introduced me to weed and acid, and we became quite the fried-out potheads. When I was high it was easy to smile and pretend everything was OK, and I thankfully slipped on that deceptive mask. Wearing masks, pretending, faking it, all bad habits to begin with. But I felt safe playing someone I wasn't.

Then high school and the punk scene. I could gleefully drown in punk rock and its ethics. It was OK I was fucked up—so was everybody else. I could've been the real me, but still I chose to hide inside my walls, and play different roles to different circles. Did the mohawks, bondage pants, padlocks and chains, combat boots, nose rings, safety pins and sleeveless t-shirts thing. I never missed a band play a party or show. I was "that punk" in my scene and boy, was I a fuckin' joke! The chaos was potent and Society's Whore, Choice, Rezin, Outcast, Drunkin' Mishap, Wallpaper, Subjective Right, Fed Up!, OFF, Dickey Retards, We Out, Fuck What Ya Goin' Through, Baboon, Smack, Plastic Wood and Floorjack all fed me my daily dose of anti-life.

I met this girl with a black fringe and a nose ring through her septum at a mental inpatient program. Her arms were hideously scarred from years of self-inflicted razor wounds. She wore a pentagram and "Eye of Ra" around her neck and a Jeffrey Dahmer t-shirt. In days I was in love with her. We dropped eight hits of Felix the Cat the following weekend and had the grandest soul mate experience—then we came down. But acid wasn't her kind of self-destruction—speed was the name of her demon and soon it was eating me alive along with her.

I was possessed. Meth suddenly became the essence of my failing life. It didn't matter to me that my girlfriend had to fuck the connection each time we wanted to get high, which was often, We fed on each other's low self-esteem and emotional imbalance to keep ourselves dependent on each other and the poison we thrived on. We pushed each other toward chemical suicide, yearning for the end. The binges would last for days—not Perry Farrell's three strange days, but over a week long most of the time. Once at the end of a nine day stretch we were on her bedroom floor, Sid singing noisily from the speakers, fucking and slicing each other with razor blades, sucking the blood until we came. The scars still remind me of how far out I've gotten at times on drugs.

I cheated on her with an attractive black gay guy that went to our school, Deva. I went to his house for his sixteenth birthday bash, and he answered the door in fishnets and a bra. No one else was there. We did some dope, and he said he thought he loved me. I sucked him off and swallowed, then took his virginity. That wasn't my first homosexual experience, but one of the most memorable. The next day at school, he told everyone. It wasn't a secret Deva was queer, but Neil bisexual? I found myself on the fringes again, even from many of my so-called punk rocker friends. My girlfriend called me a nigger-lover, carved my name into her chest, and tried to kill herself...again.

I went to jail for ten months for meth-related crimes. I found that jail is full of homophobic-macho-jock type gang members, who don't like or understand punk rockers. My punk ass got beat up quite a bit until a skinhead decided to take me under his wing, "school" me up and give me a strong dose of white pride. I was 17 and this concept was a new one, and I bit into his sugar-coated poisoned apple. My head was shaved and the next thing I knew all the "cool" skins and peckerwoods were calling me "comrade." I was no longer a target for violence, or a victim. I was safely part of a solid foundation. I selectively overlooked the fact that my route to no longer being someone's prey was condoning and sometimes participating in victimizing others less fortunate, through senseless hate. I have never in any way held personal fascist, bigoted, prejudiced, or hate-motivated philosophies, neither am I homophobic (actually I'm bisexual, not by choice, but by nature) but I stupidly compromised my beliefs and once again placed a mask of false character over my face and played the role. One mistake always leads to another.

I got out at 18, and started my own band, the Col. Klink Scandal, with a punk/oi sound, singing anti-fascist lyrics. I got beat down sometimes, but had the back-up of my band and scene members. I got married, had a daughter we named Sidney, and started slamming speed. The downward spiral began and I was bounding down with it in great strides. Mainlining speed, I was a dope fiend at age 19, a junkie with no priority but that of the yellow liquid sickness and the dirty needle I was shoving in the crook of my arm. I lost all respect for myself and started mixing with a lot of convict types, toting around a stolen 9mm and pulling residential and car robberies to feed my ever-present and growing habit. I was turning into a homicidal maniac who resembled a skeleton with skin because I never ate. Only speed and beer, the diet of a true failure.

In June of '97 I caught a two-year beef for Grand Theft and this time this confused, addicted, and scared young man at the end of his rope like El Duce was on a bus, shackled wrists to ankles on a non-stop trip to the state pen. I didn't think I'd make it out alive. Mike Ness sang in my head about going to a place where the tough guys go, a place colder than a pimp's heart.

Once I hit the yard, under the gun of the man in the tower, surrounded by throngs of convicts, criminals, gangsters, and murderers with life sentences, I felt myself sinking into the black murkiness of a powerful hopelessness. What a fucking coincidence—one of the "comrades" from my juvenile detention days was there, and recognized me. He introduced me to everyone as a "young skin." I was catapulted back into the ranks of ignorance by my past's wrong choices. But here in the big house you gotta prove you're worth it. Put in work for the cause, and earn your "bones," the tattoos to prove you're down for your race.

I earned my tattoos—a whole arm, neck, torso, and leg's worth. Now I was branded for life by the sickness bred by those hate mongers. Fuck man, I was one of them.

Before paroling in August of '98, I picked up a hellish heroin habit. The black tar gave me just another corner to hide and cower in. I knew I was a coward for trading my physical safety for a refusal to sell out my own identity. I was a cheap ass whore. I still hated myself, more than I could ever hate anyone else. Instead of racial tats I should have gotten "HATE ME" slung on my neck. Maybe I still will.

So I got another chance at freedom, but once you're a tacked-back ex-con, a number on log and a money-making pawn to the state, it's hard not to come back to the cold bunks of the cell blocks waiting to welcome you home behind the wall and wire.

My drug addictions quickly enveloped me in a hazy gloom of 100 unit syringes, spoons full of residue, loaded guns, empty wallets, and late nights spent with burned-out and freaked-out sluts. Not to mention the occasional hotel room where I found myself in the arms of another scared and delusioned young guy like myself, when I would cry myself to sleep on his chest, only to wake up alone and robbed of my shit.

In the fifty-nine days I was out on the streets, I slept maybe fourteen days of it. Nowhere to go but down, and rock bottom wasn't low enough for me. I turned on everyone, burned every bridge I could find. Robbed dope connections that to this day want me killed, committed mindless armed robberies and home invasions of cramped and filthy ghetto residences of other paranoid dope fiends. I would leave with their drugs and money, and their promises that my karma would catch up to me. I was the biggest nothing.

I was arrested for 23 felonies on October 22nd, 1998. In June of '99, I was sentenced to

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16 years at 85% for personal use of a firearm (ten years under the 10, 20, life law) and armed robbery (six years, high term for 211). My parole date for earliest possible release for good behavior is December, 2012. Because of the amount of time and the serious crime, I was placed in a Level IV institution, which is maximum high security. 75% of the Level IV inmate population consists of those with life sentences.

Five days after I arrived at Calipatria State Prison, my 49 year-old cellie got whacked. We came out for showers and someone slit his throat from ear to ear. Drug debts. Because of my tattoos, the skinheads were onto me like stink on shit. Fuck, was I getting tired of playing these fucking charades. More like Russian Roulette.

The guy running the "skin" car was a hater among haters. A self-proclaimed Odinist doing life for murdering a homosexual Jew over 100 bucks. Very disturbing and scary. He had a Circle One tattoo on his arm above his Nazi war flag. Lucky me, he instantly took to me. He wanted me to join his elite crew of "Warrior Skinheads," because he saw outstanding potential in me as a racial soldier. Me? This made me sick, especially when he'd put out his arm around my shoulders and say, "I want you to be a Krieger Komrade."

I couldn't do this anymore,. I got twelve more years of this bullshit and I just want to learn how to get better, not become less of an individual and a worse human being. I've become fed up with my participation, however small, in the pollution known as the "white movement."

My decision was made when the "Warrior" himself pressed a steel piece into my hand, and told me to go stab a Muslim, who just happened to be white, to death. In "white" prison politics any non-racial religion is frowned upon, but other ethnic religions are especially forbidden, for you are then considered to be "conspiring" with the enemy—other races.

The time had come. I told him and the other "comrades" to go fuck themselves. I was sick of listening to their stupid fucking ignorant hate, of being a fucking sheep and following their mindlessness, and for the rest of my life I would never again act, speak, or participate in any form of racially motivated hatred.

They attacked me almost instantly.

The alarm went off and everyone on the yard hit the dirt, except the blood-raged band of skinheads giving me a final farewell boot party. They hurt me pretty bad. The COs had to pepper spray them to get them down. Once they got me in cuffs I turned in the knife.

I've been in Administrative Segregation since, under protective custody. I am hoping to be transferred to a "soft" yard with other dropouts like myself. I am currently the owner of an institutional wide white hit, meaning in any general population prison yard I may pull up to, I am to be whacked on recognition. I am now a race-traiting piece of shit. They gave me a cellie five days ago, another white who had locked up. As soon as the man was gone my new cellie attacked me, busting my right eye, splitting the back of my head against the wall and cutting my lip on my teeth with all his large-fisted punches. My eye is still swollen as I write, the white globe of my eyeball crimson red because of broken arteries. In the CO's report of the cell incident (the attacker has been moved to another building and I am now single-cell status) the batterer is quoted as saying, "...you're a fuckin' PC bitch! They should have killed you long ago, you snitch. I'm a mainliner (meaning active, not a dropout). I should bomb on you right now."

This is where my addictions and infractions against society have landed me today. A washed-up 23 year-old man in protective custody to be protected from the very scum I tattooed my body for. I have no answer and still have trouble finding hope.

I want to apologize and ask forgiveness sincerely from anyone I may have offended, hurt, or betrayed in my stupid role as a wanna-be fascist. That term sounds so awful. I'm sorry, Deva. I know I am terribly screwed up, but I know there's a way to come clean and make amends. If you want to write hate mail to me, advice, criticism, or so forth, please feel free. Be brutally honest. That's my new motto. I'm going to learn to live by it daily. I've been thinking about how much I'd like to write a zine of my personal writings and experiences, but I need help. If you want to help start it, write to me.

You know, one thing I am thankful for is that the arms of the punk rock have always been open to me. In the beginning, and here at a new one. It's everlasting if we keep it that way. It's liberation from the sickness.

You've got your own sickness. We all do. You may believe you aren't as corroded as I am, or our illness isn't as repulsively unbelievable as mine has been, but being a flawed human is being mortal and being real. Fuck, for once in my life man, I'm being real. No fucking masks or pretty makeup to hide behind. This is the big confession, not to you out there living in your own homes, rooms, and beds, but to myself. The me sitting in this cell, still wondering how to sort out the chaotic wreckage, and then where to put it all.

I've laid my insides wide open—go ahead. Take a peek. Yeah, it's fuckin' gross, sure it's toxic, but it's me and I gotta live with it.

Look into some of those hidden compartments in your mind. You'll be surprised the shit that you missed last time you swept all the unwanted bullshit under the carpet. Let the skeletons out. It's a revelation, and a certain cleansing once you stop lying to yourself and just realize, this is it, this is you. The sickness is killing you, but you ain't dead yet.

Much gratitude to *Maximumrocknroll*, Mykel Board, and Darby Crash. Sid is God!

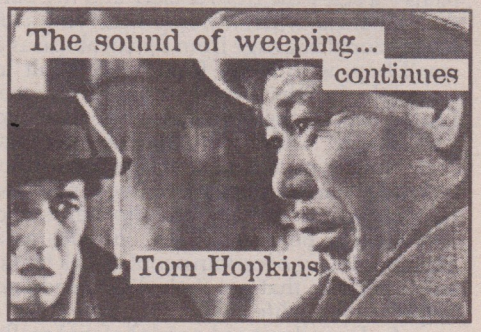
"Sometimes, I feel like a bloody panther..."

...where do I go from here?

—Neil "Baby Boy"

To contact me in the bowels of the money-hungry, crooked and corrupt, murdering, criminal mass production machine of the California Corrections; System,, where it's so easy to lose your individuality and your true voice, and allow the grinding sound of the clock to numb your mind until you too are a zombie of negative propaganda, write: Neil Edgar, #K61832, A4. 216, PO Box 5002, Calipatria, CAS 92233-5002.

I will respond to all correspondence and if transferred all mail will follow me. Please, send me fliers!



Understand my frustration, I'm not a regular attendee of shows. I only leave the neighborhood when I absolutely *have* to see a band live. And 90% of the time it's a fucking slap in the face. Well, it's time to slap back. Let this column stand as a declaration of war. The age of the band as something to be politely endured is ending now. I can not imagine anyone is satisfied with the current state of affairs. Unless of course they like HOT WATER MUSIC and JAWBREAKER and are, obviously, too easily pleased. Whether a band be local or touring, their live show is most surely as uninspired as the audience's acceptance of such performances. But Tom, you write the emo column, of course the shows you attend are boring. Well, yes, duh, if use of the dance floor has been outlawed there is likely no hope at this point. But why accept the death of our senses by the dull blade of bands who consider red carpet tour treatment an entitlement? Why not fight back? Applause is for squares. Polite applause is for assholes. Flex those vocals cords, let loose a "Booooo!" Ten seconds of thought is all most need to fire off a heckle that will be more entertaining than watching the backs of the band of the moment. And if your idea of witty between song banter is "shut up and play" or typical racist/sexist/etc. responses to a song explanation, you friend are a bigger Agent of Boredom. What about those backs that the audience constantly has turned to it? What if we got on stage and lined up so we could face them. How about circling the wagons extra close and putting the pressure on, with cold stares into the beady little eyes? I'm not the only person familiar with the tale of the BAD BRAINS pelting the newly metal DISCHARGE with refuse. Venues still have trash cans. Let the garbage fly. Let your attack match your timidity or boldness. Everyone has fingers and nearly everyone wears shoes with laces (except the indie rock turds with velcro and if you think I'm talking about your scene, go ahead and stick your head in the toilet and start flushing). Untie the bastards shoes. Should your fingers be ready to do the walking, tune down guitars mid song. Oh, look the band has slept walk through their entire set, but here comes the last song, time to "freak out!" When microphone stands and

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drum kits start flying in some staged emotional breakdown, why not pitch in? A foot through a drum head or a guitar neck broken might help them feel the angst and frustration they are grasping for. Yes, there is BLACK DICE. But for every one band that sets their sights on the kneecaps of the audience, there are 43 whose disdain and contempt for the audience manifests itself in a dispassionate delivery of songs that are supposedly so important, followed by directions to the t-shirts and records for sale. To paraphrase Mr. Sean Sullivan: "Why should I pay for their vacation, no one pays for mine." A complimentary record review used to include "captures their live energy/sound." HAIL MARY's EP *Not Live*. Well, thank the blessed mother it isn't! What if bands reconsidered touring to certain locales because of the reputation the locals had earned for themselves? And if other bands made sure to go there because they were ready to brave the ordeal and come out on top? Let the games begin, turkeys.

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I'm aware that some of you love singer/songwriter-core. Maybe it evokes memories of days spent wandering dust bowl, depending on the kindness of strangers for food and a nights shelter, while sharing the story of each other's lives. On the COPY MASTER *Five By X* EP, the guitar player from NRA shares four of his songs. Some acoustic and other amplified. The most interesting aspect of this release is that Orange doesn't stick with early DYLAN/SIMON & GARFUNKLE folk but goes for some stripped down rock. (Little People Records, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, HOLLAND)

The day has arrived. This column finally gets to review the rumored 2nd LP by BOB TILTON the *Leading Hotels Of The World*.(Southern, PO Box 577375, Chicago, IL 60657) The amount of time that passed between the 1st LP on Subjugation and this release was long enough for any number of horrible things to happen to the ideal soundtrack these Brits provide for driving across the desert at 2:00 a.m. with the bad feeling that there won't be a gas station in time. But the time didn't kill them. Rather than doing the dreadful and incorporating the emo-bop that has come along since the 1st LP or venturing into uncharted art-rock oceans of off-time doldrums, BOB TILTON stays the course. There is much less of the loud/soft dynamic that they used (but not ever in an abuse manner). While there is still introspection and aggression, the movement is much more drifting, almost tidal. To call the ebb and flow seamless would be inaccurate, as the paranoid tension won't let such easy listening in. Look, I fucking love this band and they didn't fuck up a good thing, end of gushing. Oh, this is on CD and limited LP in a nifty gatefold sleeve.

If you haven't been able to grab your crotch lately while pumping your fist to some raucous German inspired destruction the DAY IS DONE *What I Have Lost Thus Far* EP should allow for such posing in front of your bedroom mirror. Or maybe that's just me. Guttural vocals over a bass thicker than Pig Champions waistline with the guitars churning the butter real slow. A more direct MORSER or a less manic SYSTRAL? Well, it doesn't suck so they ain't NEUROSIS! (Penske Material, PO Box 2692, Costa Mesa, CA 92626)

The BEAUTIFUL SKIN EP would be my exhibit A that the East Coast style of the new romance is the mutated fruit of the GANG OF FOUR and post-punk version of WIRE while the west coast bans are burning incense under an Ian Curtis picture. Vocal and electronic focus on these two tracks. The vocal delivery has a rather humored inflection that makes for an upbeat dance floor hit. (GSL, PO Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

No information whatsoever with the SEMI-FINALS *The Lifestyle EP* EP. Quite a debut (I'm guessing) for a band that is stuck on the top of the mountain that is Sewanee, Tennessee. Students of the Chicago/Louisville school of focused time and subtle delivery, but they've skipped class occasionally to play in the PAVEMENT junk yard and sniff a little DRIVE LIKE JEHU. (Charter, 735 University, Sewanee, TN 37383)

Oh yeah, there is remix of the title track of the above reviewed BOB TILTON LP on the BOB TILTON/REIZIGER 12" (Genet). Just that song, and there isn't too much of a difference. Some beep beep beep sampling added at the beginning and middle of the song and trippy effects on the drums. Still has the trumpet. Has some vocal tracks sampled from who knows where added in which gives the remix an eerie movie soundtrack feel. This is just the kind of raved out stuff Sean Sullivan lives for. The two REIZEGER songs use a lot of beep beep beep samples and electronics to break up their version of the soft, smooth, and peppy BRAID mixed with the college radio friendliness of JAWBOX.Yes, this is my least favorite BOB TILTON release.

For those who thought that the militant straight-edge vegan warrior movement was limited to 18 people in Syracuse the *Justice For The Enslaved Vol. 1* CD comp should provide a global view of the scene. CLOUDED (Belgium), POINT OF NO RETURN (Brazil), WITHDRAWN (England), SHOREBREAK (SPAIN), DEHUMANIZE (Italy), SHED (Finland), REPRISAL (Italy) don't spend any time reworking the foundation that EARTH CRISIS built. Amazingly enough the lyrics don't venture into pro-life stupidity and REPRISAL even question the god squad. (Sure Hand, PO Box 1251, Sheffield, S11 7XG ENGLAND)

To the delight of digital only fans of midwestern metal lurch and drama class emo comes the CD version of the COALESCE/BOY SETS FIRE EP. For those new to this release, each band reworks favorite songs of the other, and this version has extra tracks. The COALESCE that has kept my interest is their first EP and the awesome LP of LED ZEPELLIN covers. I loathe BOY SETS FIRE. I think their music is way too bi-polar and the lyrics and vocal delivery is about as sacchrine and smarmy as HOT WATER MUSIC. (Hydra Head, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199)

Thanks to the SCISSORFIGHT *New Hampshire* CD, I am just starting to understand Yankee Hillbilly culture. While the term "theme/concept album" deserves the rolled eyes and shudders it invokes, such releases can serve a purpose. Thanks to the country fried HELMET guitar chunk of SCISSORFIGHT I know of such N.H. traditions as betting on pit-monkey fights, pot-fueled militia movements, and geographic points of interest like the Lamprey River. Don't sneak up on the locals at gas station when you go to see the leaves change in the New Hampshire countryside. They may gut you like a pig while listening to the new stoner-country.(Tortuga, PO Box 15608, Boston, MA 02215)

LABEL SPOTLIGHT

Witching Hour Records (P.O. Box 30287, Indianapolis, IN 46230, www.witchinghour.com) isn't just one of the standout record labels of the past two years, it is also on of my favorites. Chris et al. seem to be just a half step ahead of most with their releases, whether with bands (even "older" bands seem to reach new levels of terror) or packaging concepts. What follows is one of my irregular label spotlights. First up is a discography. PLEASE NOTE: Most of the records are out of print and no longer available from Witching Hour. However, if you are a resourceful romulan, a little bit of snooping around the smaller distros will prove quite rewarding. After the discography is a brief interview. Enjoy.

JADED 7"
Pressing: 666
Status: Sold Out

V/A *Between a Rock and a Hard Place* 7"
Pressing: 1000 Black,100 blue
Status: Sold Out

An Enchanting Evening With MAKARA and SHAHRAZAD 10"
Pressing: 666 Black 350 Manila
Status: Sold Out

V/A *From Stars Come Hearts* 7"
Pressing: 1000—666 on gold, 333 on black
Status: Sold Out

KHMER ROUGE 7"
Pressing: 1000 black
Status: Sold Out

RACEBANNON 7"
Pressing: 500 Black, 150 test presses
Status: Sold Out

SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA/SPREAD THE DISEASE split 7"
Pressing: 650 black 150 gray swirl
Status: Sold Out

GASP/VOLUME 11 Split 7"
Pressing: 1000 Black, 200 Red
Status: Sold Out

V/A *Better Luck Next Time* 7"
Pressing: 1300 Black, 366 Mint Green
Status: Sold Out

ORCHID/ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN TRAITORS Split 7"
Pressing: 1100 Clear
Status: Sold Out

KNIVES AND GREENWATER/RACEBANNON 7"
Pressing: 500 Black, 166 blue/green swirl
Status: Available

BOOK OF DEAD NAMES/JEROME'S DREAM split 5"
Pressing: 750 Black 112 Maroon
Status: Sold Out

(All the above releases have been reviewed in past columns, but the next three are all new to me. New to you? This 5" has me super excited

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about two bands that I'm fairly certain I've never heard before. BOOK OF DEAD NAMES had some gruff and punchy guitar work when they are kicking at you mid-tempo.When the music starts to swirl up there are some wicked guitar leads. JEROME'S DREAM keeps a feisty tempo with the guitar and bass battling each other while the vocals are belted out as hoarse and high pitched as can be. There are well timed pauses in the static and just as a simple strum is made, the chaos picks back up. There are a number of upcoming releases from the two fresh as can be screamo outfits.)

USURP SYNAPSE 6"
Pressing: 650 Black, 200 Red 7"
Status: 6" sold out 7" avail.
(Some have been comparing this band's sound to the fabled URANUS. No, not farts, the Canadian band! There are the hoarse and impassioned vocals, but not so much the pulsing and anthemic guitar. This is much crisper, with tricky little guitar tweaks, and epileptic drumming. Everybody seems to be working for the weekend just to keep up with each other.What poison awaits in the pretty pill included with the EP?)

SAETIA 7"
Pressing: 1000 Black, 100 Limited Cover
Status: Available
(The last EP from SAETIA, "Eronel". I'm going to go hunt out their other releases. I've got to see how well they mix up quirky and jangled guitars while the rest of the band keeps on trucking forward with determination. Vocal focus slowdowns that are truly worthy of being compared to MOSS ICON. Packaging is reminiscent of the ORCHID EP with the wraparound paper band.)

Would you offer up any theme being behind Witching Hour Records?
Yeah, I would certainly say there is horror theme behind the label, but it is starting to get a little farther away from the classic horror theme. Now we are trying to make it more brutal.

Are you the only person behind the label?
No. I do most of the talking with bands, the pressing plant and the computer work. The other half is done by a great guy named Tony Dryer. He does all the mail order, promo, ads, and Coffin Kid area of the label. I also have a wonderful girl in my life, Adrian, that helps out a lot. She is going to run the new button company that we just started that is a spin off of Witching Hour called Bodybag Buttons.

Are there any records that you had planned on doing that fell through?
Sorta. When I did the "Between a Rock and a Hard Place" comp. I wanted to do two more of them, but the 2nd one didn't work out. Bands kept flaking or breaking up, so I just ditched the record all together.

When did you come up with the idea for the fan club, Coffin Kids?
The idea for the fan club came to me after Scarecrow Skateboards did a fan club. I just wanted to show the people that were really into the label that I cared, so I decided to do something to pay them back for their support.

Does membership have its privileges?
With the fan club membership, which is $5, you get a t shirt, an ID card, buttons, stickers, and when you buy a record you get the limited version of that release. We are also doing a three part series of split 7"s. Only a 100 of each record will be pressed. One record a month. The series is called VS. and it dedicated to one man music makers. For example, the first one is Mike Anderson VS. Billy Pelon. But the records in this series are only available to fan club members. I'm hoping it will be a success.

Will there be a limit to the fan club membership?
Eventually. Most likely around 200 or 250.

There has been a steady progression in the style/layout/look of your EPs. What is behind that? Trial and Error, formal training, or something else?
The progression in the design is mainly just trial and error, but since I am an art major I'm actually now getting the training I always wanted at school.

Have any of the bands you've worked with taken issue with the limited pressings that you do?
No, not really. A few bands wished I would have pressed more, but I honestly think that most bands we deal with know the way Witching Hour runs. We actually are starting to do larger press runs now. Nothing huge, but more nevertheless.

Why the small runs on each release?
It never seemed like small presses until a few months ago when someone wrote me that Bottlenekk was sold out of a record that had only been out for about three weeks. Witching Hour doesn't want to repress stuff years after it had been out. Music is a great marker for time. But on the other hand, who wants people paying tons of money for their releases? It's a catch 22. That's one of the biggest reasons we decided to start doing larger pressings. But still no represses.

With such small presses is the label able to pay for itself?
The label doesn't really make anything. Sometimes it makes a little and when it does all the money goes right back into better packaging or paying for more ads and stuff like that.

How many of the scratch and win tickets on the "Better Luck Next Time" comp did you scratch yourself?
Three of us went to gas stations about every other day and would go through their trash cans to get those tickets. It took forever.

Any big winners?
I actually only bought maybe five and every time it was for a free ticket.

Give me a top ten list with the topic of your choice.
How about this. I've been thinking about moving to San Francisco for about a year now. It's just a matter of me getting funding for art school. How about the readers write me with ten good ways to get cash to pay my tuition!

What labels/bands are you into at the moment?
Always Behead the Prophet! And Pig Destroyer, Neil Perry, and the Faint.

Future releases?
Orchid/Jerome's Dream skull shaped LP which should be out when you read this. Pg99/Process is Dead split 7", Usurp Synapse/Index for Potential Suicide split 7" and the fan club series.

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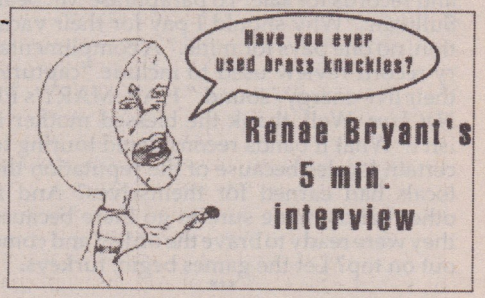
Buying guide: BOB TILTON LP, SAETIA EP, BOOK OF DEAD NAMES/ JEROME's DREAM 5", USURP SYNAPSE 6".

Please send all records, tapes, CDs, news, gossip, and suggestions to: PO Box 170482, San Francisco, California 94117.



So, for once I got my column done early...or at least I thought. I thought the fucking "reproduction" theme was for this issue. Wrong. Fuck. I knew right away something was wrong when I heard Arwen's voice say, "I really liked your column...." It's that sandwich technique. You know. Hide some unpleasantry or insults between two misguiding compliments. Anyway.

As some of you know from the quaint title of the city I live in or my zip code, I live in the "Inland Empire." It's that desert/valley area that contains such well known cities as Chino (that famous prison the punks like to sing about), Corona (famous for the Showcase Theatre), Riverside (famous for the Mission Inn, police shooting an unarmed black female thirty-plus times, and UC Riverside, which wishes it got more respect), San Bernardino (famous for its high crime rate, second only to Washington DC), Fontana and Colton (Affectionately referred to as the armpit of California), Redlands (famous for all the rich Seventh Day Adventists dentists and doctors, who are so powerful that the Redlands post office closes by noon on Friday and doesn't deliver mail at all on Saturday),and last but not least is Norco (famous for wishing is was a town in Texas, all property sold must have at least two acres on it...you know for your livestock, it's where I went to junior and senior high, and out of some strange infatuation I still have my post office box....lest I forget it is the home to the coolest little whorehouse, I mean record store...X-Records).

You are probably wondering why the tangent on the IE, like anyone cares. This is why. Saturday I picked up the phone to call B. (I will protect his identity...or at least try). I ask B. for Kenny, ex-Knockout guitarist/singer's phone number so I can reach his ex-girlfriend/bass player Tina. I'd like her to be in the new line-up of the band. Before B. gives me the number he said,"Renae, there is something you should know about Kenny." This struck me as curious. When I saw him at B.'s recording studio two weeks earlier he did look different, like he had his front teeth knocked out, but he seemed like the same

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guy. B. continues, "Kenny is in two white power bands." "No way," was all I could reply.

Now, for sure, you all are going to think I'm some smuck Mary Poppins school teacher. But, I really thought that the market had died for that kind of "punk rock." I thought that everyone had seen, at least, American History X, if not Mississippi Burning, Malcom X, Ghandi, etc. Because I hadn't seen a "racist skinhead" in a good year. Because I thought we were eradicating racism, along with sexism in the punk scene. Because the punk scene is so "colorful." Because it wasn't affecting me. Because I was comfortable. Because, yes, I hate to admit it, I was ignorant. Because I don't spend hours on the internet. Because of all these lame excuses, somehow I thought that the white power, skinhead, racist, intolerant movement had been squashed out of existence in the punk scene. I thought nazi/white power shit was reserved for some hick in the backwoods of Arkansas, preparing for the "race war." I didn't know it was alive and building momentum in Southern California and that my friend B. was recording this shit in the IE, Riverside.

So, as the phone conversation ensued, I was no longer shocked at Kenny, who I had never considered a PhD candidate anyway, but I was enraged with B. I couldn't believe that B. would record white power bands at his studio. Being confrontational I ask, "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

His reply, "I record a lot of bands that I do not agree with their message."

"You've never recorded a band that preaches hatred against everyone except white males," I assert.

"It's just business," he states.

I wonder to myself if that is what Joseph Kennedy thought when he was selling weapons to the Nazis. "It's just business, it's just business, it's just business....." I've heard those words before from someone else in the punk scene who was justifying an unethical deed. B. is an interesting guy. He's a divorced born again Christian. So, when I call him the next day to bust his balls more, over this, he gives me more information. "Look, if I wouldn't have really needed the money I wouldn't have recorded them. But, if I needed the money again I would record them again. A lot of bands I record have an anti-Christian viewpoint but I still record them. I think spiritual death is worse than anything else."

I guess B. hasn't listened to Billie Holiday's "Strange Fruit" in awhile. From the rationale, you can tell B. has led the life that being a white male, reared from $privilege$, affords you.

Not being one to get stuck on the "small issue" I focus on the big picture...white power fucks preaching their ignorance to young white teens within punk rock So. Cal. scene. This is not going to happen. I will not stand by and let these fucks destroy the scene and build hatred where it is finally just recovering from the "white power eighties." So, I have decided that punks, who do not want to see this bs propagated in our scene, should coalition build. We need to start a coalition of punks who will work as hard as the white power movement is working to help be a road block, or wrecking ball to their movement. They have civil rights and a right to build their movement and we have a right to spread the word that certain bands, certain label, certain zines, certain venues, certain record stores support this hatred. People, bands, labels, zines, venues, records stores, and activist groups that oppose this rhetoric should unite together to help make their movement as diy as possible, to the point where it won't be as lucrative to spread their message. Maybe a "white" list so to speak, a running record of those who are producing and propagating the bullshit.

So, now what? I am calling for anyone who is courageous enough to stand with me on this endeavor. Maybe you have a better idea. Please...I want to hear it. Maybe you have experience coalition building or opposing radical extremists of ignorance. All I know is that my heart tells me that I cannot stand by and do nothing. There are a lot of assholes in the punk scene. Those I can deal with. Racists, targeting teens to brainwash them with their anti-humanity philosophy, I can't deal with. I won't. One of my ex-boyfriends was an ex-skinhead. That shit fucked his head up for life. It was like some want to be white gangsta thing. He was out but always looking over his shoulder. Plus, I cannot in good conscience, teach my nine year old latinos and latinas knowing that I belong to a scene that condones and helps create, usually first through the music, racist monsters. You might say, I don't condone it. Well, my reply is if you are not "actively against" something you support it with your lack of action. For now I am just going to reread the Art of War, "know yourself, know your enemy, the battle is won."

I already did my music/scene comments in my first column this month. That will mean that you will have to wait another month for it. Those interested in some good old-fashioned activism/coalition/solidarity building contact: <mailto:webmistress@ontherag.net>webmistress@ontherag.net or pobox 251 norco ca 91760-0251.

PS If you would like to email the label putting out new white power bands their website address is <http://www.panzerfaust.com>www.panzerfaust.com. This label is working with Victory Media and putting out the following new white power bands: Extreme Hatred, Aggressive Force, Young Lads.

I sometimes wonder who's actually reading this zine nowadays. I remember when I started picking it up I was looking for something more than just what I found from looking through the record bin at Bleeker Bob's and what my friends listened to. I started reading it regularly after I started my zine. Either way, the point is, I wonder why kids get into punk nowadays? See, I could say a bunch of things about bands and whatnot and how wishy washy and blah blah blah everything is currently, but 10 years ago people who were my age then we're saying the same things about the stuff I was listening to. So, let's ignore the fact that we're in a general lull of good bands and zines and ideas and everything else. The reason's kids get into punk are still there, no? I mean even kids from the suburbs need a way to deal with the angst and alienation their world has to offer them. I'll even go so far to say that they want to be different. It's hard to, since most kids know what Punk is who you go to high school nowadays, hey some of the bands make top 40 radio. So, yeah its not very noisy anymore it's not very shocking or scary as it could be, but what has messed it up? I figured it out. Cuteness. When did punk get cute? I mean they're always been the kids from the suburbs who go to TrashnVaudeville and spend $200 on their early 80's punk costume that they wear at the mall. But even on that level it was still ugly. What's up with the kids who do it all and turn it around so it's cute? Of all the adjectives that I could use to sum up the thing I'm into, where and when did this cute thing start?

I think a lot of people my age can relate to how I got into punk. See when I was 12 or so I was having a really hard time with the kids in my neighborhood. It's that shitty time of life when people start coming up with reasons to hate you. You're too fat or slow or something about you becomes the punchline of everyone's joke and people start moving into their little crowds. So, you know how it goes; I didn't really fit in anywhere. Junior high was a nightmare; everyone was always physically and mentally abused by everyone else. You'd be standing at your locker staring at the 25 smashed lunched stuffed in the bottom and WHAM some kid would lick his hand and smack the back of your neck. You'd be walking down a crowded hallway and OW someone would randomly stick you with a pin. The mental anxiety was even worse. Kids at my school liked to deliver at random something called the "brownnose." What it was is 4 kids would sit on your limbs and the dirtiest smelliest Albanian motherfucker would shove your nose in his ass crack til it left a skid mark on your face. I witnessed in horror a couple of kids go through this nightmare, including the biggest kid in the school. The next day everyone seemed to know who got it and mocked them and made crude comments in the cafeteria. Anyhow, living in fear of such things, is enough for anyone to hate school. So, my only hope was to call in sick. My mom was a strict believer in perfect attendance; I think I missed maybe 10 days of school in my 12-year career. I would sit up all night reading books. I went so far as to take the wheels off my chair so I had to balance on the post. (I read that they did this in gunpowder factories so the workers wouldn't fall

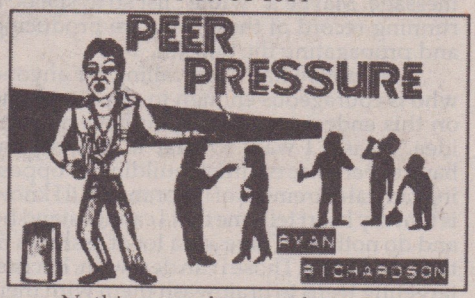
asleep and blow everyone up.) Anyhow, finding things to do at 4 AM isn't too easy, I really wanted to kill my immune system by not sleeping and have to stay home from school. The only thing on was two episodes of Ben Casey every night from 2 to 4 am. Horror novels and Pepsi. It's kind of funny that I watched Ben Casey every night, I ended up getting into the band I joined a few years later because they had a song called Adam watches Ben Casey, about their friend who stays up late watching the show.

Anyhow, I never listened to music as a young kid. I really wasn't into it. My Dad was always listening to music in the car, like 50's and 60's rock n roll, always singing along badly. So I was flipping around the radio one night and I happened to catch a late night punk show. I thought it sounded terrible but I liked that they cursed a lot and sang about funny things, like girls getting their period and even though I wasn't really into it I liked that it fast and aggressive. I started listing to the show every week and taping it. I played one of the tapes at my lunch hour and all the kids looked at me like they were scared, they were threatened because I had a tape of such noise and told them I liked it. I ended up working all summer after junior high and in August I bought my first stereo and my first records. They were mostly punk and metal records of songs I heard on that show. When I got to high school I was lucky enough to run into one other person who was exploring the same stuff and we ended up going "downtown" alone to check out what it was really about.

Our first show, as most people was at the time was at The Ritz. The Ritz was the big club in NYC at the time. It was the place where you would see all the various freaks come to the same show and beat the shit out of each other. Ok, being 14 we had an agenda and a story. I think we did the staying at each other house story and since we we're from different neighborhoods we could get away with it. We were bound to see the band we both wanted to see most: Dirty Rotten Imbeciles. It was great, taking the subway at 4 am, getting so dirty we had to throw out our clothes afterward, knowing that we were somehow a part of this scary fucked up world that would send the tough guys at our school screaming for their mothers.

The next step was the CBGB hardcore matinee. This was even scarier; we seemed like the only normal looking kids there, yet the crazy skinheads and whatnot didn't try to beat us up for some reason because we knew all the songs too. We were a couple of kids riding the long ass 2 train there to get there just like them. Although there wasn't anything that was started or explained to us we felt we were part of something. Whatever it was, it was something we could hold on two and call our own.

Now back. Is that still here? Do kids still get what I got out of it? I mean, I can't judge it now, its 14 years later and I've spent half my life doing this shit at this point. I'm just putting the question out there. Is this how it was for those who are reading this who are 16 years old? Or was it that everyone in their high school was into it and they just joined up with that clique just like the jocks and the cheerleaders and the Dungeons and Dragons club. Did anyone get into because of the cuteness? They bought their first Black Flag record to impress the little Goth chick with the cute fishnets? What is the motivation? What's you're story? I've said enough, write me and let me know if the same kids are reading MRR that were 10 or 15 years ago. videoschmoe@flashcom.net is my email and you can write me by regular mail (I check it every 10 months or so) at Bill Florio P.O. Box 1014 Yonkers NY 10704-1014



Nothing was known about Peer Pressure other than they were from Connecticut and released one impossibly hard-to-find EP in 1980. Several months ago, I resolved that it was time to crack the case and find myself a damn copy of the record. The only information I had to go on was the address on the record – a post office box in Old Greenwich, Connecticut – and a contact phone number listed in the International Discography of The New Wave. Armed with this sad arsenal of information, I got a dirt-cheap ticket and flew up to Rhode Island where my sidekick Jason lives. On our way to the WFMU record swap, Jason and I would stop at the Greenwich Public Library for a few hours and dig around; this trip to the library was deemed a "complete waste of time" by our I-love-to-repeatedly-eat-my-words friend and fellow collector, Brian. In less than five minutes there, I'd matched a name to the old phone number we had via a real estate directory from 1981. Let's say the name was Jim Chance. Jason and I were definitely feeling good at this point. A quick search found no phone listings for Jim Chance, but it was a start.

A few listens to a tape of the Peer Pressure EP told us this HAD to be a high school band. With a song called "That's Why They Call 'Em Moms" and "Underachiever", there could be little doubt. We looked through high school yearbooks in and around 1980 for any Jim Chances. Nothing, though we noted any slobs wearing new wave t-shirts or anybody who appeared to be a "rocker". We looked through some alumni directories. Nothing. We looked through the card catalog for any references. Nothing. We finally decided to look through newspapers from 1980. These were all on microfilm, and one quickly begins to go blind with the pages going by at a steady clip. Jason picked up on an article about a recording studio in Greenwich. It was the only thing remotely worth noting, so he took down the name of the guy who ran the studio and the credits for the article. We called it a day and headed for WFMU.

Upon returning to Texas, I called upon El Azteca for more leads on Jim Chance. El Azteca is a gumshoe acquaintance of mine who – for a fee – can find out information via public records not readily available to regular joes. El Azteca came back with nada. I was starting to wonder if I even had the right name. At this point, I decided the thing to do would be to write to all the Chances in southern Connecticut, a laborious method that had worked a couple times in the past when I've been stuck. I sent out approximately 30 letters. I got a few responses saying "no relation", but that was it. At the same time, Jason had tried finding the studio engineer, the subject of the newspaper article. We found one listing for him and – because of his unusual name – figured this had to be him. Wrong. Another n-o. No other bands from the area in the early 80s had ever heard of Peer Pressure. Welcome to impasse city. At this point, I was beat and ready for a break from the hunt... mi amigo Jason still had some fight in him.

Amidst the many dead ends, Jason found a listing for the photographer who was credited in the studio newspaper article. We had nothing else, so it was worth the cost of a stamp. The photographer would prove to be the break we needed. A few days later, a female voice on the other end of Jason's phone said "I knew the band."

One of the major pitfalls of searching for old punk rockers is that fact that memories from the time period are often, um, hazy for many reasons. Not so with the photographer who not only confirmed that we indeed had the correct name for one band member but also gave us the only other band member's name. Peer Pressure had been a two-person effort. I immediately contacted El Azteca who returned a couple of possible contact address for the second member who we'll call Bill Chivo. There was only one person in the U.S. with his name. Having waited so long, we forked over the $12 for an overnight delivery to the first address and anxiously tracked it on the web. Delivery attempt first day. Delivery attempt second day. A few days later, the letter remained unclaimed. Undaunted, an overnight letter was sent to the second address. One delivery attempt, then two, nothing. Frustrated, I contacted El Azteca once again. Though the information was listed as current, it appeared to be wrong. Bill Chivo was a nomad. A couple days later, El Azteca hypothesized that a listing he found in Greenwich, Connecticut for one Eleanor Chivo was almost certainly the band member's mother. I looked up other Chivos in Greenwich and found three listings. I immediately dialed the first number.

"Hello, my name is Ryan Richardson, and I'm looking for one Bill Chivo."

"Yeah, that's my uncle," answered the deadpan teenage voice at the other end.

Yes!!! I thought to myself. "Great, would your dad know how to get in touch with him?"

"Nah, they haven't talked in years."

"Well, do you think your grandmother would know how to get in touch with Bill?"

"Maybe, but she's in Florida right now."

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After confirming the mother's phone number, I called and got an answering machine with an elderly woman saying to call so-and-so at this number, and she'll take care of me. I called and got another answering machine. I hung up and figured I'd try the next day. I was now to the third number on the list. I dialed and a man answered after a couple of rings.

"Hello, my name is Ryan Richardson, and I'm calling from Texas. I'm trying to locate Bill Chivo."

"That's my brother, but we haven't spoken in 15 years." The estranged brother tally was now at two. My only thought was "What the fuck is going on here?", though I asked again "So you have no means of contacting him?" He said no, though the last he heard he was living in Seattle. Thus far, that statement was the only helpful utterance that night... my two unclaimed letters had at least been sent to the right area. I hung up and hit the hay.

The next morning, I called the second number again, and a woman answered. I repeated my mantra from the day before, and she responded "This is his sister, and he was officially disowned 15 years ago, and I haven't spoken to him since." Shaking my head, I told her I'd spoken to Bill's (and her) brother yesterday who told me the same thing. The sister then told me that this other brother was also disinherited. It seemed that out of four Chivo siblings, not one of them had landed on the same side of the fence in what was presumably a fight over some inheritance. So goddamn close and yet so goddamn far. As if the band wasn't hard enough to find, I'd reached the world's most dysfunctional family, and I was once again at a dead end.

I called Jason with the news and requested that he call back the photographer and see if she might have any other helpful information. He called back a couple days later with the names of Jim Chance's two siblings, one brother and one sister. This sounded promising on the brother front, though the sister was less likely to pan out since the traditional forsaking of maiden names make women that much harder to track down. Once again, I called on El Azteca who was, by now, familiar with the frustration of Peer Pressure. He came up empty-handed on the brother but found what he felt was probably the sister, apparently still in Greenwich, Connecticut. At this point, I was skeptical, but once again I sent an overnight letter to the address. When I logged in the tracking number on the postal website the next day, it returned the following message: "Your item was delivered at 11:56 in Greenwich, Connecticut." While this was a good sign, it was by no means confirmation that I had the correct person. My letter had requested an immediate reply, and by the next day I still hadn't heard anything.

The following day proved to be a long day at work, busy enough to make me forget about the vexing pursuit of a hopelessly obscure band. When I got in around 7pm, I checked my messages and after the second beep, there was a pause and then "Ryan, this is Jim Chance from Peer Pressure calling from England. My sister relayed your message to me." He left his number and despite being beat, my brain wouldn't allow a minute of sleep. I waited until 3:30 AM (which is 9:30 AM in the U.K.) and – at long last – had something to show for the longest, most twisted, and bizarre searches for a band member I've ever undertaken.

STAY TUNED FOR THE STORY OF PEER PRESSURE in next month's issue.

ANOTHER BATTLE FOR CHOICE?

There are literally hundreds of issues that don't get the media attention they deserve—environmental issues, racism, campaign finance reform (which I personally think would get much closer public scrutiny if it was called as it is—'corruption control.'), and third parties (which also has a strange twist of linguistics about it...namely, how can you pluralize 'third party'? One would think that there could only be one 'third party' and all the rest would be aptly titled as 'fourth party,' 'fifth party,' etc. Why do I hear so many media folk discussing the role of "third parties?" How many can we have?!?); the list goes on. Out of all possible issues that don't make the headlines, I think that the title of Most Overlooked & Underreported would have to be the issue of overpopulation. Overpopulation was once considered a pressing issue and received a fair amount of discussion, but these days its been swept under the rug and it's a true rarity to see it discussed anywhere in the mass media.

Overpopulation is a huge issue. Like global warming, it's mostly an environmental concern that is so massive in scale that it's effects are difficult to witness on a personal level and rather challenging to study as well. I can't remember who it was that said, "No one ever dies of overpopulation," referring to why it doesn't receive the attention it sorely needs, but how right they were. Make no mistake, plenty of people (and countless other species) do die because of overpopulation, but it sure doesn't seem that way. That's because overpopulation is the root cause of many other problems that plague this planet: famine, diseases, war, etc. Of course, all of these problems existed before population levels were anything near what they are now. However, at the time, these problems weren't caused by overpopulation. War took place because of a general inability to accept other cultures and a lack of understanding of what it means to be peaceful, while it is often now (and undoubtedly more so in the near future) caused by groups and countries competing for dwindling resources. Diseases used to be a threat because medical knowledge was not what it is today, but they will continue to be a threat because disease is nature's way of responding to the damage inflicted upon it. Famine was once caused because of inclement weather such as droughts or earthquakes, but it is now often the direct result of simple mathematics—there are more mouths to feed than food to feed them with.

Since it's such an all-encompassing issue and so drastically under-discussed, I have spent a lot of time and energy learning about overpopulation. It may not seem like the most immediately pressing concern, but in the long run, it's the most serious. What do you think it will be like when people have to fight each other for food, water, oil, or whatever other limited resource we're currently treating as unlimited? Pretty grim, I say.

So, the first thing I like to think of after recognizing a problem is ask myself what I can do about it personally. With many issues, that's a difficult assessment to make. How does one effectively combat things like sexism, corporate dominance, or the prison-industrial complex on a personal level? It's tough to do. However, if the problem you're concerned with is the fact that's there's getting to be too many humans on this planet, the way to combat that on a personal level is simple: DO NOT CREATE MORE HUMANS!! Seemed pretty clear-cut to me.

Two years ago, I decided I would never have children. Adopt...maybe, but have my own...nope. It wasn't a terribly painful decision to make. Don't get me wrong, I love children, but only in about 15-minute doses. I'm not so sure that I have enough patience to raise a child. So, considering what I knew about overpopulation and these other *minor* factors, making a decision to not have children was rather easy. At this time, I still had the elusive American benefit known as 'health care,' so I looked into getting a vasectomy. I saw that it was covered in my plan and that it was a relatively simple procedure, so I set up an appointment to get one. I'm not sure how they work it where you are, but here, they set me up for a consultation with the doctor and put me down for a snipping a week after that. I had assumed that a consultation was where the doc would tell me about different operating procedures and fill me in on what to expect. How wrong I was...

I arrived on the day of my consultation and the receptionist handed me a questionnaire to fill out while I was waiting for the doctor. It had some weird questions on it (or at least I thought they were weird) like, "How many children do you currently have?" or "Are you married and...if yes, how long?" I filled them all in as accurately as possible and was soon called into the doc's office. The first thing he asked me is whether or not I was married to which I replied "thank god, no" and then he asked if I had a girlfriend, to which I responded the same. The third question was the big one..."Why do you feel you want a vasectomy? I spent about 5 minutes with the answer, covering almost every different aspect of the decision I could think of off the top of my head. I told him that there were too many people on the planet and that it's having a drastic effect on the very land we're trying to shove them all onto. I told him

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about my indifference toward having children and my plan to adopt should a future partner and I decide that a kid's a good idea. I told him about the handful of pregnancy scares that my past partners and I have been through and my strong desire to never have to worry about it ever again.

I knew I wasn't going to like the doctor's response simply by his body language. He had that look on his face where it seems like someone is spending so much time deciding how to respond to your first point that they end up barely hearing a thing. He told me that he wasn't going to perform the operation on me. He gave many reasons. He said that I was too young and that even though I didn't want kids now, I might want them somewhere down the road. He said that since I didn't have a wife or girlfriend, I would have problems getting one in the future because there aren't very many women who'll date a man with no ability to produce babies (pretty sound 'medical' advice, eh?). He told me that my planetary concerns weren't that solid and that I could very well change my mind on many of these issues in the years to come. He said that if I had already had a kid or a pregnant girlfriend, he would've performed the operation without a second thought, but since I was young and naive (my words, not his), he didn't want to participate in a operation that he felt I would someday regret.

However, he was kind enough to mention that there were two other doctors at the hospital that could perform the procedure on me. He said he'd talk to them about my situation and get back to me. He called the next day and said that neither of his colleagues were interested in helping me out. They too had some apparent moral dilemma with giving me the ol' snip snip. We exchanged some pleasantries and that was that.

I knew that there were other options available, like Planned Parenthood for instance, so I gave them a call. They explained that their offices don't handle those cases and that I would have to haul over to the Twin Cities to get it done. By this time, I had basically given up. I really couldn't afford to pay for the operation myself and I also didn't feel like I should have to. Why, when my health insurance covered such an operation, should I have to drive two hours and pay however many hundreds of dollars to get it done.

The whole situation left me baffled. The doctor had told me that he felt I was too young to commit to such a "drastic measure," since I could very well change my mind 5 years down the road. What's interesting to me is that they would perform the procedure on me if I had already screwed up and had an unwanted child, but since I had been so fortunate to not be in that position, preventing it wasn't an option. If a 15-year old girl gets pregnant, they don't tell her that they won't assist with the childbirth because she's too young to be making such a decision. Deciding to have a child is a huge decision that will dramatically change the rest of anyone's life (or at least a good 18 years of it). But if you and a partner want a child, all you have to do is hit the sheets and, barring any medical problems, a baby will eventually be in the picture. Likewise, deciding to NOT have a child is big-time choice. However, I've been told that I can't make that choice (well, technically…I can, but I can't go for the 100% surefire, foolproof route). With my position as a city official, I'm accustomed to making decisions that affect a town of 13,000 people for decades to come. But I can't make a long-term decision that affects only me.

[In an interesting sidebar, I was telling my brother about my quest to get fixed and he decided that he should get a vasectomy. He's 35 years old and already has a child he never sees (and struggles to keep up with the child support payments for). He walked into the doctor's office at 2pm and was already out of surgery by 6pm. Again, if you've already made some major mistakes, then they don't have a problem with giving you the operation, but if you haven't made any major mistakes and would like to ensure that you never will…too bad.]

Now, I'm not going to try and pretend that this issue is anywhere near as serious as women's reproductive rights, which are under constant attack from dumb people who think it's their right to tell a girl what she can and can't do with her own body. However, I tried to make serious decision about my sexuality and reproductive future and was railroaded by a doctor who had some personal moral dilemma with the decision I had made. Sounds kinda familiar, doesn't it?

I really don't have anything else interesting to bring up this month so I'll leave you with my address in case you feel like dropping me line: PO Box 504, Chippewa Falls, WI 54729.

Not too much to talk about. Lots of bummers lately. Discount is breaking up. Dennis of Social Distortion died. It hasn't stopped raining here. Let us all escape.

First up is the EGGHEAD *Dumb Songs For Smart People* CD on Mutant Pop (5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330). These new geek popsters crank out the fun garage pop. Thinks of the Hi Fives with glasses. Actually with tape on those glasses to boot. This is a comp of sorts of some of this group's singles and unreleased tracks. Sounds like a strong LP to me from this late group. The DIG DUG *Pop Trio Of The Week* CD on Act Your Age Records (3244 Locke Ln., Houston, TX 77019) is pretty damn good pop punk release. This reminds of Walker as well as the emo popcore thing of let's say J Church. This band is finally starting to grow on me with this debut full length. Some catchy stuff here. The CO-ED/POLLEN split CD on Cool Guy Records (PO Box 2361, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670) is more for fans of slicker stuff. But not that slick. CO-ED certainly has a Discount thing going on. What can I say, I have a weakness for good gal vocals. Six good tunes by each band. POLLEN carries on with their Descendents/All sound. These guys have it down pat and have no shame about it. Their fourth full length *Chip* on Fueled By Ramen (PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604) is more of the same. This band can crank it out with tight playing, catchy tunes, and spunk. If you lost track of these guys over the years this is a good place to get reacquainted.

The HUNTINGTONS/DARLINGTON split on Melted Records (21-41 34th Ave. Suite 10A, Astoria, NY 11106) is a good one. I've always liked the Huntingtons version of the Ramones. They're even starting to have their own distinctive sound here. Almost Groovie Ghoulies like at times. DARLINGTON (formerly Mess) has lots of tattoos and a more rock and roll thing a la the old Gears going on.

The LIBERTINE *See You In The Next Life* CD on Substandard Records (c/o New Red Archives) sounds like D Generation meets Social Distortion with Richard Butler singing. But somehow this works. The quasi glam thing is coming back but these guys have the tunes to go with the look. The best thing this band has put out. Are you as bored with the way over done Oi/street thing as I am? Well check out the HUDSON FALCONS *Desperation and Revolution* CD on GMM Records (PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333) for a wake up call. This is a great punk disc! Powerful, working class, proud, and smart. Dropkick Murphys watch out cause you got some real competition here. Very nice. The LOMBARDIES! *Throw Your Love Away* LP on Lawless Records (PO Box 689, Hingham, MA 02043) is good punk rock by some youngsters. Very US old school stuff that spares us the skinnie ties and wrap-around glasses. Think early Queers too with that raw edge. A strong debut LP.

Rebound Records (17019 Evergreen Elm Way, Houston, TX 77059) has put out the vinyl version of the GODS REFLEX *A Brief Lesson In Affection* LP. Emo pop stuff in the Promise Ring and Jimmy Eat World vein. This certainly sounds better to me second time around. Maybe it's the vinyl karma. A good record here. Also in the Promise Ring vein is, uh well, the PROMISE RING's *Very Emergency* LP on Jade Tree (2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilmington, DE 19810). Pretty damn pop for a band with a large emo following. A good record although not quite as good as the last one. The REGGIE AND FULL EFFECT *Greatest Hits 84-87* CD on Second Nature (PO Box 11543, Kansas City, MO 64138) features members of Get Up Kids and Coalesce. A fun side project that does pop and new wave with a touch of techno. Huh? It just sounds cool to me cause of the keyboards. Not to be taken too seriously I though. If the Flock Of Seagulls went emo pop…In more of an indie rock emo vein is the KILLINGTONS *American Made* CD EP on Vegas Records (PO Box 2175, Newport Beach, CA 92659). This is somewhere in between Guided By Voices and Samiam if that makes any sense. In other words, good vocals with good bass and guitar riffs. I'd like to hear

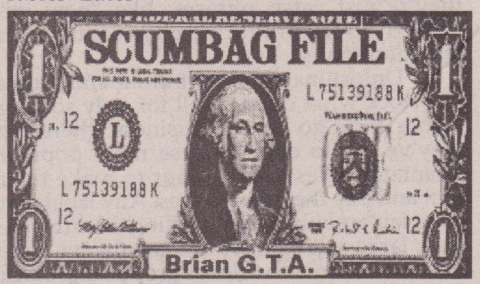
more from these guys. Popkid Records (16 Raleigh Ln, Wayne, NJ 07470) has put the second LP *Sunday's Worst Enemy* by STARMARKET out domestically. A strong 1999 release from this Swedish combo and their Dinosaur meets Samiam sound. GROUNDSWELL UK has a good CD EP *Corrode* on Gig Records (520 Butler Avenue, Point Pleasant, NJ 08742). Lead by the former singer of Ned's Atomic Dustbin, this band has that UK punky pop thing of Wonderstuff and Mega City Four going on.

On the old bands front, and I'm not talking Jawbreaker either god dammit, the NO ALTERNATIVE *Johnny Got His Gun '78-'82* CD on Wingnut Records (PMB 59, 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709) is a must have. One of the best bands back in the day. These guys came right after the first wave of Dils and Avengers. Very punk too. Finally a full length by this great band. Singles tracks, live tracks, and then some. Simply awesome! Another release finally seeing the light of day is the BUREAUCRATS *ROI* CD (no label name, 607 Tweedsmuir Ave., Ottawa, ON K1Z 5P4, CANADA). This is pretty damn great too with more of a new wave touch. Vintage classic punk from this 1979ish band from Canada. They've made it onto a few collector geek comps but this has it all. A vinyl version of this could be a very big hit. This CD rules anyways. Another old band, The ZEROS have a new release "Right Now! On Bomp Records . This is recently recorded stuff from this punk meets power pop band of vets. Twenty three years later and still doing it. Although there's been a lot of down time. Remember "Wimp" and "They Say That"? Their comp of old stuff on Bomp is a must and this doesn't embarrass the legacy either.

Next we have three good releases from Heartcore Records (Columbia University Station, PO Box 250636, New York, NY 10025). The LITTLE DEATHS "Destination Sexy" CD is good poppy punky gothy stuff with a trace of TSOL "Dance With Me" and rocking Kill Rock Stars stuff like Mocket. A strong debut full length from this local combo. The FIGHTER D *This Is About You* CD EP is emo indie stuff with gal vocals. This almost sounds like the poppy Sonic Youth stuff of late as well as the Blake Babies. A lot more confident sounding than their split 45. Also on Heartcore is the SARAH DOUGHER/KAIA split 45. An acoustic split with Kaia putting out a nice breath-ee Everything But The Girl type number. Recent local transplants MATES OF STATE have a new 45 *It's The Law* on Omnibus Records (PO Box 4522, Davis, CA 95617). This keyboard/drummer duo has created a little buzz around here. Two more good pop songs with great harmonies from this up and coming band. The BUSY SIGNALS *Too Much Togetherness* 45 on Sugar Free Records (PO Box 14166, Chicago, IL 60614) are good lo-fi techno stuff with wimpy vocals a la Sarah stuff. Fans of twee will like this especially if you dig that Casio sound.

Ending with some odds and ends. The SECESSION MOVEMENT *Count To Four* EP on Direct Hit Records (470 Wildbriar, Garland, TX 75043) is decent emo arty pop. Sometimes spastic like the Minutemen and sometimes more dreamy sounding. Not a bad three songer. The SKOOKUMCHUCK *Ages 3 And Up* CD on Mow Down Music (PO Box 95906, Seattle, WA 98145) is great fuzzpop and punky indie stuff. Almost sounds like the Shop Assistants, Grumpies, and Slampt stuff all mixed up. A fun amateur romp for sure. Speaking of Slampt like stuff, we have the GOLDEN STARLET *Token Gadgy* LP on Paroxysm (PO Box 58133, Washington, DC 20037). This is a great riot girl release. Punky, passionate, and everything in between. A comp from this pre-International Strike Force combo. This is much better than the latter. A pretty essential release for fans of UK indie. I'm surprised the Wedding Present haven't covered one of these songs. The HISSYFITS have a great second single *Wish You Were Here* out on Sounds Of Subterrania (band address, 324 E. 19th St., Box 4-B, New York, NY). Becoming one of the best gal bands in a hurry. Poppy, punky, and fun stuff. Almost post punky at times, this a very strong EP. Lastly, the APE MEN *Lucky In Love* EP is good pop on Detour Records (PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU, UK). Sometimes this once awesome label puts out some shaky stuff but this is a great early Who/Kinks type release. The good kind of mod retro.

Well that'll do it. Keep sending me those pop releases as it makes doing this column much easier. Later.



Hi, come on in, the Scumbag File is just getting started. Pull up a chair, sit down, and shut the hell up. Yeah I am talking to you Mr. and Mrs. "wow it must be really cool to work in the music industry!" (The words "music industry" drooled with an excited glow in their eyes). Oh but that doesn't include you oh great kings and queens of anti-music establishment punkers, does it? Yeah right, you can sit down and shut the fuck up like the rest of em, I've smelt the farts you left behind and they stink just the same. Liars, backstabbers, insecure egomaniacs, swindlers, con men, creeps and pedophiles (that's right, people who fuck children) all seem to inhabit the music industry in such nauseating overabundance (and that includes the so called DIY sector as well). In the course of running the label I've had to butt heads with all of the above charmers (cough) dozens upon dozens of times and let me tell you that at best it's a bore and at worst makes you want to reach for a blunt object.

Nope sorry but probably none of these people were working for the majors, this is the so called punk independent music scene I am flapping my gums about. Sure us labels, distros, and bands do like to strut around in our punker-than-thou posturing but how many of us are really just here to fuck over a few rookies on the way to the big leagues? (or maybe some of us couldn't get in so we're stuck here until another opportunity arrives to leave dodge?) still others stick around because its one of the few places left where some people will swallow their lame excuses for such unacceptable behavior. (Hey, I'm not a lazy fucked up drugged out con man who steals from and screws over his friends, I'm a rebel fighting against the system and if you don't support me then you must be one of their capitalist pawns.) So many labels, distros, etc. think that a large segment of the readers out there are so righteous and wonderful and true to the "scene", go out of their way on a daily basis to fuck over anyone who has ever trusted them and make the majors look like angels. (Not an easy thing to do!) Upon hearing that epic records had just signed a contract with and was getting ready to release an album by the Dick Thrust Band, do you honestly think that in a jealous fit the head of Atlantic Records would keep calling the head of Epic claiming that "Dick Thrust says he does not know who you are but if you keep trying to put out his record then you're going to have big trouble with Dick!" ?

No, not hardly because even they have more common sense than that and have a better idea of where their limits of behavior lie when it comes to something that beyond idiotic, no matter how dirty the majors might get. Yet that is exactly what some other so called "cool" small punk indies have tried to pull on me in the past. I'm not trying to praise the majors here (ppaaahhlease!!) though what it is I'm saying is that we've got some of the worst music industry scuzzbuckets in our very midst and they're incredibly lame assed as well.

Every month MRR accepts dozens of adverts, many unknowingly from utter sleazebag sacks of complete subhuman waste. (Hey, I didn't say that I wasn't one of them - ha har har) As policy MRR will reject adverts from labels they feel are too closely affiliated with any majors though sometimes it can be a tricky line to walk and not every label is going to be one hundred percent up front about with whom they're doing "lunch". Unless a large cross section of the supposedly reliable complainant sources involved all stand up and publicly verify that Joe Pinhead of Wanker Records doesn't inform his bands when there is a second pressing, and drowns puppies in sacks just for kicks, how does anyone know whether or not if the semi rampant rumours are true? Once everyone did know all about Joe Pinhead's wholesale creepiness though, they probably would not care anyhow and if some did care, most of them would only enough to mumble out a few hackneyed slogans like, "support DIY, not Joe" and few if any would try to create a lasting alternative (or maybe attempt to force Joe Pinhead to change his ways or leave) Worse still are all the "no one is as cool and DIY as me" hypocrites who won't even make a halfassed attempt at wiping their own asses yet want to tell the world how to clean up its act.

I remember this one guy who would go

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on about how Fat Wreck Chords were nothing but a bunch of asshole business phonies. HE came on really strong like he was my pal and wanted to do business with me, then when it was inconvenient (read: was avoiding the world) for him to brush me off like I was a piece of shit and have a lame attitude about it.; then later he would again be my pal when it was convienent. It wasn't just me either as other people in other far off places told me of similar experiences with him; your best pal one minute and the next minute you don't exist. It's referred to in Hollywood as "let's do lunch" (much of the time the person saying it has really no interest in having any sort of meal with you.)

Yet these so called "phonies" at Fat would always be very nice and down to earth when I would talk to them, and if I could not get hold of the person I wanted to speak with, then they would promptly return my call in a very honest and friendly how can I help you tone. I'm not trying to kiss up to Fat here by any means 'cus I pretty much cannot get into (ok I can't fucking stand) most of the music they've put out, but, and this is a big but, they are nice, helpful, and to the best of my knowledge (and everyone else's I know) run a very honest clean operation. The point is that I guess that because Fat had more money and more power to get things done then this other guy , it instantly made them complete assholes and excused the rather poor behavior on the other guy's part, thus allowing him to throw stones at Fat.

Boo ho, don't shit your pants and then point at the dog who is quietly minding his own business. In fact all of these words that are being thrown around like "independent", "DIY", "punk", etc. appear pretty pointless when used by those that wreak just as bad (or worse) as the people they're supposedly trying to decry and be an alternative to. Finger pointing is a popular "DIY" pastime and a great way to avoid taking responsibility for your own actions (and you thought "DIY" meant taking charge). For example: the real reason behind you not getting paid the money I owed you and had promised to pay a long time ago is not because I spent it on my own business, took a vacation with it, purchased property, or snorted it up my nose; no, um the er ah um logical explanation is um er ah well you're a dick, fuck you. This is the reaction I've gotten (and plenty of others I know) numerous times from people without a reasonable excuse for what really happened to the money they owed. The fact that when someone snorts a sand bucket of coke each day has nothing to do with why they can't pay you, it's cus you're an asshole!?! Someone pressing up five new releases and flying to Europe for vacation has absolutely not a thing to do with why they can't pay you, it's cus you're an evil capitalist oppressor?!? Maybe the excuse we should be hearing more often is; "the reason I kicked your face in is not because you took the money you owed me and spent it on your own selfish pursuits, its cus you're an asswipe!" Oh but wait a minute kiddies, that would be wrong because everyone knows being punk rock DIY indie (blah blah bullshit) isn't about making waves and demanding mutual respect from the people you deal with; it's all about kissing ass and hoping for the best (which often the opposite happens).

Mike from Beer City Records once put forth the idea of starting a record label union where labels could look out for one another and make sure everyone got paid because he was tired of seeing money owed to him get put into other people's pet projects and drug habits. One thing I know for sure and that some people would probably love to see Beer City disappear off the face of the earth for ever suggesting that labels could and should demand what was rightly theirs. Mike Beer City is currently trying his hand at distribution himself and I wish him the best of luck because there are already alot of hardworking distros out there trying to do their best by the labels and not getting the support they deserve and need in order to continue, from potential customers. One reason they are not doing as well as others is because they are actually trying to push the real true underground titles and not the latest flavor of the month buzz clip "indie" version of what the majors are doing. You should always remember that words like "punk" and "underground" aren't really being used to describe an actual tangible art form or attitude. If you want to survive in the music biz, they're just catch phrases, like "new improved" to sell product to people with short attention spans.

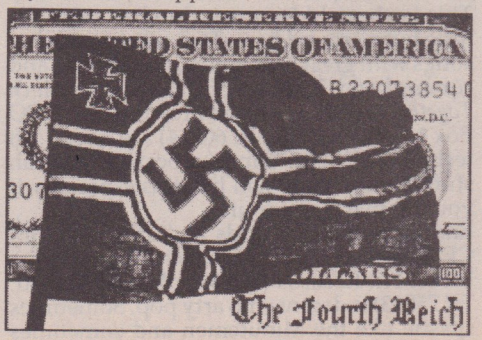
Unfortunately distributors and stores can stock what doesn't sell for only so long before they go out of business, therefore they've got to deal in these more popular orientated titles if they want to make their rent and pay their employees. Any label that has a fair amount of large selling titles (by the way, large selling titles are not always lame flavor of the month titles as groups like Black Flag, Husker Du, Misfits, Minor Threat, and many others have proven.) such as Epitaph, Fat, Nitro, Lookout, Dischord, etc. are what's referred to as "Bread and Butter" labels because distros and stores now that by not stocking these labels their chances of survival are greatly lessened. What is happening right now though is that many indie distributors and stores are becoming less and less willing to stock smaller or more obscure labels / titles because they're no longer willing to take a risk on stock that won't sell or they're only interested in making alot of money in a short period of time. For these people, they will only deal with a few of the larger "Bread and Butter" punk labels and the rest of their sales will come from more popular forms of independent music like metal, dance / electronic, and Hip Hop plus whatever the current trends are, be they techno-skiffle or death-polka.

Couple this ever growing tendency to shy away from smaller labels with one of the largest explosions of new start up labels since who knows when, and alot of labels are finding themselves slowly pushed out of the wholesale distribution and retail store loop. Now add this to the fact that so called underground music fans keep getting more and more popular trend orientated in their tastes and are starting to more often resemble the commercial music followers for which they supposedly have some sort of disdain, and the truly real stalwarts of underground music are losing ground fast. If you still don't believe me then let's take a look at the top selling non commercialized sounding hardcore and punk groups of the early eighties; Misfits, Black Flag, Bad Brains, Dead Kennedys, Discharge, Blitz, TSOL, Conflict, Minutemen, Abrasive Wheels, 4 Skins, GBH, Exploited, Suicidal Tendencies, Business. Subhumanz, DOA, Adolescents, Channel 3, Minor Threat, Faith, Negative Approach, Social Distortion, and about a zillion others; and compare their early sales against those of similar styled new groups of the nineties such as; Los Crudos, Casualties, Aus Rotton, and maybe a very scattered few more.

There is just no way you can dig up anywhere near the amount of similar harder styled groups selling in the ten thousand plus range; absolutely no fuckin way! I"m not saying that all of those above mentioned early eighties groups were made up of such wonderful people but they were offering so much more of a harsh alternative to what was going on in the mainstream than the bulk of today's larger selling so called punk and hardcore than the bulk of today's larger selling so called punk and hardcore groups. Sure there were your less serious message wider appealing bands like the Dickies, Adicts, etc. But they were more of an exception to the punk norm than the onslaught of bands who wish to be nothing more than watered down versions of either NoFX, Screeching Weasel, Queers, Operation Ivy, Nashville Pussy, or whomever happens to be moving mega units at the moment. With more distributors and stores giving more of their undivided attention towards such glossy mass marketable "punk" and the mass explosion of new labels, more labels desperate for distribution will more and more be driven into the awaiting hands of disreputable business sharks and bumbling coke addled buffoons who will be more than happy to take full advantage of those labels said feelings of desperation and get them to accept anything (even if it means a slow painful death!) Stick around for more uplifting news on the state of the punk underground next time, but for now in the ever so polite words and tone of my ex New York friend, "OK. I gotta go!"

Brian GTA 501 W. Glenoaks Blvd Ste. 313 Glendale, CA 91202 USA

PS. I like romantic moonlit strolls on the beach and exchanging letters of commitment with my German Sheppard.



D: Hello, my name's Dave Emory, and it is my

pleasure and privilege to present this evening Mike Rupert, a former LAPD narcotics detective, whose been instrumental in helping to expose some of the intelligence community's involvement in drug trafficking. And Ray Kohlman, attorney at law, law partner of William Pepper, James Earl Ray's attorney, and the council for Bill Tyree in a vitally important lawsuit. Gentlemen, welcome to our airwaves.

MR: Thanks, good to be here. (In studio)

RK: Thank you very much. (By phone)

D: Let me begin this program with a disclaimer. I want to make it clear that this is in no way to cast aspersions on the lawsuit, on the information contained in it, or on any of the people in any way involved with it. But, neither myself, nor any of the stations that I work or that carry this broadcast have any info incriminating any of the people involved in this suit in any criminal activities. Nor, as far as I know, have any of them been convicted of any crime. I will also be referring to the various points of information made as allegations, and again, that is simply pro-former from a legal standpoint. That is I no way to cast aspersions on any of the people or any of the information involved in this suit. OK?

RK: All right.

MR: I'm with you.

D: Ray Kohlman, you are currently representing Bill Tyree, a former green Beret soldier who has been involved in a number of activities. Perhaps it's best that we begin this discussion with a review of some points of info that we've covered in previous broadcasts with Mike Ruppert; Operation Watchtower and Operation Orwell.

RK: Yes, Bill Tyree states that he was involved from '75 to '76 with Operation Watchtower, ordered to participate. After a brief hiatus in '77, he went back into the army, and from late '77 through '78 he participated in Operation Orwell. Orwell was a domestic operation, specifically in New England. Operation Watchtower was of course based in Panama, and the activities took place along the line between South America and Central America.

D: And that involved the placing of electronic beacons in order to guide some rather interesting traffic, allegedly into the US?

RK: Air traffic, approximately around one hundred and a half cargo aircraft into Panama originally.

D: And those aircraft were carrying?

RK: Mr. Tyree states that they were carrying drugs and that he had seen them offloaded, huge pallets (if anyone's ever been in the military) filled with drugs and stored in warehouses on US military bases in Panama.

D: And these days allegedly ultimately found their way into the US, correct?

RK: Yes. He has obtained information from people subsequently, chronologically, and also with the individual operations that those drugs were further transported into the US.

D: And Operation Orwell was an operation allegedly directed at people In the US in connection with this traffic.

RK: Well, with the traffic in that the powers that created this Operation Watchtower wanted to keep it suppressed from the US public. Orwell targeted specific community leaders; political, religious, judiciary, etc., to see if any information came up on Watchtower.

D: This was basically an interdiction operation then? Or one allegedly attempted at preventing the interdiction of that traffic?

RK: If not possible, then they at least would know who was talking about it, and in what context.

D: Mike Ruppert, in a previous discussion we touched on a document that discusses some of the particulars of Watchtower and Orwell. That was the Cutolo affidavit. I wonder if you'd review that briefly for us?

MR: On its face, the Cutolo Affidavit was written and signed by Colonel Edward Cutolo, who had been the commanding officer of ten special forces groups airborne at the time of the murder of Bill Tyree's wife Elaine, near Fort Deven. He had also been active with the US Armed Forces 7th Group in Panama at the time that some of the Watchtower missions took place, and in fact he commanded some of the missions Bill Tyree was on. The document itself is exceptionally detailed in its description of both the Watchtower missions and its participants. That would include the names of Ted Shackley, Tom Clines, Ed Wilson, Manuel Noriega, and his early Massad agent named Mike Herarie. It describes a number of murders in connection with those missions. Then it goes into great detail about Orwell operations at Fort Devens and the murder of Elaine Tyree, and how Bill Tyree was framed for the murder of his own wife. What's interesting about the document, it remains (and I've been looking at documents for 20 to 21 years now) the most genuine living document that I have ever seen in that every six weeks a new bit of information surfaces which corroborates information in the Cutolo Affidavit. One thing that I noticed however, and it was noted by another investigator, was that ED Cutolo could not have written the document as it stands. The reason why I say that is because he refers in several places in the document to the Panamanian Defense Forces and they were not so named until several years after Ed Cutolo himself died mysteriously in England. That doesn't change the truth of the document in that it's been corroborated from a growing number of sources in support documents over the years. It's a fascinating piece of work and it's very accurate.

D: Before we get back to some of the particulars concerning the Cutolo Affidavit and some of the things connected with that. Ray Kohlman, in this lawsuit by Bill Tyree some very prominent defendants are named. I wonder if you would run down the list of defendants for us before we get back to some of the particulars?

RK: Well the CIA, El Scott Hoshbauger (the present attorney general of the commonwealth of Massachusetts who is running for governor), Paul Celucci (who is the current governor), George Bush (former US President), Dulles Chiptatum, and recently we have added Oliver North and William Jefferson Clinton (the sitting US President).

D: A formidable array of individuals and institutions, certainly. Now, Mike Ruppert, back to the Quotola Affidavit for a second. One of the main lines of discussions in that concerns a series of personalities and institutions who wind through the tangled web around Monsieur's Edward Wilson and Frank Turple, an evidentiary tributary that runs right up through Iran-Contra. I wonder if you'd touch upon their activities and how it relates to that affidavit?

MR: Well I think that the best way to do that is to take another step back to before the era of the mid-seventies when Watchtower took place. To go back to Southeast Asia, wherein you find Ted Shackley and Tom Klines (Tom Klines as deputy to Ted Shackley as CIA Station Chief in Laos), later when Shackley was station chief in Saigon, and then when Shackley ran the Far-East group of the CIA. Ed Wilson came up in that milieu along with people like Richard Seacourt and Oliver North who was working on Latin American projects in the mid to late seventies. Wilson and Turple got involved (or in trouble) for supposedly selling illegal weapons in the Middle East to Kadafi and other similar groups. Wilson is serving a life sentence. But the basic group of CIA people, and you have to bear in mind that George Bush was director of central intelligence and was the boss of the agency in 1976 for the whole year up until January of '77 when Stan Turner came in, when Watchtower missions took place. So this crew, and Michael Herarrie turns up heavily throughout Iran-Contra, as does Manuel Noriega who we know that George Bush removed as President of Panama in 1989 as we switched our allegiance from the Medellin Cartel to the Cali Cartel, Noriega had been a Medellin guy all they way. It's is the usual suspects, that's what it is.

D: Now Bill Tyree had been allegedly involved in Operations Watchtower and Orwell. He allegedly grew disenchanted. His wife Elaine, also in the military, was apparently acting as an informant for the army's criminal investigations division, and was actively keeping a diary. She was then murdered, and Ray, this brings us directly to some of the circumstances surrounding the lawsuit.

RK: Yes, that pretty much sums it up. Bill decided to get out and went to his commanding officer, Colonel Quotelo and said that he basically wanted to get out of Special Forces Groups. That was done. He was transferred to the 441st Military Intelligence Detachment, which didn't take them too far out of the line of fire. His wife had been recruited as an army confidential informant. We don't know the exact date. We do have a form that was signed by a criminal investigative detachment agent by the name of Brazinsky who authenticates the signature, but says he doesn't remember recruiting her. Both Mrs. Tyree and Brazinsky served in Alabama. She kept diaries on activities surrounding various bases she served at, like Fort Lee, and most particularly Fort Deven. Those activities involved illegal conduct of the military, or in conjunction with the military. Almost everybody in town knew about it. Various and sundry threats were received by the Tyrees, and she was found murdered January 30th, 1979 at noon-

time.
D: Now a number of present and former Massachusetts officials figure in this lawsuit in one way or another, some as defendants. Ray, if you could briefly detail the particularly torturous legal path that Bill Tyree has followed since the time of his wife's murder?
RK: Well there were various and sundry direct appeals based upon the commonwealth not telling Billy or his attorney. There was no warrant issued for the search once the body was found, which is almost an automatic kind of thing, you find a body, you automatically have grounds for a warrant.
D: So that in itself is extraordinary?
RK: Right. During the probable cause hearing, several state troopers who were going to testify found out that the district courthouse was wired. There was a twenty-foot tower outside. Now Fort Deven (for those of you who aren't familiar) is approximately two to three miles away from the courthouse. It took the District Attorney (in charge of any investigations in the county) about two or three weeks to get a warrant issued in order to dismantle the radio tower. All the rooms in the courthouse were bugged including the judge's chambers and conference rooms for the defendant. That was basically ignored. It was brought forth in a suit, which has not gone anywhere in the twenty years since. The tapes that resulted from the wiretap were destroyed by one of the assistant district attorneys. He said he did it with authorization (he can't remember who gave it to him or under which circumstances). Nothing has been done about that. In 1985, after Billy found out about the no-warrant search and such, he instituted a civil action against the chief of police and the state troopers who were doing the investigation. He won those and received an award against both parties. The state trooper went to the supreme judicial court, but Billy. He has written various and sundry demand letters to the Attorney General Hoshbogger and to the present district attorney of Middlesex county, Tom Reilly. These demands have basically been ignored. In June we went to the Middlesex Superior Court, requesting that court to order the return of the property or records, to investigate what happened to all this property. That motion was denied. The District Attorney got up and said that they couldn't find any records. Because of the ignoring of the various demand letters, they would not even sit down and say, "Hey look guys, what do you want? What can we do? This is what we've got, this is what we don't have." Mr. Tyree felt that it was necessary to institute a criminal complaint. The criminal complaint was originally heard in March in Renthum, near Wallpole where Mr. Tyree is incarcerated. That court said, "We don't have jurisdiction, you have to go back to where the crime occurred." We were there today (October 1998), and we were heard by a magistrate to determine if there was sufficient evidence to have a hearing for a criminal complaint. That's where we are up until now. September 4th we filed this federal lawsuit to get the action out of the parochial state judiciary. At this particular point in time, we're just filing various and sundry motions; we've already started discovery. That's basically where we are now.
D: Now are the maneuverings inside the Massachusetts legal system and some of the allegedly extraordinary treatment that Bill Tyree has received at the hands of that system the basis for including Monsieur's Hoshbauger and Celucci in that suit?
RK: Yes. The allegations are that Hoshbauger knew, or certainly should have known about the corrupt police force in Ayer since he had investigated them at the request of the Ayer selectmen.
D: That town is Ayer, for those unfamiliar with Massachusetts.
RK: Right. Mr. Celucci was a law partner of Mr. McKitrick, who was the defending attorney for the defendant, Eric Aarhus. So he, not having any conflict in representing the state at the time, would have been privy to what was going on. And certainly when any paper with Billy'' name came across his desk, as Lieutenant Governor (or as Governor), he should have known what a queer deal it was. Especially since his law partner (when I talked to him last year) was still very upset about the outcome for his client and Billy.
D: With regard to the actual conviction of Bill Tyree. Now he has had more than one trial, correct?
RK: No. He had a probable cause hearing, which is a determination of whether there is sufficient evidence against a person to go to trial.
D: That's the point I had a question upon.
RK: Right. That was held in front of Judge James Killim. Judge Killim, after fourteen days and fifty witnesses, determined that there was no probable cause to hold Billy for the murder of his wife. Judge Killim, in all fairness did say that Billy had screwed up in that once he figured out what had happened, he should have gone to the police or law enforcement officials. He didn't, so he sort of was a bad boy in that kind of context, but that he neither planned nor participated in the homicide of his wife.
D: Judge Killim has actually stated for an A&E documentary that he believes Tyree to be innocent of that murder.
RK: Yes. He did that as A&E Broadcast was done by an independent producer, and he stated that during the filming.
D: Mike Rupert, there is a fascinating character who has figured prominently in your "From the Wilderness" newsletter, a fellow named Albert Vincent Carone. He has spoken of Bill Tyree, but by the name "Sandy." I wonder if you could detail or briefly review for us how "Sandy" and Albert Vincent Carone came to be connected in an evidentiary sense to the Tyree suit?
MR: Well they actually connected for a great many years, it just took a long time for several key people to discover it, namely Bill Tyree himself, Ray Kohlman, and Dee Ferdinand (who was the daughter of Al Carone. Briefly, Al Carone is a former New York Police Department detective who retired in '66. He had a lifelong history of close relationships with some of the highest ranking organized crime figures in the country, specifically Santos Tropicante, and a great many others. His phone book is chock full of mafia figures from New York, but also we find in his phone book the number and home address of William Casey (Ronald Reagun's Director of Central Intelligence), and he knew the whole board of directors of the Nugenhand (sp?) Bank, which you have covered extensively on your earlier shows Dave. Carone was basically the chief bagman and paymaster for most of the heaviest and dirtiest covert CIA operations over a period of approximately 25 years. He turns up in Iran-Contra heavily, knew Oliver North, etc. What was unknown to everyone was that Carone had actually participated in the Watchtower missions. According to his daughter Dee and the investigations I've done, he has described various operations and places without necessarily referring to them by their code names. Over the years, Al Carone had many times (and on many occasions) referred to a guy named "Sandy" who had gotten screwed by the government. That fact weighed heavily on Al Carone because apparently he had something to do with that. There was a set of diaries, which had been in the possession of Carone, which had been seen and touched by the family shortly after the murder. Again, the name Tyree was never mentioned. Carone had taken these diaries in '79 and given back to the CIA, which was (alleged in the suit) where the orders to carry out the murders originated. It wasn't until roughly two years ago that the pieces began to fall into place, that "Sandy" was in fact Bill Tyree. Now Dee Ferdinand (her married name) had the maiden name of Carone and I believe it was '96 or '97 when another Investigator Bill McCoy (now deceased) mentioned the name "Dee Carone Ferdinand" to Tyree. That (to my understanding) set off bells and whistles everywhere and everyone began asking "Who? What? Wait a minute." It was within a year thereafter that everybody realized that the Carone family in New Mexico, with whom I'd had long and detailed contact (I'd also had some contact with Bill Tyree) were actually very closely connected.
D: It appears to me that from an evidentiary standpoint, Albert Carone appears to be the glue that fastens together the many different elements that figure in this lawsuit.
MR: Absolutely correct. He took a liking to Billy. Billy at the time, and we joke about it, but at the time he had light brown hair. His hair is lighter now. And Carone participated in a somewhat passive situation with some of the operations that Billy was in, both Watchtower and other smaller operations that the military (under the direction of the CIA) implemented in order to use Special Forces units. So he knew Billy very intimately.
D: This is a line of discussion that we will be continuing because we have less than 3 minutes left for this interview. There are a lot of disparate elements in this lawsuit. Not just George Bush who was the Director of the CIA when Watchtower and Orwell were allegedly going on, but the Central Intelligence Agency which allegedly presided over these operations. Then we have people like Oliver North and Bill Clinton. Watchtower and Orwell were pretty much done deals, as was the conviction of Bill Tyree, when Oliver North and Bill

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Clinton emerged in the national (or in Clinton's case Arkansas) stages. How from a legal sense do these various elements connect, Ray? How does one go to approach this as a litigant?

RK: Well we don't know how far back Bush goes. We do know that he was Director of Central Intelligence, but we really don't know his activities prior to that as far as the CIA or these types of activities are concerned. As far as Ollie North is concerned, his actions are consistent with a continuing cover-up, which is resulting in the continuing incarceration of Billy Tyree. We do know that he came up through the military officer's ranks through the academy and so on, and he's been seen to go toward high motivation, high intelligence, high adrenaline flow activities. So he may have participated in other aspects of Watchtower. We're trying to get some handle on that at this particular point in time. Clinton, his part of this lawsuit is the continued illegal operation, specifically drug trafficking, gun running, and the cover-up. There have been various and sundry chances for him to respond to print material about Mina (sp?) and various other aspects of drug running, which he would have known about. He has refused to acknowledge those at this particular time. At that particular time, Mina was at its height. To do anything about it, my understanding is that he actually participated in suppressing any of that from getting out to the public. So that's why he is named as a defendant.

D: Well we're going to take up all of these subjects at greater length and at greater detail in the second half of our interview. We've been visiting with Ray Coleman, the attorney for Bill Tyree, and a law partner of William Pepper, author of "Orders to kill," and the attorney for the late James Earl Ray. And also Mike Ruppert, former LAPD narcotics detective, the editor of the "From the Wilderness" newsletter, and a long time and tireless crusader in order to expose the role of elements of the intelligence community in drug trafficking. For Ray Kohlman and Mike Ruppert, this is Dave Emory, saying thanks for listening.

-Transcriber's note- I searched for more info, specifically the name spellings and came up with the following:

http://www.copvcia.com/ is the online version of the "From the Wilderness Newsletter." http://www.radio4all.org/crackcia/tyree.html is more info on the specific case, I urge anyone interested to check it out.

Part two of this interview will come next month.

Sam Atakra

If I ever, ever in my life hear SON VOLT again, I'm gonna start swinging. Five weeks of alternative country and wimpy boy vocal emo/indie bands has pushed me even farther in the direction of Faster! Louder!

Being on tour with DISCOUNT was great, don't get me wrong. I love them and it was great getting to not only hang out with them, but also see them play every night. But the bands they played with and the music they listened to in the van (with TURBONEGRO being the main exception) caused me to hide beneath my headphones, buried in the wonderful mayhem that is the REATARDS, HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE, MOORAT FINGERS, and many more. The one time RADIO BIRDMAN found it's way in the stereo, it lasted four songs, dismissed as a being, "like the Doors." I didn't take their disparging comment too hard--they like Bob Seger. Yeech! Most of the shows, they played with crummy emo bands. There were a few exceptions. The SISSIES from Bloomington, IN played a few times with them. It was refreshing to hear rough pop-punk after being inundated with sensitive boys screaming and whining against music. I'm being harsh, but still...and a band whose name escapes me played two shows with them in Southern California. NIGHTMARE SYNDICATE? I think that was it. They were more hardcore, but in that San Diego rock kinda way. Rock 'n' Roll + Hardcore = good & loud.

What the fuck is up with every band in the world now using keyboards? Not a night went by that one of the bands playing didn't use one.

One band who stands out from the sea of bland, noisy guitars however, is STEVEN DREW POELING AND THE J.R.'s. They played with DISCOUNT in a dusty storage space in Lubbock, TX. Set against a very VELVET UNDERGROUND-inspired double slide backdrop, they made their way through an awe-inducing set of out of key, off-tune songs, which again brought to mind V.U. The singer, Steven D. Poeling was most of the charm of the band. His in-between song banter defies description. The closest I can think of, is comparing him to a 21 year-old Kerry Scott (former member of the GYNECOLOGISTS (Tommy Afterbirth) and owner of Plan 9 video in Bloomington, IN, one of the best video stores in the country!!!) Unfortunately, they didn't have any records or CDs available.

Oh yeah, there was a surf band in Tuscon whose name escapes me that was also pretty good. Thanks to Helena and Sam for dragging me onto campus to check them out. While in Tucson I also went by Toxic Ranch Records (run by, I think, the people who did Toxic Shock Records, the label who originally reissued the ZERO BOYS "Vicious Circle" LP in the mid-'80s). I picked up one of two remaining cassette copies of "Vicious Circle," looked around but didn't find too much else. Being short on cash kept me out of a lot of record stores. I don't trust myself; I have little will power when I walk into a record store. However, I did find a copy of the first LOVE LP in a thrift store for 50¢. The amazing thing is that, though a little beat, it's in pretty good shape.

When in Minneapolis, go to the Triple Rock Bar. It's owned by Eric of the almighty DILLINGER FOUR (who, by the way, are recording a new album titled, Dillinger Four Versus God). Great food, a good jukebox and lots & lots of beer.

Being away over a month, I haven't been able to keep current on new shit coming out. I'm late with my column, so this is gonna be brief. But some good shit has come out, and with summer coming up, you know there are going to be more records coming out soon, and lots of good bands going on tour. Which reminds me, have you gotten your tickets to the Las Vegas Shakedown (or the Las Vegas Grind #2?) yet? If you're planning on going, I recommend booking your room soon, even if you don't buy your tickets now. The line-up for the Grind (June 30th, July 1 & 2) makes me wish I could afford (both in money and time) to hit that as well. With the STANDELLS, INSOMNIACS, SWINGIN NECKBREAKERS, LIGHTNING BEATMAN, the REMAINS, LYRES, JACKIE+the CEDRICs and even more great bands slated to play, I'm gonna lose sleep over not being able to go. The only thing comforting me is knowing I'll be going to the Shakedown (August 11 - 13). The DICTATORS and the REAL KIDS are reason enough to go. It'll be a blast for sure. For more info, go to: http://www.vegasshakedown.net/

On to the records...

While away, the ZILLIONAIRES sent me their new LP on Unity Squad/Pelado (521 W. Wilson #C103/Costa Mesa, CA 92627). I got to meet Mike and Aaron while in Salt Lake City (the wierdest fucking city in America). It always makes a record so much better when it's not only great, but when you know the people in the band are nice as hell. Such is the case with the ZILLIONAIRES. Most of the songs are under two minutes, each a nice nugget of raw, loud punk. Mike wants to start a TEEN IDLES-like band (the old DC hardcore band). If I could play anything, I'd jump on board.

The SPLASH FOUR make their Lookout! Records debut with a single. They also have a new split 7" out with CRASH NORMAL filling out the flipside. That's on a new label outta France called Yakisakana. I don't have an address, but you can email them at: yakisakana.rec@wanadoo.fr. Act quick, it's limited to 700 copies.

The DIALTONES, it is rumored, have moved away from their straight up DEVIL DOGS sound and gotten a little more bite of their own. See for yourself on their new singles on Bad Afro and Radio Blast.

Morten Andersen's name may be vaguely familiar to you. He's the one responsible for many of the photos on a few TURBONEGRO LPs. Herr Andersen has a photo book that came out fairly recently, called Fast City. Just to warn you, there aren't any band photos per se. It's more arty, lots of really great photos of Oslo, Norway. It's a beautiful book and I can't say thanks enough to Lilia for bringing it back for me! Write Hit Me Records (Deichmansgt. 17/0178 Oslo, Norway) to see about getting a copy for yourself.

An aside...there need to be more photozines. Not fucking online photozines, but

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printed zines of photos. What do people do with all the pictures they take at shows? Someone needs to start a magazine that's punk photo-based. And don't tell me to do it myself. I would if I could. Time and money again prevent me from doing 90% of the things I wish I could do. Anyway...

I choked on my coffee when I saw X (the Australian band, NOT the Los Angeles band) has a new CD out!!! It's a live show, recorded in Sydney on July 8th, 1978. 24 songs, many of which have never appeared anywhere, ever. Liner notes, pictures, blah, blah, blah, get the fucking CD at ALL COSTS!!! And if you see the reissue of Aspirations that Amphetamine Reptile put out in '91, do us both a favor and get it! It's one of the all time greatest punk records, ever. Oh, the CD is called Live at the Stagedoor Tavern and is limited to 1,000. Don't sleep on this one.

Teenage Shutdown Volumes 12 - 15 are now out. Save your pennies, 'cause you know they'll all be killer and you'll be a better person for skipping out on lunch for a week and picking these up instead. You can stand to lose a little weight anyway.

You better watch your pants, 'cause the CHARGERS STREET GANG are likely to make you shit yourself. Their new 7" is called Funhousing and is on Donut Friends (PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44240). The recording is a little thin, but that doesn't hold them back. If they had a bigger sound...Holy Fuck!!! Still, they've got a whole lotta gritty Cleveland rock soaking the three songs on this single. Todd from What Else? Records (PO Box 1211/ Columbus, IN/474202) handed me a test pressing of the new (debut?) MEASELS 7" they're putting out. With an organ working its way in between the stark, stompin' drums and the dirty guitars, they whip out two good-time grinders (one of which is a GORIES cover). Sounds good to me boys! Press it up! And quickly, a run down of new comps and reissues that've come out: Killed By Death #1234, PEKINSKA PATKA Demos 7" and you should know about them by now, but Rave Up Records in Italy has been releasing great reissue LPs, with: the DOGS (Iowa), the TESTORS, the REACTORS, and the FEATURES/FINGERS already under their belt. These records are going quick, so be sure to snag a copy if you see it.

Someone has reissued/bootlegged the first few RAMONES LPs. Why? They're not that hard to find at all. This is really getting out of hand.

LAST GASPS

To stay on top of stuff, let me recommend two email-newsletters. Collector/rare punk detective Behjan Mirhadi just started a great newsflyer called BULLSHIZO. It's focus is super rare and obscure KBD-type bands and records. To get it sent to you (via email only, sorry), send Behjan a message at: behjanm@netzblick.de. And I've mentioned this one before, but it's definitely worth mentioning again...the ORGIE NEWSLETTER is packed FULL of information (and is where I often first learn about stuff which later gets included in this column). Send Jeroen a little message telling him you'd like to subscribe. Both of these are totally fucking free, so you have no reason to not at least check them out...unless you don't have email.

Jurgen from Bitzcore Records in Germany is selling a bunch of his personal records. There are tons of great records for sale, but act quick. By the time you read this, the list will be about a month old. Check it out at: www.bitzcore.de. They also have MP3's of many of their bands (including COCK SPARRER and TURBONEGRO).

READ THIS--->I fucked up last month when I wrote that Simon from Raw Power Records in New Zealand put out the Still Hate Your Neighbors 7" comp. He had nothing at all to do with it. Simon had it in his distro, but he wanted it to be made clear that ALL his releases are legit. That record was a bootleg. Sorry Simon. By the way, Simon mentioned that he still has a few copies of the SCAVENGERS 7" left (limited to 200 measely copies!!!). Send him $6. Simon Kay/PO Box 7127/Wllesley St/Auckland, New Zealand. He also has a mag coming out called Mysterex that's slated to have articles/interviews with all the New Zealand greats: PROUD SCUM, the HENCHMEN, the SCAVENGERS...and more. Now, would someone please reissue the AK-79 comp? Or, if you have a copy you'd like to sell, please write me.

Can any of you on the West Coast help me book a 2 - 3 week tour for two Swedish bands? The UPSKIRTS and WELFARE are coming out in July (9th - 31st). If you do shows, or can help in anyway, please get in touch! Thanks!

I'll end this month's column with an R.I.P. to SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS. A wild man way, way ahead of his time.

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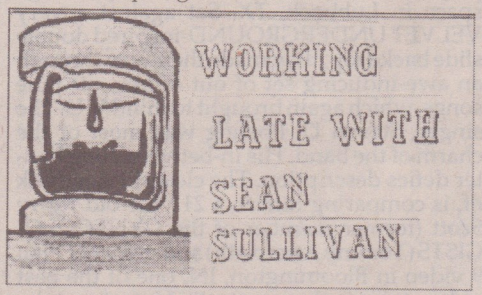


Some quick notes on going to see Cocksparrer play on this, their first ever US tour, or yes, Virginia, punk rock dreams do come true:

1. Contrary to what you may think about a bunch of guys in the forty plus age bracket getting up on stage and wagging their asses, Cocksparrer were unbelievably good. If my faith in the redemptive powers of good old fashioned sing along punk rock had ever waned in these years of anti melodic hardcore, it was rebuilt that night.

2. I frequent my fair share of modern hardcore shows (and will be going to more if Tom Hopkins manifesto is followed through [see Tom's column in this issue]), and whole heartedly agree that the number of minorities present at said HC shows is laughable. It is with this in mind that I recommend that all self righteous hardcore kids start paying more attention to the skinhead scene; both to keep an eye on those troublesome reactionary politics, and also to learn a lesson or two in race mixing. Cocksparrer was far and away the most racially diverse show I have attended since Los Crudos broke up.

3. For all the often justified sniggering that goes on about the meat head mentality of the bootboy scene, there was no trouble to speak of at the Cocksparrer show. Save one group of tiny (meaning quantity and actual physical size of - I'm talking five foot five at most) skinhead girls who descended like piranha on anyone who they deemed offensive. The worst thing to happen to me all night was I got beer spilled on my shoes and one of the tiny skinhead girls punched in the back of the head (she must have had to jump in the air to do so, she was so small) after I helped pull her off some unsuspecting victim.

4. Sparrer ended their set with "We're Coming Back" off their seminal Shock Troops record, cheesy as this sounds, let's all hope they do.

Stuff You Should Pay Attention To:

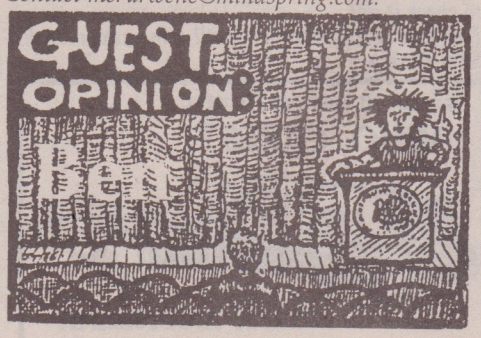
1. I can be reached at Sean Sullivan / PO Box 170394 / San Francisco, CA 94117 Seansul@mindspring.com

2. I'm working on a project about modern lefty sectarian groups (RCP, ISO, SWP etc etc) if you've ever been associated with these groups I'd love to hear from you.

3. Maximum's finances are out. Once again we prove that you can dictate the scene and still not make any money. Go figure.

Apologies to Ivo, who penned the Bulgaria scene history report for issue 202, and to the Real Enemy from Minnesota. We ran photos sent for the Real Enemy interview in the Bulgaria scene report. Felix informed us that in Minneapolis, they've been joking about how big the Real Enemy is in the Eastern Bloc. Ha. Fuck the email.

Contact me: arwenc@mindspring.com.



I felt like a jaded old scenester. I was standing in the back of the club, talking to my friend about what it was like when I came into

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the scene. "It was much better back then," I told him. This was distressing. I never wanted to become like this, especially not at eighteen.

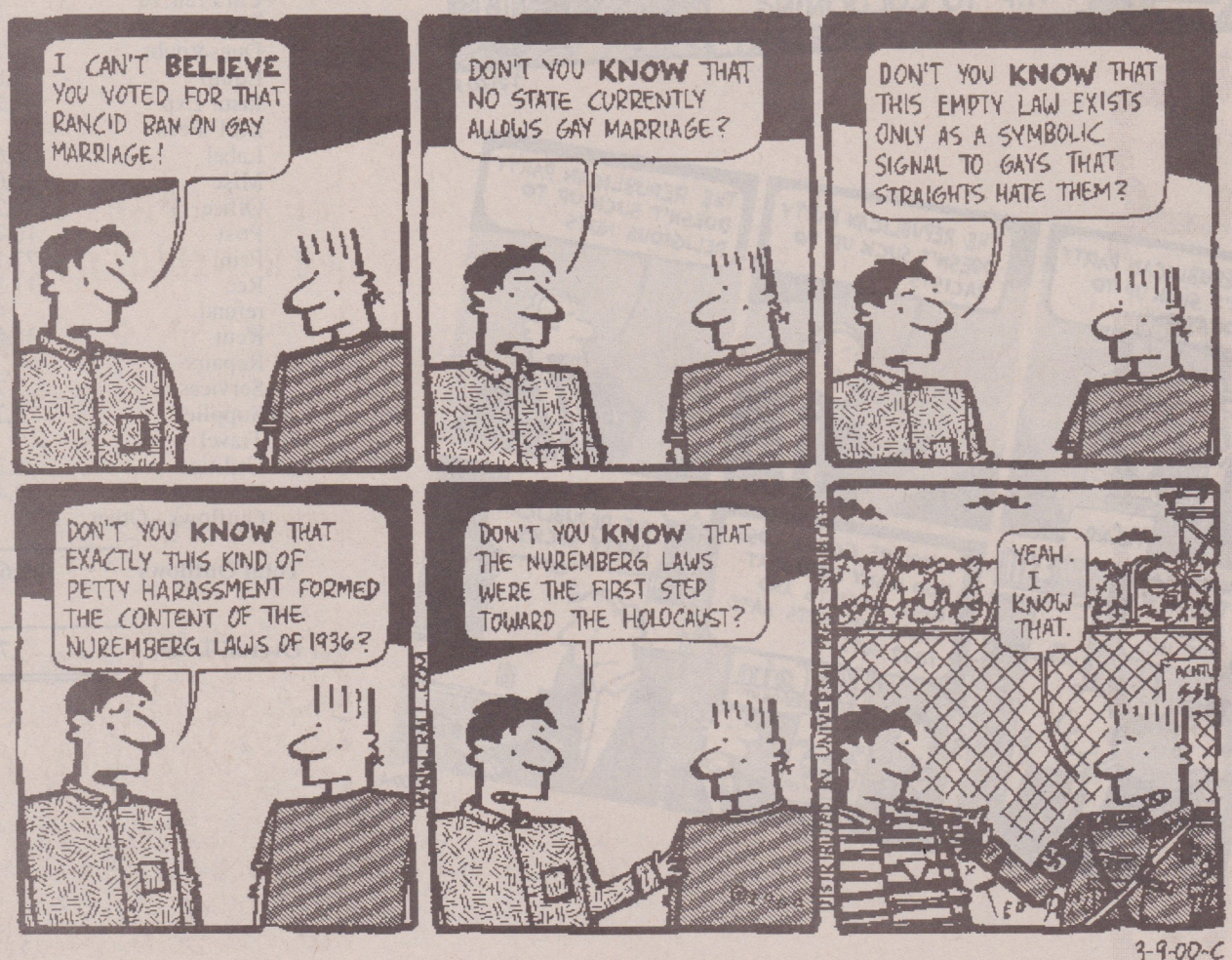
There were a lot of things that I didn't like about the scene on Long Island, where I lived before I went to college. But for the most part, it was a great scene. One thing that I never appreciated until I left was that shows were almost never held at clubs. The closest things were bars (which were frequent) but they never rnatched the horrible club experience. Now that I'm at school in this new city, the only place I go to shows is a shitty rock club that puts on "punk and hardcore" shows. And the experience often times drives me crazy. A lot of the time, I'm just sniding in the back thinking about what a negative influence the club experience must be having on all the "kids."

I can't help it. I can't help but think that many of the kids who enter the scene and start going to shows at this club will think that all the things that exist at this club, that shouldn't be in the scene, are commonplace and the norm. While I don't think that kids walk in there and like to see the bouncers, it does set the mentality that these bouncers are needed, that we truly can't "police ourselves." Also, there's the six-foot high stage. Again, I'm sure that kids don't walk in and love the idea of the stage, but I don't think many realize the symbolism behind the stage. I don't think they realize the significance that it creates a huge separation between the audience and the band, a division that should not exist within the scene. Stages are sometimes necessary at shows, but if the stage is all you're exposed to, you begin to think that it's the way it should be. And you don't learn about what's wrong with the idea of a stage. I can remember, at one of my first shows, not understanding why the band was choosing to not play on the stage behind them (something that would never happen at this club). But I soon learned why they didn't and why, whenever possible, bands really shouldn't play on stages.

Then there's the bigger bands that play here that make use of the extraordinary light setup the club has. If a kid's only experiences in punk rock are seeing bands like H2O playing with this amazing sound system and blinded light works that are in tune with their songs, how easily could this kid come to accept a band at a local DIY place setting up with just their amps?

On Long Island we never had the stability of a professional club. The negative side to this was that there was never a place that put on shows for any more than a few years (or days) before something happened and they had to stop. But, it also created a tremendous DIY aspect; kids had to get off their asses and make the scene. And, because it was kids from the scene, they created "punk rock" places to play, with reasonable door prices, no alcohol, low stages, no dressing rooms, no expensive lighting, etcetera. Thus, the kids who went to these shows learned what truly makes shows different from concerts and what makes the scene different from the outside music industry.

I'd like to create an alternative place for shows, but it's pretty hard without a car and there's also that I'm only here about half the year. I could also stop going to shows at the club, but that wouldn't do much. Plus, I'd rather go there than go to no shows at all (I really need some sort of live musical fix). So what's left? I don't know. I guess the only thing left is to write a column about it, like the cantankerous old scenester I apparently am.
—Ben Holtzman



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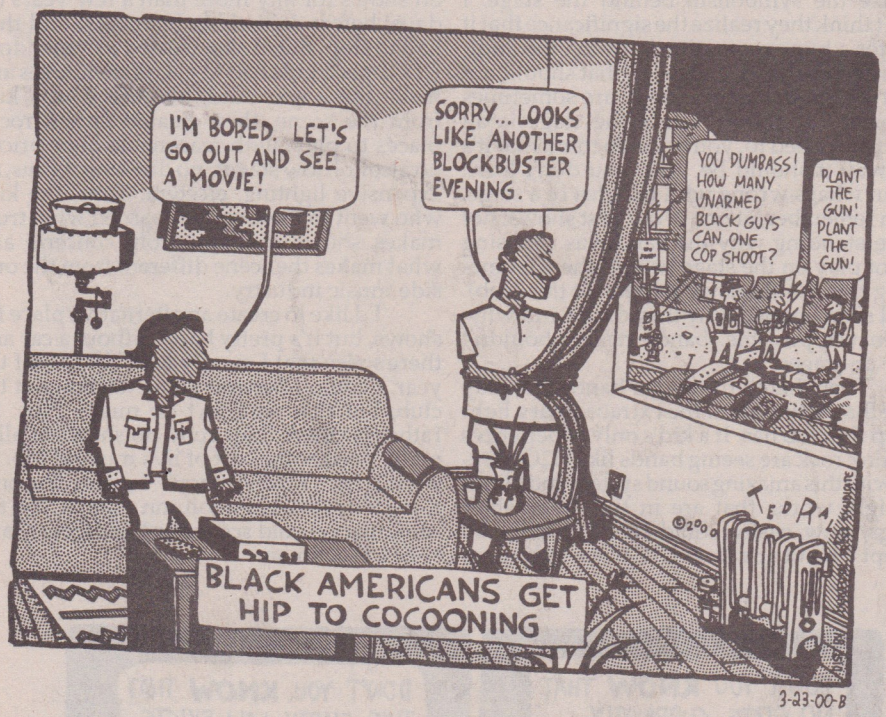
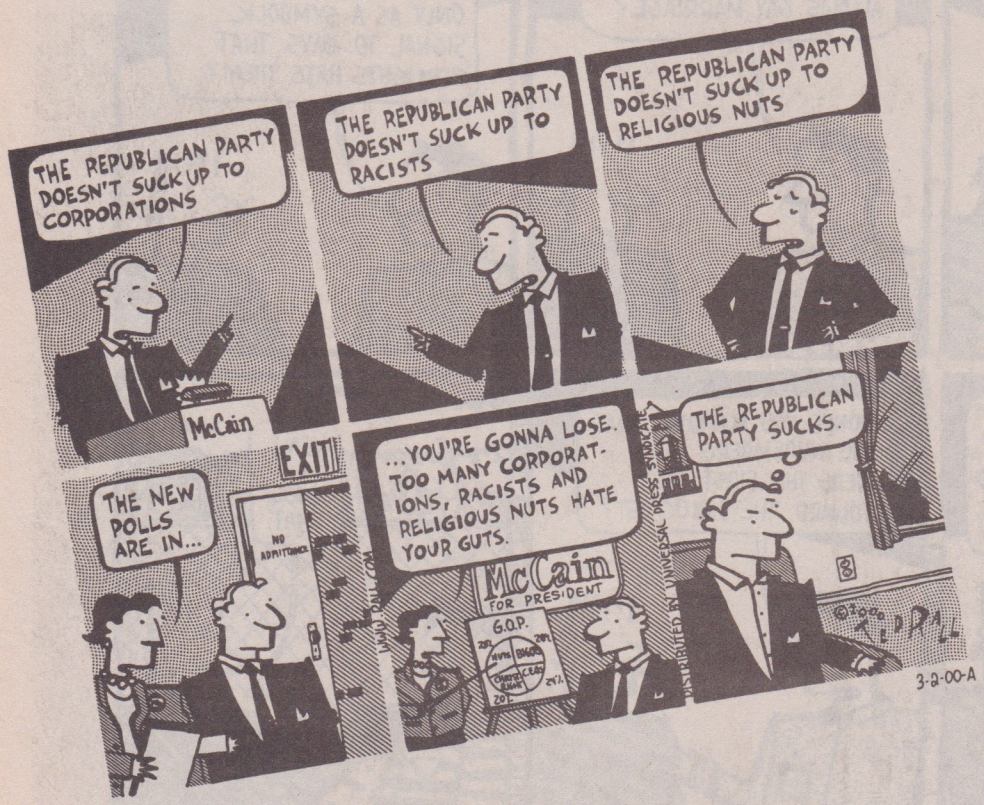
Annual MRR Finance Report





Summary Report
1/1/99 Through 12/31/99

Category	1/1/99-12/31/99
Inflows	
Ads	87,305.87
Dist	101,793.90
Housing	0.00
Phone Perso	0.00
Radinc	0.00
Subs	8,753.60
Inflows - Other	2,507.14
Total Inflows	**200,360.51**
Outflows	
Ad Expense	135.00
Bad Debt	515.00
Bankcharge	436.74
Cal Fran Ta	944.26
Car	2,318.85
Dues&pubs	104.00
Equip	1,882.65
Insur Exp	1,228.00
L&P Fees	10.00
Label	6,682.39
Misc	2,060.08
Office	6,238.64
Post	10,727.91
Print	77,166.28
Rec	11,378.88
refund	460.00
Rent	38,500.00
Repairs	53.40
Services	740.00
Supplies	2,202.05
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Zineprod	29,479.80
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Hi, here's Fulvio from Angry Records (label & distro).I'll try to write a report about the Italian DIY scene; I'll only talk about hardcore / crust / political punk scene because it's what I'm interested in and because lots of the people involved in these bands and labels are cool people and good friends too.There are tons of other bands and labels (punk rock, emo, metal) that aren't listed in this report because I'm not in touch with them and I don't know them well.

Let's start talking about the bands of my city - **JILTED** (my band) is an old style hardcore punk band, fast, powerful with angry vocals and socio/political lyrics. We've have a 7" on S.O.A. records, one song on "Pasta Power Violence #2" comp. LP on S.O.A. records, a couple of songs on "As Punk As Your Mum!" comp. CD on Deifer Records and some songs on compilation tapes. For information and questions you can write me (see below for the addresses). **INSULT** is a good political punk / crust band active since '96 and played several gigs in Italy. They've out a 8 songs tape, they've recorded 6 tracks for a 7" comin' out soon and they'll release a split 7" with Scum Noise on my label. The youngest band from my city is **DRUNKARDS**, an anarcho punk/crust combo who remind me of a mix between the Casualties and Doom. They've put out a 15 songs tape and more to come in the future. Contact Insult and Drunkards: Andrea Corollo, via Tito Carbone 1,15057 Tortona (AL), Italy.

Lots of good bands come from Rome: **COMRADES**, masked power violence-grinders, are one of the best. Recently they released an incredible split CD with Belgian gods Agathocles, a split 7" with Japanese Dudman and when you'll read this report there'll be a split 7" with Cripple Bastards out. Contact them at S.O.A. records address (see below). **GRIEVANCE** is a very active band; they play chaotic emo grind with incredible screamed female vocals. They released two 7", a split 7" with H.R.W. (from Brasil) and a 12" and have played tons of gigs around Italy and Europe. Contact: Luca Mamone, piazza Togliatti 9,00030 Valle Martella (Roma), Italy.

NAGANT 1895, DOGFIGHT and **LOS VATICANOS** are three other good bands from Rome; Nagant 1895 and Los Vaticanos play fast & chaotic HC, Dogfight are a crust band in the vein of Extreme Noise Terror and Doom; they all have a couple of 7"s. LOS VATICANOS have recently recorded new tracks, but I haven't heard news about the other two bands for a long time. Grind gods **CRIPPLE BASTARDS** have out a 3 "CD on Applequince records with 22 good quality live songs; soon there'll have a split 7" with Comrades and they're recording a new LP/CD too. Contact: Giulio Baldizzone, via Manzoni 24, 14100 Asti, Italy - E-mail:bldz@oasi.asti.it. **VALLIUM** is a new crust / grind band with a tape and a good 7" out now; contact:Marco Lettieri,via XIII Martiri 20, 30027 S.Donà di Piave (Venezia), Italy.

From Torino a new band called **TORQUEMADA** has out a very good killer 7". If you love dis-core, **DISSCIORDA** won't leave you disappointed! They released a 7" of Discore with cool package and artwork. Contact : Ennio Milano,via Quercione 59,81020 Briano - Caserta , Italy. Anarcho punk veterans **D.D.I.** split up a few months ago, they've recorded some tracks for a split LP with Stalker that will probably be out when you read this report. If you want to know more about this band you can write to Agipunk (addresses are below). **BY ALL MEANS,**after an American tour with Avail, split up too. They were one of the best political and powerfull Italian bands around, and for several years an incredible live act.Their last LP is a must for both the music and the cool messages/attitudes. All the guys in By All Means play in another band called **SOCIETY OF JESUS** - power violence-grind - with a split 7" with Substance, a 7" out, and a new CD.release. Contact: Matteo Verri, CP 6, 41100 Modena 7, Italy. **TEAR ME DOWN**, one of the best old school band, have out a new 7" on Angry Records. Fast HC with stop & go tempos like in the early years with anarcho lyrics. Contact: Massimo Leonardi,C.P. 7 - centro,01100 Viterbo, Italy.

About labels and distributions: one of the best is **S.O.A.**, run by a very dedicated and honest guy, 10 years of activity, 56 records out and a mailorder list with over 1000 titles at very cheap prices. His latest releases are the Abstain LP/CD, Rotten Sound LP, Comrades/Agathocles split CD and Comrades/Cripple Bastards split 7".Contact : Paolo Petralia, via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69,00146 Roma, Italy.

Insult – Italy

http://www. mywebpages.com/soa

AGIPUNX is a cool anarchopunk label and distribution; lots of good records out (Abuso Sonoro/Amor Protesto Y Odio split LP and Corrosione/Cattiveria split LP are the last) and one of the best Italian anarchopunk-crust distros, with records from Profane Existence, Skuld, M.C.R. etc.etc. Contact : Gianpiero Milani, C.P.63, 27100 Pavia, Italy. E - mail: agipunk@libero.it

Another anarchopunk - old school label is **APPLEQUINCE**. Run by Tear Me Down's singer, a guy involved in the anarchist movement and very active in the past years, they've released records for Tear Me Down, Affluente, Brandelli d'odio, Cripple Bastards and more.It hasn't been very active in the last year.....you can contact Massimo at the Tear Me Down address.

If you love old Italian punk hardcore bands and you haven't the

original records don't wait to contact **ANTICHRIST DIONYSUS.** The Wretched discography CD and a CD with old Italian 7" EPs are the first releases of this label, soon there'll be a Crunch CD, Rupture CD and Dint 10".They're also one of the biggest Italian distros with noise, industrial, punk, hardcore, crust and grind stuff!! Write to:Daniele Schilirò, via Mameli 14, 51100 Pistoia, Italy.

Leonardo (Pino for friends!) is,one of the nicest guys in the scene and friend of mine since '92. He runs **BIBA RECORDS.** Some records out: Grievance 7", Concrete/Antisgammo 7", Strage/Egotismo LP, Bloodsuckers CD and tons of stuff from all over the world in his distribution. Sometimes he also sets up shows.
Contact:Leonardo Benin, via S.Salvatore 3, 35017 Piombino Dese (PD), Italy.

At last, **ANGRY RECORDS**, my label and distribution;I put out Tear Me Down - III EP and soon the Abstain / Comrades (power violence ultracore from USA and Italy) picture split 7" for their European tour (co-produced with S.O.A. records) and in late summer Scum Noise / Insult (political punk crust from Brasil and Italy) split 7". You can get my mailorder list with about 400 titles for $1 or you can visit my website. You'll be able to find most of the records of the bands and labels I talked about in this scene report. Here's my address: Fulvio Dogliotti, via Cornaglia 9, 15100 Alessandria, Italy http://www.angelfire.com/ne/angry e-mail : angryrec@iol.it
I hope this report will help you to know better the Italian d.i.y. scene.Cheers. Fulvio.

Drunkards – Italy

Hey, we haven't done one of these in a while. Here's some of the things going on in and around Toronto.

THE SWARM have a new 7" entitled "Old Blue Eyes is Dead" out on No Idea (Florida). The GO! cover on the 7" is to appear on a Gay Rights comp. A CD version of the 10" and the material from the Morser split was also just released. The CD has 3 live bonus tracks not found on the 10" or split. A split with FORCE FED GLASS, will be out soon on Spiritfall Records. The SWARM played a Halloween show which became legendary as they filled their set with Misfits covers.

My second favorite band in the city is **TEEN CRUD COMBO** and they run a close second. This garage hardcore outfit is influenced heavily by the DWARVES, the ANGRY SAMOANS, and early 80's Texas punk. TCC consist of former members from KNUCKLE DUSTERS, the SHUTTLECOCKS, and Allyson Baker * former co-host of "Hell, Yeah!" on CIUT-FM. So they're not just a good band, but a bunch of folks very involved in the scene. The TEEN CRUDS might be recording in February. Their singer, Nick moonlights in another band called the **KILLER ELITE**, who sound like the STOOGES / MC5 meets LAUGHING HYENAS. The KILLER ELITE are talked about as one of the best live punk rock 'n' roll bands in the city.

MARILYN'S VITAMINS have broken up. The "Meanwhile During The Class War" EP had just come out on Ugly Pop and was starting to get reviewed. Rob of the Marilyn's has another band going called the **STIFFS** and they have a CD out entitled "Forever In A Day" available through Ductape, PO Box 741 / 1057 Steeles Ave, W./ North York, ON / M2R 3X1. There is also a STIFFS emo side project called **THE MOOPS**. The MOOPS have a couple of songs on a new Duct Tape comp.

Crossover kings, **LEGION** - featuring members from COPS FOR CHRIST, BLOWHARD, ONE BLOOD, and RUBBER GIRLFRIEND - have released an EP: "Hell At Last" this past summer on Ugly Pop. In the New Year, LEGION will be recording for a new 12" with Ugly Pop and a split with MASS GENOCIDE for HG Fact.

My band is **COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION** and we also have a members from a million other past lives. We hate LEGION, the fuckin' wankers. COUNTDOWN sounds like a hardcore band biting Slayer riffs. We have a demo out entitled "Death Rattle" for $5.00 ppd and we have t-shirts for $9.00 ppd. We have a EP coming out on Deranged Records, and a split with THEY LIVE coming out on Ugly Pop. We also have some tracks coming out on "Counter Culture" - a benefit project on Coalition Records and a track on "Barbaric Thrash Attack 2000" Vol. One - put out by 625 Productions. To get in touch with us write Katie Whitaker / 2037 Dundas Street West / Toronto, ON / M6R 1W8. Katie has just started a new band with the guitarist from **TEL QUEL** called **RAMMER** and should be playing soon.

Toronto's premier power violence band, **GORIJA**, broke up in September, but their Spazz-like sound and wacked out sense of humor lives on with an 11 song single entitled "Don't Fear the Cookie Monster" that bassist Noah has sweated over putting out. Write him at Soapdodger / 634 Millwood Rd. / Toronto, ON / M4S 1K8 or e-mail: ndgadke@learn.senecac.on.ca. The records are $4.00 a copy. Noah is also doing a zine called Infection and the first issue will have interviews with Max Ward (SPAZZ), Jason (AGENTS OF SATAN), DESPISE YOU, SLOTH, SEVEN FOOT SPLEEN and Ken Pollution. It will be available from the same address for $2 US ppd.

SPREAD THE DISEASE just broke up, but their new 12" is out and is called "The Sheer Force of Inertia" put out by Goodlife (Germany) and Eulogy (FL) Records. Bands that have formed out of this break include **CHINA WHITE**, featuring x-NDR kids (with a CD out on Eulogy) and **MACHINE GUN**, with members of CONFINE.

Speaking of **CONFINE**, they have a new CD out on Onedaysaviour Records entitled "The Beginning of the End", which features four new tracks and three old tracks from the split with AVARICE.

The last recorded material by **AVARICE** came out last summmer as a split. The unmistakable vocals of Chris Colohan (Swarm/Left for Dead) appear on the song "Third Man In". I have it from the horse's mouth that there will also be some new WADGE tracks with Mr. Lance Crossfire, Chris' alias.

A new youth crew band that closely resembles Side by Side are **AS WE ONCE WERE** (AWOW). AWOW latest "1999" demo just sold out but they have t-shirts for sale. An unreleased track appeared on the Red Star comp ("The Sound and Fury"). They recorded a cover of "Biscuit Power" for a Gorilla Biscuits tribute comp coming out in Roundabout Records. As well, they have 5 new songs

coming out on the "Brotherhood" comp on Nonsense. You can contact AWOW at 444 Scarborough Rd. / Toronto, ON / M4E 3N2 or e-mail: asweoncewere@hotmail.com.

Also out of Oakville are emo-violence protegés **MAHARAHJ** with a CD EP entitled "A Replication Of The Process And Product". The CD is out now on Now or Never from New Jersey And they have a full length coming out this spring.

Mike, from **WALLS AROUND US**, has a new band called **DECLARATION**, who are rumored to sound like HATEBREED. Erik Hoibak, Oakville's scene conscience, is singing for the band. Mike organizes all the cool shows in Toronto and he has probably single handedly done more for the Toronto scene than anyone else, as of late. You can contact him about playing a show at (416) 255-8305 or e-mail him at halichuk@idirect.com. And Hoibak does all the shows in Oakville. Between the two of them they have Southern Ontario locked up.

Out of Streetsville, the **TET OFFENSIVE**, self-proclaimed teen violence outfit, have two new members in their band. The TET OFFENSIVE totally remind me of early political SXE in the vein of early NATIONS ON FIRE. The singer Ryan books shows out in Streetsville either in his parents' basement or at the Masonic Lodge. Ryan also puts out a zine entitled Swarm Life, which contained a good, but disjointed interview with PALATKA. Go kid! Ryan can be reached at "rytet_13@hotmail.com" or you can write the band for a copy of their tape entitled "Vote Of Non-confidence" at 3075 Council Ring Road / Mississauga, ON / L5L 1N7.

HACKSAW have a new CD coming out on Spectra Sonic Sound, which will contain 6 new songs plus the 4 songs previously released on a limited 7" by GAS Religion. Vinyl for the CD will be released on this new label called Deranged Records.

DAY OF MOURNING have a new CD entitled "Your Future's End" out on Sounds of Revolution / P.O. Box 20017-075019 / Lasalle, ON / N9J 3E5. The band still has copies of their split with RED SKY at 7205 Goreway Dr. / P.O. Box 59065 / Malton, ON / L4T 4J1 or e-mail: notoriousdom@dscribe.net. D.O.M. have a split CD coming out with CLENCHED FIST. The guitarist, Domenic, is in a hilarious band called **XCOALITION AGAINST SHANEX**. They have a CD of their first two recordings called "Down with the King" in which King Diamond graces the cover. This was released by a label out of NC called Prophecy and is available through Vacuum. XCASX have a split CD coming out with THOR (The real 'Metal' Thor) in February.

North and West of Malton is a suburb known as Brampton where **IDIOALLA** were from. The guitarist, Andrew, has started a new band called **THE END**. They have a four song demo recorded, which reminds me of an emo-violence version of DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN. You can write Andrew Hercules about the tape at 26 Jaffa Dr. / Brampton, ON / L6C 4C5.

And there is a new band from Brampton called **ENGAGE**. Also up north I have heard about a new youth crew style band from Maple called **HARDER THEY FALL**. Both bands have demos out. And fans of BY THE GRACE OF GOD should check out **NOTORIETY**'s CD. The guy from TRUNK put it out on his own label United Records.

There is a new band called **NEAR THE END** mostly based in Hamilton. They have started playing out and have a 4 song demo of emotionally charged heart-core available through Steve Reniewick at 2277 Guyatt Road / RR#1 Binbrook, ON / L0R 1C0 or e-mail: hardpunk22@aol.com. The singer, Andre, goes to school in London and does a hardcore radio show on the campus/community station CHRW - 94.7 FM every second Thursday called "Hardcore Still Lives".

Fans of CHOKEHOLD or LEFT FOR DEAD will be happy to hear that Jeff Beckman has a new band called **NO ONE SURVIVES**, also featuring ex-members of BURST OF SILENCE and SINSICK. While I'm on news about Hamilton, Imantz told me that there is a band called **RIOT STAR** with a crazy following. They play pretty crazy fast hardcore with punk and garage roots, similar to the SINISTERS. They share members with C.J. SLEAZE AND THE STDs, a more Cramps style outfit. There is a Beer City style band called **CAVITY SEARCH**. Barny from PROBLEM CHILDREN has a new band called **THE HAMMERBOIZ**. They are looking for a drummer and Dave McChie of the FORGOTTEN REBELS has been recording with them. Mickey from the REBELS often sings and plays guitar with **SPOILED ROTTEN** (SR), a Ramones style band. Larry, who is in SR runs a label called Amp and puts out lots of '77 style punk. **TEENAGE HEAD** have played 5 times in the last year - Frankie Venom is back. And there is a grindcore band called **DETRITUS** who opened up for SPOILED ROTTEN on Boxing Day.

BLAKE have a recording out, a split EP, with **SPIRIT** on Organic. The band can be reached through e-mail at "blake@spectrasonic.com".

STANDING 8 is no longer and Jesse and Robin are in a new band called **BLACK CAT #13**, which sounds like a dark new wave band similar to Gary Numan blended with hardcore. They toured the States this past summer with LOCUST. BLACK CAT #13 have an EP coming out on King of the Monsters in July, an EP and LP on 3-1-G. Write them at 1442 Finch Ave./ Pickering, ON. / L1V 1J9.

2 PUMP LOUIE have released "Here cums 2 Pump Louie in Revenge of the Alien Baby" CD on their own label Federal Dog Records / 1266 Queen Street West, Unit #4 / Toronto, ON / M6K 1L3 or e-mail: twopumps@idirect.ca. J.J. has started booking some punk shows at the El Mo and you can reach him at (416) 537-8037 for booking. John, the guitarist from Armed and Hammered has taken over a cool new club called Rancho Relaxo and has done some shows. **POLITIKILL INCORECT** (P.I.) have added the old guitarist from Armed and Hammered to their line-up. P.I. have a split EP coming out with HUMAN INVESTMENT (from Pittsburgh). Steve Goof is singing in another group called **SHITLOADSOFFUCKALL** and they even cover a goof song "Alcoholocaust Turned Alcoholiday". **THE GOOFS** are still around and playing out. The Blastcaps CD has also come out and they still have SLF influence to their sound. You can get a copy for $US 6.00 ppd at P.O. Box 24036 / 900 Dufferin Street / Toronto, ON / M6H 4H6 or e-mail: blastcaps@hotmail.com. There is a new street punk oi band out called **KING SIZE BRACES** and they have a demo out. The **TEXAS DIRT FUCKERS** are out and about. And it comes from a trusted opinion that the LIQUOR PIGS are good especially for fans of the FREEZE.

A band that sounds like a cross between the Cramps and Crime are **EXPLODER 01**, who feature Craig Daniels of the STINKIES and the LEATHER UPPERS, Simon of STARKWEATHER, Johnny Lereaux, and Eric from the CLEAVERS. In the Johnny Thunders / Lazy Cowgirls vein is **PRETTY UGLY,** an amazing band featuring x-members of PURPLE TOADS and DURANGO '95. The **LOOGANS** are another Toronto band with great songs, live energy and a couple of members of DIRECT ACTION. There is a band in the vein of the Hellacopters called DAMN 13 featuring one member of MON-

The Swarm – Canada

STER VOODOO MACHINE. **JERSEY** have a great Cabbagetown-hero anthem called "Untouchable" on a split 7" with Swank. The **TRILAMS** and **EW, YOU'RE A GIRL AND GIRLS SUCK** are young, high-energy pop punk bands who've been playing around recently. **THE UGLY DUCKLINGS**, Toronto's most famous garage-punk band, played a tiny show in Yorkville to warm up for upcoming dates and their new retrospective CD "Duck Tales".

Labels

Last winter, Ugly Pop released the long awaited "Reproach" comp, a tribute to Negative Approach that Dysgusher was to release. Other releases include 1) the LEGION "Hell at Last", 2) the MARILYN'S VITAMINS "Meanwhile during the Class War" EP, and 3) the RAJOITUS EP entitled "Systeemiin Naulittu" - the first ever domestic Swedish hardcore release by a band that sounds like early Finnish hardcore. Send $1.00 for a copy of the zinealogue to 2 Bloor St. W., / Suite 100, Box 477 / Toronto, ON / M4W 3E2 or e-mail: bastardx@interlog.com.

Gord Dufresne formerly of Anima Records has started up a new label called Deranged Records and will be releasing the new DEMON SYSTEM 13 LP challenging the Swedish monopoly that Ugly Pop held for the last two months. Deranged has just put out the BORN DEAD ICONS (from Montreal) "Part Of Something Larger Than Ourselves" EP, a band that features x-DRIFT members and they play sweeping anthemic hardcore similar to DRIFT. For more information about Deranged contact Gord at P.O. Box 543 / Station P / Toronto, ON / M5S 2T1 or e-mail: derangedyouth@hotmail.com.

Fans of Bad productions are hard at work on a new comp LP entitled "The Street Enters The House". Again this will be an all-Canadian showcase with 20 bands from around the country featuring THE SWARM, COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION, STAR PUPIL, LED BY REGRET, SUBMISSION HOLD, THIRD WORLD PLANET, WARFACE, BLASTCAPS, LEGION, CONTESSA, MANNER FARM, HOPPERS 13, MALEFACTION, ATOMKINDER, GOATBOY ,EXISTENCH, PERUKE and more. Chris has just released the new GOATBOY / DRUNK split LP on amber vinyl, $10 ppd. The DRUNK..again CD came out this past summer and was a 12-song collection of 4 EPs released in Europe. It's $8 ppd. (Drunk are from Oslo, Norway and feature Roger from LIFE BUT HOW TO LIVE IT and CAPTAIN NOT RESPONSIBLE.) For more information write 3-225 Bagot St. / Kingston, ON / K7L 3G3.

Goodfellow Records in Hamilton run by Chris Logan of CHOKEHOLD is releasing the EVERY TIME I DIE CD EP entitled "The Burial Plot Bidding War". For more information about Goodfellow write 762 Upper James Street, Suite 275/Hamilton, ON / L9C 3A2 or e-mail: goodfela@interlynx.net.

Craig Caron, x-RABID DEFIANCE, runs a label called Schizophrenic. Craig's latest project was a comp entitled "Spankin' Nurse", which featured greats like DS-13, SIRHAN, 9 SHOCKS TERROR, DAHMER, and THE SWARM. For more information contact Craig at 50 Fielding Cres. / Hamilton, ON / L8V 2P5 or e-mail: craig@netinc.ca. All the CD releases are $10.00 ppd.

Spaces

Okay the standard bars for shows continue to be the El Mocambo, the Horsehoe, Lee's Palace for the occasional show and the Opera House (for the arena style shows). Who's Emma continues to do more D-I-Y style shows, but they are in dire need of some financing. Recently, someone broke in and stole their entire CD collection (over 300 CDs). More recently, their entire stereo system was ripped off. Moral support is appreciated at (416) 598-3354. Some bigger type hall shows are being booked through the Jewish Community Centre (at Spadina and Bloor). And the Big Bop (a.k.a. Kathedral, a.k.a. The Reverb) has added their name into the arena of bars doing punk shows.

The Anarchist Free Space opened up this past summer just around the corner from Who's Emma. The space has a resource library, a book store, a meeting place, and they publish a newsletter. This may prove to become a vital resource for the counter-culture in Toronto.

Mike and Eric are working on booking a huge fest for the weekend of May 19th * 21st. Bands interested should e-mail Mike Haliechuk at "halichuk@idirect.com".

Zines

Josh from YOUNG BLOOD is doing a zine called *On The Bank of the Tumid River*. The first issue will have interviews with CONFINE, the SWARM, COALESCE, CARBON DEFENSE LEAGUE, and JASON HELLMAN (a Photographer) AND this issue will be about the end of the world. Write Joshua Tucker at 17 Sparkhall Ave. / Toronto, ON / M4K 1G4.

There is a free zine that has come out for sometime now called *Caustic Truths*. IIt's printed on newsprint and you can get it free in the Toronto area. Write to P.O. Box 92548 / 152 Carleton St./ Toronto, ON / M5A 2K0 for a copy.

The new *Full Contact* issue #3 will be out soon with HATEBREED, TEN YARD FIGHT, GODBELOW, BLOOD FOR BLOOD, and LENGTH OF TIME. An article on Japanese cinema, and loads of reviews. Copies are $5.00ppd. in care of Rod Archer at 485 Huron Street, #401 / Toronto, ON / M5R 2R5 / e-mail: fcontact@interlog.com and they have a free CD set up for subscriptions. The zine has a new Web Site address which is www.fullcontactmag.com.

Issue #5 of *Second Last* will also be out soon with interviews of KID DYNAMITE, MILO AUCKERMAN, THE VANDALS, FURIOUS GEORGE, and TEEN CRUD COMBO. Second Last is 80 pages, full size and can be obtained for $US 2.00 by writing Sandy Miranda at 200 Palmerston Ave., Bsmt / Toronto, ON/ M6J 2J4 or e-mail: sandymiranda@hotmail.com.

Issue #7 of *Soap 'n Spikes* is out with interviews of Cliff Hanger (The FREEZE), Jimmy Zero (DEAD BOYS), Randy Rampage (D.O.A.), Shane Baldwin (former VICE SQUAD drummer), Andy Lealand (The PARTISANS) and Jack Grisham (T.S.O.L.). Copies of issue #7 are $US 4.00 ppd through Derek Dykeman at 431 Burlington Ave., #5 / Burlington, ON / L7S 1R3 or e-mail: snspikes@netcom.ca. They run a label that has released ONE WAY SYSTEM "Not your enemy" EP and an amazing Brantford comp called "Argh!".

Hardcore Hotline

For visitors to the city, if you are looking for things to do you should call the Hardcore hotline at (416) 535-8184. Saira Chhibber, the voice behind the hotline does a punk show on CHRY 105.5 FM on Tuesday nights called the "Superfly Show".

Radio Shows

I co-host a weekly hardcore show with Simon 'Lawnmower' Harvey on CIUT 89.5 FM called "Equalizing Distort". The show is on Sunday nights from 10:00 pm til midnight. We have a demo feature every week as a regular fixture to the show. If your band has a cassette only release send it our way to the address below.

The long standing "Mods 'n Rockers" program airs every Monday beginning at 10:00 pm and is hosted by JC, the booking agent at the Horsehoe Tavern.

"Aggressive Rock" airs every Sunday nights on CKLN 88.1 FM with a rotating cast of hosts. Whatever week you tune in. It's always heavy.

In Hamilton, there is a cool radio show Friday nights, Midnight to 2am on CFMU 93.3 FM called Fans of fast aggressive hardcore will approve of what Bailey brings to the table.

Tuesday Nights from 8 till 9pm you can tune in to CFMU for "Wasted Youth Guidance Councellors" with Taylor and Jeff (the latter of Hamilton glam-punk band RIOT STAR) for more a traditional punk offering with emphasis on Texas-style punk rock.

This scene report was made possible thanks to Mike Haliechuk, Gord Dufresne, Alison Baker, Simon Harvey, Ryan Elinsky, Noami Freeman, Chris Colohon, Andre Zadorozny, Imantz Krumins, Ewan Exall, Domenic Romeo, Jesse Keeler, Chris Logan, Chris Iler, Joshua Zucker, Sandy Miranda, Craig Caron, Noah D. Gadke, and Mark Rodenhizer.

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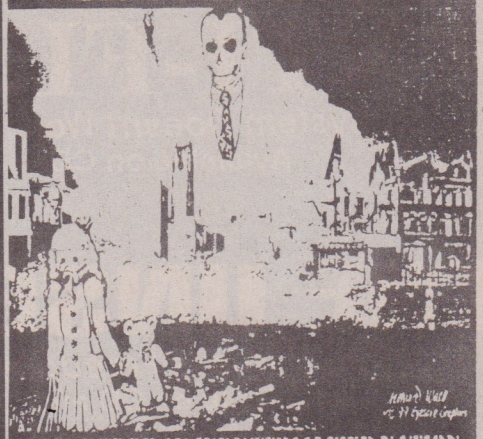

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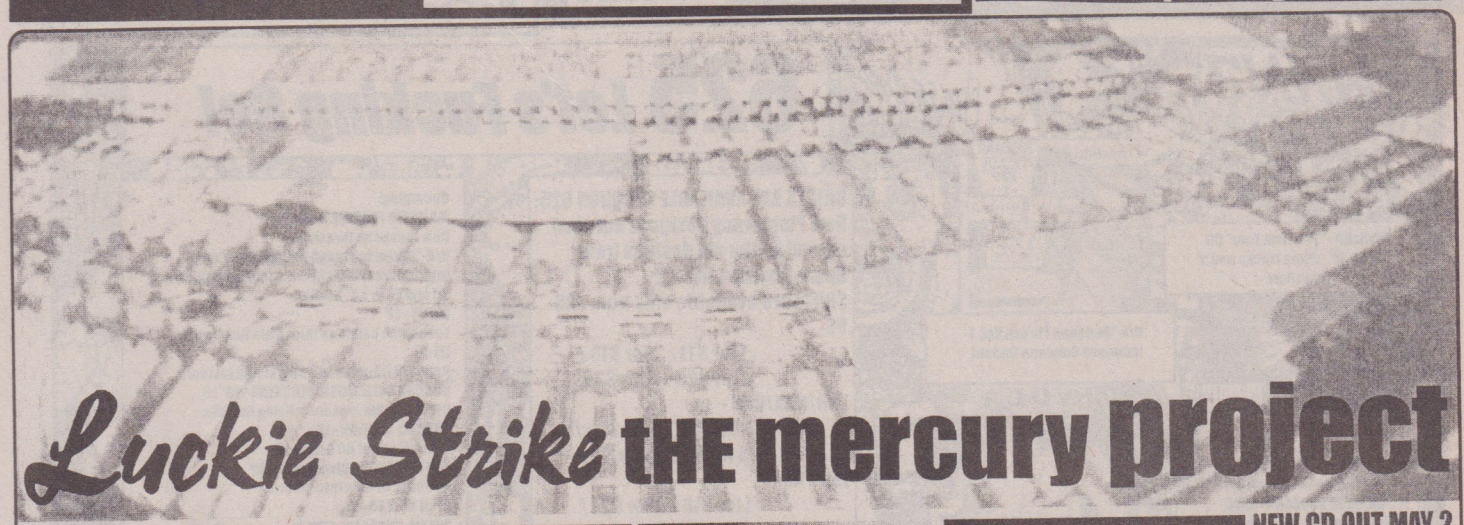

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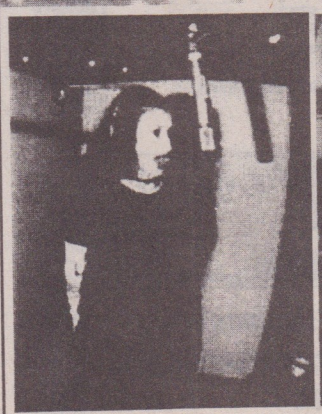

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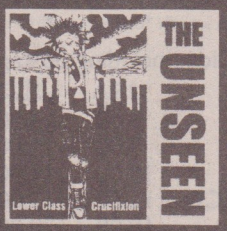

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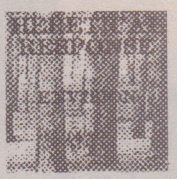

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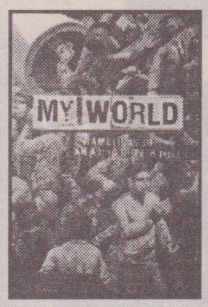

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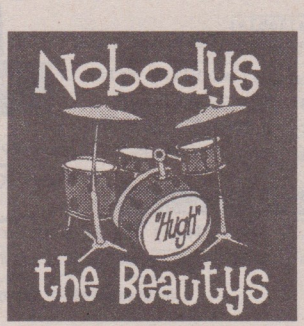

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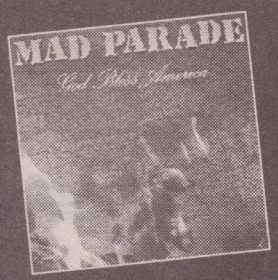

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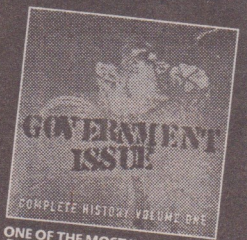

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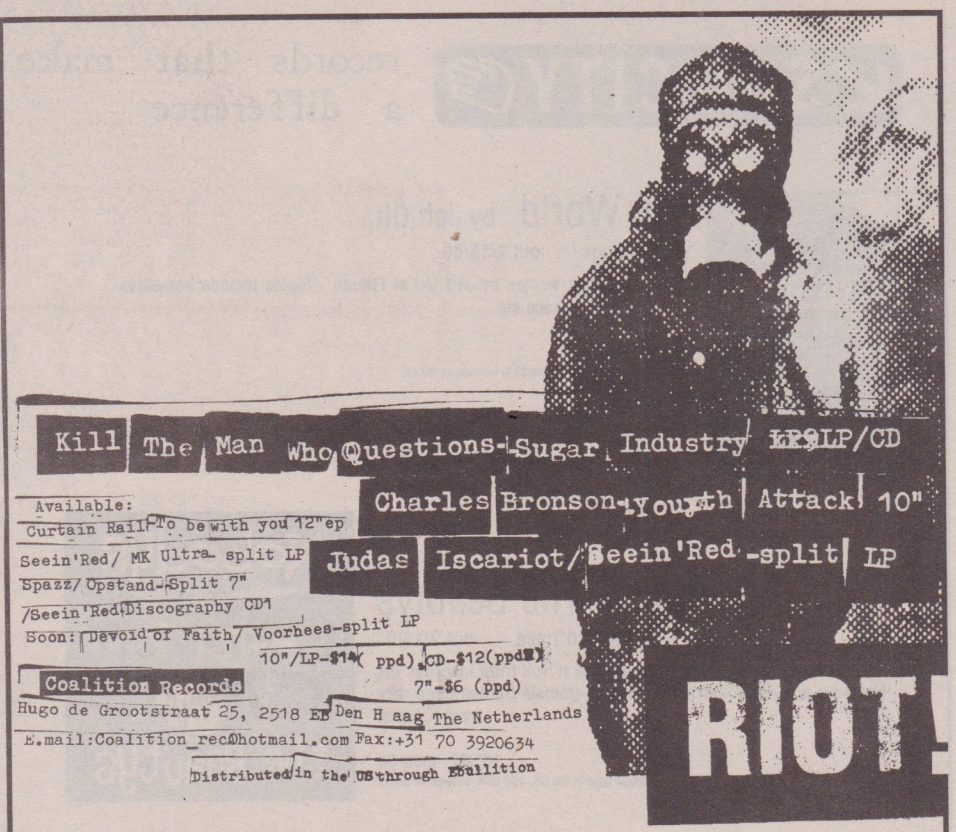

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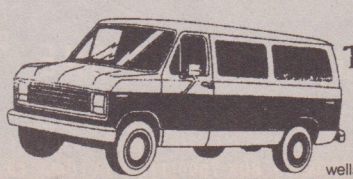

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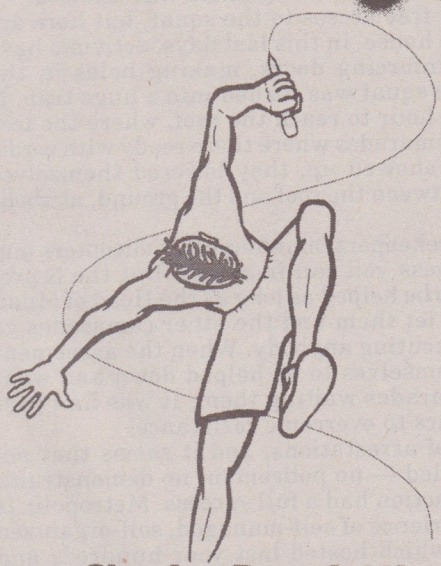
Salad Days



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If you grew up in the mid-1980's hardcore/punk scene in America, you won't be able to put this book down.
*-**Bones**, vocalist, **Lower Class Brats***

Salad Days is great, a must-read.
*-**Nick Mendoza**, publicist, **BYO Records***

Salad Days is a poignant memoir for anyone who ever believed in the power of music. Those immersed in the punk/hardcore scene will get a kick out of the references to bands and locales.
*-**Al Quint**, **Suburban Voice** fanzine*

I really loved this story. There's nothing more compelling than a book that can make me feel as though I'm there, as this story does. I enjoyed it thoroughly.
*-**Mike Sosa**, drummer, **Mad Parade***

A great energetic story.
*-**Sam Williams**, guitarist, **Down By Law & Pseudo Heroes***

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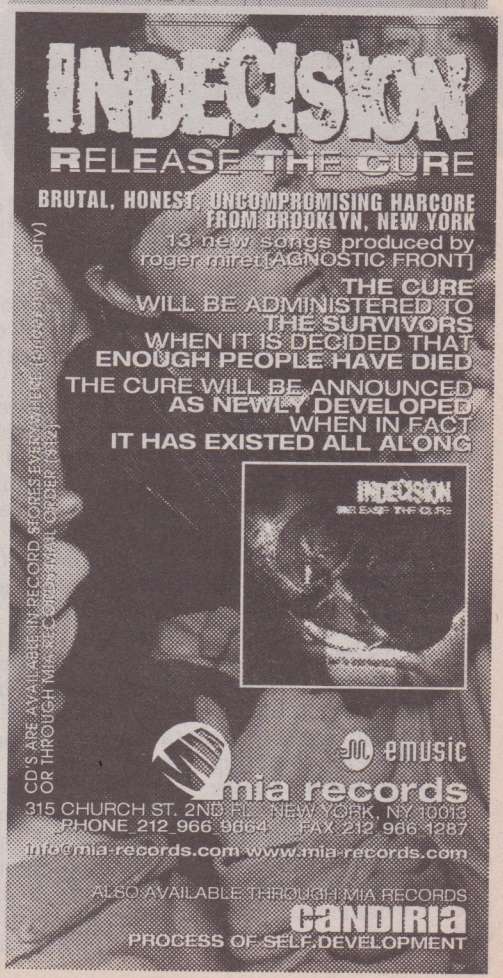

MaximumRockNRoll News
May 2000

THE MONTH IN RIOTS

YOUTH SUMMIT TURNS INTO YOUTH RIOT

QUEBEC CITY—A demonstration outside a youth summit in Quebec City turned violent Tuesday evening, when protesters lobbed Molotov cocktails at police who fired back with tear gas to try to quell the riot.

The Quebec government had put more than a year's work into producing the summit. It was designed to bring together politicians, business leaders, and youth groups to advise the PQ on youth policy. Organizers hoped to kick off the summit with a celebration concert but instead were met with an angry demonstration.

About 2,000 young people, members of youth groups who turned down invitations to attend the summit, gathered outside the historic Grande Theatre, waving signs and red flags in a so-called countersummit. They came to protest spending cuts and educational policies.

Protesters pushed down barricades. The demonstration began peacefully but quickly turned ugly. At one point protesters pushed down metal barriers as police carrying riot shields and wearing helmets and flak jackets lined up in front of the theatre.

Summit organizers and theatre security guards watched from inside as protesters pelted the police with snowballs and other objects including Molotov cocktails.

Police fired back with tear gas and pushed the crowd back. No demonstrators made it inside the theatre. In the end the concert was cancelled. Officials still plan to go ahead with the summit.

Italian Metropolix Squat Evicted, Faces Resistance

Punctual as promised, this early morning at 6.30 AM about 200 anti riot policemen showed up in the old, popular block of Milano Isola to evict the squatted youth hostel Metropolix. They were welcomed by few hundreds activists which waited for them the whole night in front and inside the squat. But it was not a passive waiting: during the night, the activists have been building 4 or 5 barricades with old furniture, tires, etc, blocking all accesses to the square where the squat to be evicted lays. And as soon as the police stepped out from their busses, the barricades were set on fire. Meanwhile, the press could follow everything thanks to a sort of turret built by the activists in the middle of the square.

These were only the first ones of a series of civil resistance surprises. Soon the whole block was filled with black smoke. The police tried to pass the blockade by foot, but also that wasn't easy due to the physical resistance of the camarades. Finally, after about one hour of riots, the cops succeeded and could enter the square — only to run against another surprise.

The squat was completely isolated by a tall metal barrier, built with scaffolding irons. The resisting activists quickly runned behind it, opposing even more resistance because the police could not reach them with their sticks. At that point they lost their heads, and started to shoot teargas bombs at men's height. But the barrier kept, and the whole area was filled with teargas. And even journalists cried. This second confrontation lasted another hour, then the camarades retreated all together, in order, so to avoid people being taken and arrested, positiong themself on a corner of the square and keeping compact as a single body. Everybody had instructions and everybody knew what to do. As usual in Milan, no hooliganism was allowed.

The police had thus free access to the squat, but here another surprise: inside the house, in this last days, activists have been building walls, reinforcing doors, making holes in the ground, so that the whole squat was turned into a huge trap. It took them a good half an hour to reach the roof, where the last surprise waited them. 5 camarades where there ready with cords. As soon as the first cop showed up, they lowered themselves down, hanging midway between the roof and the ground, at about 10 meters height.

Riots stopped and firekeepers, ambulances, helicopters and Tvs arrived (the usual mess you can imagine). But the 5 protesting activists refused to be helped as long as the Head of Milan police did not promise to let them and the other camarades go without identifying/ prosecuting anybody. When the agreement was reached, they let themselves to be helped down and went away with the other camarades waiting them. It was half past ten — it took police 4 hours to overcome resistance.

There are no news of arrestations, and it seems that nobody was seriuosly wounded — no policeman, no demonstrant. Thus, the demonstrative action had a full success. Metropolix is lost — a 2 years long experience of self-managed, self-organized antagonist youth hostel which hosted last year hundreds and hundreds of young people unable to pay hotel fares, besides the 40 people living in it. A social and political answer to the lack of homes for young people suffered in this city delivered, bonded hands and feet, to the speculative powers of large corporations. And as it happened with the "Deposito Bulk", a big squat evicted in December which occupied another place on New Year's Eve, also Metropolix plans to get back with another occupation in the next days. One lost, one taken. That's the rule. Corporative powers are learning it.

MaximumRockNRoll News
May 2000

The Biotic Baking Brigade Pies Yet Again

Eight women on camels pied Chuck Foldenauer, head of US-based General Atomics who operates a uranium mine in Southern Australia. The women who make up the Aboriginal-led organization Humps not Dumps found time in the course of their 621 mile (1000 kilometer) trek through the Australian desert to stop and hurl a pie at Foldenauer's face. Unconfirmed reports maintain that Mr. Foldenauer was "secretly disappointed" to taste that the rebel pie "contained not even a smidge of meringue."

The incident marks yet another tasty victory for what can loosely be called the biotic baking movement, whose ingredients include Actiegroep T.A.A.R.T., Entartistes, Pastissiers sans Frontieres (Bakers without Borders), and the many different cells of the Biotic Baking Brigade (BBB) itself. In general, the movement targets corporate and international proponents of free trade and globalization, and recently inducted former IMF chief Michel Camdessus into its Hall of Infamy.

As the Biotic Baking Brigade reports, there have been several top capitalists with sticky faces recently. WTO director Renato Ruggieror, Bill Gates, Robert Shapiro CEO of Monsantor, and economist Milton Friedman have all been targets.

On February 13, 2000, as Mr. Camdessus approached the lectern to give his final speech as IMF chief, Robert Naiman snuck up through "massive security curtain," and smashed the pie in Camdessus' face with a cry of "Happy Birthday!" On February 1, a UK-Indonesian meeting was pummeled with pastry-treats, as 25 demonstrators wearing West-Paupan tribal masks blockaded the delegates' hotel and let the pies fly. For about an hour, piers unleashed their fury, hurling custard delicacies upon the delegates, security, and demonstrators alike. An estimated 10-15 delegates were hit, though no one received a full-on pie in the face.

As BBB reports, there have been several top capitalists with sticky faces recently. WTO Director General Renato Ruggiero; Bill Gates, CEO of US-based Microsoft; Robert Shapiro, CEO of US-based Monsanto; and the monetarist economist Milton Friedman have all been targets of the American branch of the Biotic Baking Brigade.

– By "Alan Young"

KRAFT FOODS COMPLETES BOCA BURGER ACQUISITION

So, you thought that it was enough that you didn't eat meat. Self-righteousness just may take a little bit more now adays...

NORTHFIELD, IL, February 18, 2000 –Kraft Foods, the nation's largest packaged foods company, announced today that it has completed the acquisition of Boca Burger, Inc., a privately held manufacturer and marketer of soy-based meat alternatives. Terms were not disclosed.

"We are pleased to welcome the high-growth Boca Burger business to the Kraft portfolio of leading brands," said Kevin Scott, Executive Vice President and General Manager of Kraft's Boca Foods Division. "Boca Burger's products are strongly aligned with consumers' desire for healthful food choices, as well as convenient meal solutions."

Boca Burger, based in Chicago, IL, had 1999 revenues of about $40 million, almost double the previous year. After a transition period, Kraft plans to move the business' headquarters from Chicago to Madison, WI, where its Oscar Mayer Division is based.

MaximumRockNRoll
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Listings!

5th Annual Bay Area Anarchist Bookfair
15 April 2000
Golden Gate Hall of Flowers, 9th Ave & Lincoln Way
10am 'till 6pm
Speakers include Utah Phillips, Christian Parenti, Craig O'hara, Nestor Makhno, Peter Plate, Ruthie Gilmore and more.
Over 60 exhibitors

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Anarchist Book and Freedom Fair
Saturday, May 6th, 2000
10am to 6pm
1710 Beaudry (between Ontario and Ste-Catherine) metro Beaudry
Montreal, Quebec CANADA

Matches & Mayhem Anarchist Film Festival
May 5-7, 2000. Chicago, IL.

As part of a celebration of May Day, in the city where it became an International Worker's Day, the Autonomous Zone will present a sample of films by, for, and about anarchists.

For more info contact Carlos at 773-394-0062, 9am to 11pm CST, email: thelos@netscape.net

WHATS THE SCOOP ?

by Dulcinea Loudmouth

Today's question: "What's your favorite sick pleasure?" Asked at Stinky's Peepshow, San Francisco.

Kelly Gatley (Fireballs of Freedom), Portland, OR
I have to say pickin' scabs...has that been taken?

Sammy James (Fireballs of Freedom) Fargo, ND
The smell of shit.

Chris Owen, San Francisco, CA
Christina Aguilera.

Mitch Cumstein, Philadelphia, PA
My Favorite sick pleasure? Probably pickin' my toenails and rolling 'em around on my tongue for a little while.

Smellytitbuttcrack, San Francisco, CA
Eatin' possum scrotum.

Nancy Luna, SanFrancisco, CA
I guess it's not so sick anymore...feet!

Eric Schmidt, Santa Cruz, CA
Killing For Satan.

Nick Nava, San Francisco, CA
Drinkin' Beer and eating chocolate.

try.fail.try

THIS IS NOT A TEST.

TIME WON'T STAND STILL.

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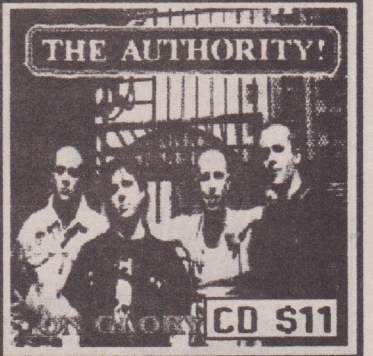

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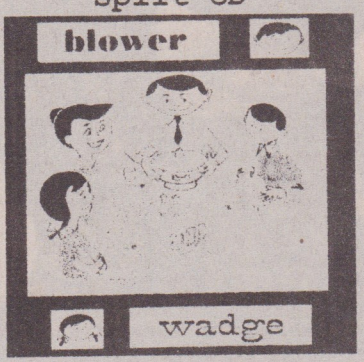

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TALK IS POISON

TALK IS POISON have played a number of shows that the grapevine had declared as their last. I haven't seen a show yet that wouldn't be a worthy funeral for this dark cloud, rip-roaring hardcore band. If they're to be believed, and the less they practice the better they are, then the move of two members to Portland should be applauded. By the way, Will would like to put to rest the rumors that he is joining POISON IDEA. This interview was conducted in their van by Floyd and myself with Leeva occasionally translating Floyd's questions to English. Tom H. Photos by Karoline Collins.

MRR (FLOYD): WHY DID YOU START TALK IS POISON?
Jim: Will came out with HIS HERO IS GONE, and we were going to start a band...
Brian: We were going to start a hardcore band and we started writing songs at the coffee table with acoustic guitars
Grant: The time was right!
J: Yeah. Me and Will went in and wrote four songs and then we played them for Brian and Grant and we went...and played...music.
MRR (FLOYD): AND HOW LONG AGO WAS THAT?
G: Two and a half years ago.
J: We played our fist show in December of '97.
MRR (FLOYD): I KNOW WHEN YOU STARTED PEOPLE PERCEIVED YOU AS ALMOST A SUPERGROUP. DO YOU STILL THINK PEOPLE PERCEIVE YOU THAT WAY NOW OR AS TALK IS POISON?
G: Today after the show somebody said they never expected me to play that kind of music from the way I'm dressed. I thought that was funny. (laughter)
Will: That's brilliant.
J: I wouldn't expect that either, I'm surprised!
B: Supergroup? I think we wear through that pretty quick.
MRR (FLOYD): WELL AT FIRST IT WAS TALK IS POISON FEATURING EX-MEMBERS OF BLAH-BLAH-BLAH-...
J: We didn't really have flyers around here that said that. I think for the first show it said that, but it never really caught on to being on every flyer for every show that we played. We never said...
W: Put this in the flyers, we're a supergroup.
G: We just put it subliminally in the records
B: If you listen closely to "Data Void" Grant is saying "I was in DEMISE, I was in DEMISE." (laughter)
B: If you're asking if we think it's good that we're not just constantly "ex-members of", yeah that's good.
MRR (FLOYD): LYRICALLY I NOTICE THAT YOU TEND TO DEAL WITH THREE TOPICS: COMMUNICATION, CONTROL, BOTH OUTSIDE AND WITHIN, AND TECHNOLOGY. IF YOU WERE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS THE MAJOR PROBLEM IN THE WORLD, WHAT WOULD YOU FIGURE TO BE THE MOST FUCKED UP?
J: Let the guy with beard talk!
B: Give it to the professor. (laughter)
W: So is this multiple choice? I can just pick from one of those three?
MRR (FLOYD): YOU CAN ELABORATE. IT'S MORE LIKE PICK AN ESSAY QUESTION, NOT JUST A, B, OR C.
W: I would say that all those things are linked together, the lack of communication, and lack of personal control are what let technological control take place. That's why it is possible and why it is so prevalent because people are so disassociated from themselves and others.
MRR (TOM): ARE ANY OF YOU ACTUALLY FROM THE BAY AREA?
B: Yeah, me.
MRR (TOM): SO YOU'RE THE NON-CARPETBAGGER IN THE BAND?
(laughter)
J: Well put.
MRR (TOM): WHAT'S IT LIKE GROWING UP IN A PLACE THAT EVERYONE MOVES TO?
J: Not anymore. They don't move here.
B: It's good in the sense that there are always new people and new faces. It's bad because no one ever seems to really last here.
MRR (FLOYD): WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ALL THE CHANGES IN THE BAY AREA IN THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS?
J: I think that it has gotten a lot more expensive here so not a lot of people move here anymore. There are less bands because of that. It's usually the people who move here that start the new bands.
MRR (FLOYD): WHAT ABOUT YOU TWO (GRANT AND WILL) MOVING TO PORTLAND?
G: Well, I don't know, it's time to go.
MRR (FLOYD): DO YOU FEEL MORE DRIVEN OUT OR IS IT JUST TIME FOR A CHANGE?
G: More time for a change. I actually...
J: You can always leave and come back.
G: It's good for me here right now. I have cheap rent

so it's not a burden in that aspect. That's not the reason why I'm moving.
MRR (FLOYD): HOW ABOUT YOU WILLIAM?
(dramatic pause)
W: I think the increased cost of living is going to effect everyone here eventually if it hasn't already. For the worse.
G: I started doing the coolest job I've ever had, which is one good aspect of living here.
MRR (TOM): WHAT DO YOU DO?
G: I work with disabled people.
MRR (TOM): BERKELEY'S A PRETTY GOOD PLACE TO LIVE FOR SOMEONE WHO'S DISABLED, RIGHT?
G: Maybe not living, but for anyone who is disabled or uses a wheelchair to get around maybe.
MRR (TOM): WHAT KIND OF STUFF DO YOU DO EVERY DAY?
G: I work for one guy independently. I go to his house and do range of motion, which is exercising his limbs, and, ahh, shower, shit, shave. And some other stuff.
Leeva: At first I thought you were talking about what you did: shower, shit, shave.
(laughter)
G: It's cool because I don't make anybody else any money and I help someone out. Those are positive aspects of the job.
MRR (FLOYD): DO Y'ALL SEE YOURSELVES AS OPTIMISTS OR PESSIMISTS?
G: Optimists
J: Don't exist!
G: Not in everything, but generally I'm an optimistic person
B: Sometimes I ride the fence. But you don't get anything done if you're a pessimist all the time. That's not really inspiring to be around, either as yourself or with other people.
MRR (TOM): SO HOW DOES THE SUICIDE AS AN OPTION SONG FIT INTO THAT OUTLOOK?
B: That's different because...I guess Will could tell you best.
W: Well, that's really just about personal choice and freedom of choice in everything in life. It's not advocating suicide per say, but suicide, like in the cases of assisted suicide. Where there are people who are terminally ill and want to die and have every right to do that. And the fact that they are denied the means to do that is bizarre. Beyond comprehension really. If that is what they want to do with their lives, and they feel like they are at the end of their lives then that is what they should be able to do.
MRR (TOM): SO IT'S A SONG ABOUT THAT, MORE THAN SOMEONE WHO ISN'T SICK AND HAS COME TO...
W: Well, that also. If someone, even a young person, if they feel like there is no hope left for them, and although it may not be the absolute right choice for them to make...
Leeva: They should have the choice, right?
W: Exactly. Especially with the religious taboo against suicide, when it's not an absolute wrong. And that's how it's portrayed as sometimes. "There's so much to live for," but for some people in this day and age there's not much to live for and there's not going to be. That kid that wants to kill himself when he's 18 might find himself an alcoholic living in a rented room above a bar when he's 45. You know, he might not have anything to live for. The song's about personal freedom, in everything.
(discussion of Grant's hair)
MRR (FLOYD): WITH HALF OF YOUR BAND MOVING TO PORTLAND, HOW IS THAT GOING TO AFFECT TALK IS POISON?
J: Not very much. We don't practice very often. We'll probably play more often because we can go play in Portland instead of just always playing here.
B: We can play when we want. While here we've got this regimented practice spot where we sometimes go because we feel obligated to practice.
MRR (FLOYD): DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELVES MORE OF A LIVE BAND OR DO YOU PREFER TO RECORD?
J: I prefer to do both. I think playing shows is the best fucking thing in the world. And then recording your songs is nice because they are there.
MRR (TOM): SO WHY SINGLES AND NOTHING LONGER?
J: We don't practice very often. We answered that already! (unfortunately Will had turned the tape recorder off when this was first asked)
MRR (FLOYD): ON SOME OF THESE SONGS ARE YOU SICK OF PLAYING THEM YET?
B: Tonight when we played, we hadn't practiced in a month, and it was totally fun. And it sounded great. Or at least to us. I think. Well. It sounded good to me.
(laughter)
B: The songs were written as a catharsis and it's cool to just let it ride when we play and do whatever we do between songs and have it be spontaneous. I don't feel bored by any of the songs.
J: Definitely not with the topics.
MRR (TOM): WELL, WHAT ABOUT THE TOPICS. Y'ALL DON'T SEEM TO EVER DO MUCH TALKING IN BETWEEN SONGS.
J: That's the good thing about records, cause we can print the lyrics, and then we don't have to talk. I 'm the drummer so I can't talk. The drummer should shut up.
MRR (TOM): IS IT THE SAME ON TOUR? ARE Y'ALL JUST UP AND AT 'EM, AND THEN THAT'S IT. OR DO YOU SPEND MORE TIME ON STAGE TRYING TO GET STUFF ACROSS?
J: It's different for different crowds. Maybe some crowds make you want to say something. Like at a show in New Orleans, there was a band we played with that kept saying "fag, fag, fag, fag." So we said something about it.
B: It's usual in direct response to something that's going on at a show. We like to play music, I think if we had our way we could almost be an instrumental band.
Leeva: You guys talked at that Mission Records show. Will totally talked about the housing problem and evictions. You gave a good spiel.
W: It was in reference to what people were talking about at the show.
G: It just depends what's going on that day. If it's not there it's not there.
(LEEVA TRANSLATES ONE OF FLOYD'S QUESTIONS): AFTER YOU WRITE A SONG DO YOU FEEL LIKE YOU HAVE TO STICK TO YOUR OPINIONS AND YOU CAN'T CHANGE THEM BECAUSE THEY'RE WRITTEN DOWN?
W: It has to be something that has been in my mind for a long time before it can become a song. It's not something that's just on the spur of the moment, based on something that pissed me off that day. It takes a long time for something to bubble up to the surface as an idea that I can begin to express in words. Usually by then it is pretty concrete. The songs are specific, but they're generalized enough so it's not something that all of a sudden I'm going to be like "Oh, shit! I didn't mean that!"
(Jim talks about his pet rabbit)
MRR (TOM): DO Y'ALL STILL INTERACT WITH YOUR PARENTS AT ALL?
W: Yeah.
G: Jim's mom bought me a t-shirt.
J: My mom is in love with Grant, actually.
W: Let's go off on this tangent!
MRR (TOM): DOES THAT CAUSE A LOT OF TENSION IN THE BAND?
J: I can't deal with a guitarist named Daddy!
(laughter)
MRR (TOM): I KNOW IT'S A TYPICAL QUESTION, BUT HOW DO YOU INTERACT WITH THEM ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND WHERE YOU'RE AT.

G: My parents went to our show in New Orleans and they don't even live there.
J: I call my mom like three times a week and she came and hung out at Gilman and had a party at our house. She's pretty down with it. She saw everything that I do.
MRR (TOM): HERE IN THE BAY AREA I DON'T FEEL TOO OUT OF PLACE AGE WISE, BUT WHENEVER I GO TO SHOWS OUT OF TOWN I START TO NOTICE FEWER PEOPLE MY AGE. IS THAT SOMETHING YOU NOTICE ON TOUR AND DOES IT CHANGE THE ATMOSPHERE OF A SHOW?
W: It can. But not really shows with younger people, but mainly shows that are male dominated. Those are the weird ones. Like some of the shows on the East Coast and some in the Midwest, when it's just a 17 year old testosterone fest. That's not really the audience we want to play for. Not the reaction we want to get, dudes smacking each other. That's when it's weird. The age thing isn't as big a deal.

MRR (FLOYD): KNOWING THAT YOU GUYS CAN PARTY PRETTY HARD, DO YOU FIND ON TOUR THAT PEOPLE'S PERCEPTIONS OF YOU ARE STRANGE?
Leeva: (translates) Do you mean do people know they party, or don't know they party?
B: Like people cooking us a vegan meal before the show and then seeing us drinking and say (disappointed) "Oh, I thought you guys were straightedge."
G: People asked us in the beginning if we were straightedge.
J: I've only played one show in my life where someone was bummed that we were drinking. That's kind of weird. (pause) But bring 'em on!!
MRR (TOM): WHAT'S THE ONE THING EVERYONE ALWAYS BRINGS ON TOUR, AND WHAT'S THE ONE THING EVERYONE FORGETS?

B: Valium.
(laughter)
W: For both answers!
B: It's true. We had to do an emergency mission across the border at El Paso.
J: We went and got a hundred Valium and we split 'em up. And someone and a roadie was supposedly out but when we were getting pulled over then they started dropping them down the side.
(laughter)

Jim says it isn't too late to send him a Valentine's card.
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Michael Knight

A man, a leather jacket, a car that talks, an afro...

What more could you possibly ask for?

Michael Knight. The man, the myth, the 'fro. I can recall seeing these guys at a show space I used to help run. A friend had booked them without offering any explanation of what they were up to. When they showed up with keyboards and an A-Team tablecloth for a banner, I expected a sloppy attempt at being Spazz. Instead, I was blown away by a set meshing caustic thrash, bouncing new wave, sardonic humor, and their ability to switch back and forth through many styles without sounding forced or cliché. Needless to say, I was hooked, and between booking them all the time and playing their demo religiously, I came to the conclusion that they had to put out a record, and the rest is history. Here's an interview with them, done at Matt's new crib with all members present, wind conditions fair.

Interview by Tony 4.T.G.

MRR: List your names and what instruments you play.
Shawn: I sing and play drums.
Matt: I play guitar, keyboards, and sing.
John: I play bass.
MRR: Michael Knight started out as a joke side project while Breather was in full focus. When did Michael Knight become more of a serious unit?
Shawn: It was never a joke from the get-go. We rehearsed for a couple of years as Breather, but two different styles began to emerge. Breather is a lot like My Bloody Valentine, Polvo, and the Swirlies. We started getting into different stuff, like Dystopia, Dawnbreed, and Kurt, as well as our influences when we were younger, such as Christ on Parade, Subhumans, Circle Jerks, Extreme Noise Terror and the Accused. We ended up with two different sets of music that were clashing.
Matt: Michael Knight obviously became more serious when people started coming to the shows, and when the 4.T.G. offered to put out a record of ours.
MRR: Is Breather still playing and recording?
Matt: Yes. We have about 25 songs that are 90 percent finished.
Shawn: We've never taken a break from Breather. We just record more than we play.
MRR: John and Shawn also play in Grayling full time. Do you guys ever have problems being involved with two working bands?
Shawn/John: No, we're pretty busy though. We love it because Grayling and Michael Knight are without a doubt like night and day. Grayling is more along the lines of the Pixies, Tree People, Dead Kennedys and Thee Headcoats. So it never gets redundant.
MRR: We've all talked about how there's a lot of unoriginal music coming out, and it seems like the underground scene is in a bit of a lull. What bands strike you as being unique?
Matt: Now, or in general?
Shawn: The best way we can sum it up is by listing some of our favorite bands.
Matt: I love Wire, Warsaw, and Polvo. They have all been very influential to me.
Shawn: I'm really into a band called the Telescopes. My Bloody Valentine and Steel Pole Bathtub have always been my favorites. As far as newer bands, I like In/humanity and Cavity.
John: I'm still into the Smiths and the Cure.
MRR: Has anyone ever given you flack about not being punk or crusty enough?
Shawn: There's always a few wise guys at every show who stare us down because we don't wear enough patches. They get close to us, and they can tell we take showers. None of us own backpacks, but for the most part people respect us for our diversity.
Matt: We work so well together because we're all into different stuff and that keeps it interesting.
Shawn: There are a million bands that sound exactly like Infest, Neurosis, Sleep, and Rorschach. All of those bands are great, but why walk in someone's shadow?

MRR: Some of your songs seem very sarcastic, while others have a level of seriousness to them. Where does Michael Knight stand on the PC/non-PC issue?

Shawn: We believe in human equality. A lot of people thrive on being offended. We don't dye our hair, hit the stage and whine about how the system is doing us wrong. We play music, and that's all it's ever been about. Everyone's been abused and beaten in one way or another. Life will always be one catastrophe after another.

MRR: Do you think Breather has become manifested by Michael Knight?

Matt: We'll probably end up combining them into one thing eventually. We've heard of at least three bands already with the name Breather.

MRR: People obviously are saying, "Michael Knight, Charles Bronson, hmmmm..."

Shawn: We really had a hard time thinking of a name, and of course, no matter what you do, people are going to label and compare you. For instance, the first sentence of our record review in the February issue compares us to Charles Bronson. That doesn't bother us at all. Charles Bronson is a great band, but they were never an inspiration to us. This is the reason for our name: we more or less play in Motown. A man, a leather jacket, a car that talks, an afro, what more could you possibly ask for?

MRR: Any Michael Knight rumors?

Shawn: As a matter of fact, we have one, and we're more than a little puzzled by the whole thing. We played a show in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and someone asked if it was true that we play in Klan uniforms to piss people off. In a way it kind of bummed me out, because we don't have any enemies. It's just another example of someone trying to shoot you down. There is only one "K" in "Michael Knight," not three!

MRR: Before we wrap things up, try to explain the "Michael Knight sound" to those who have not yet heard you.

All: We're a "Hardcore-Tremolo-New Wave" band.

Discography: "Slip and Fall" 7-song 7" and Michael Knight/4 Percent split—out soon!

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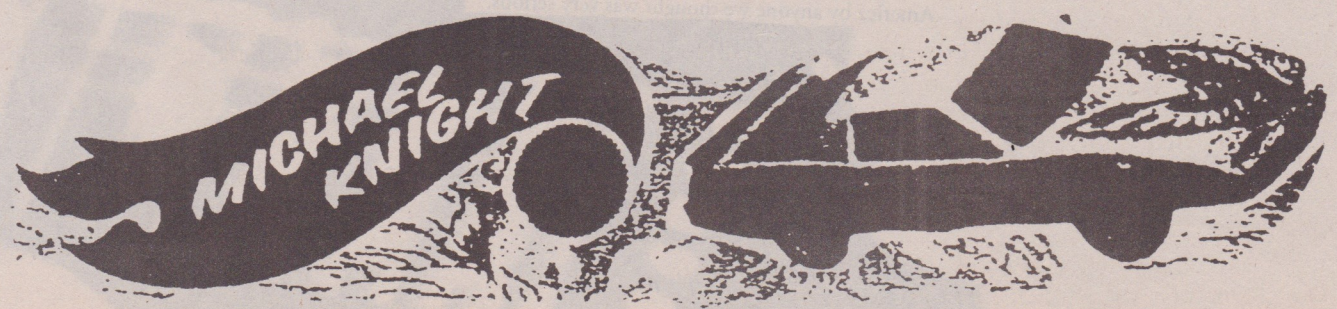
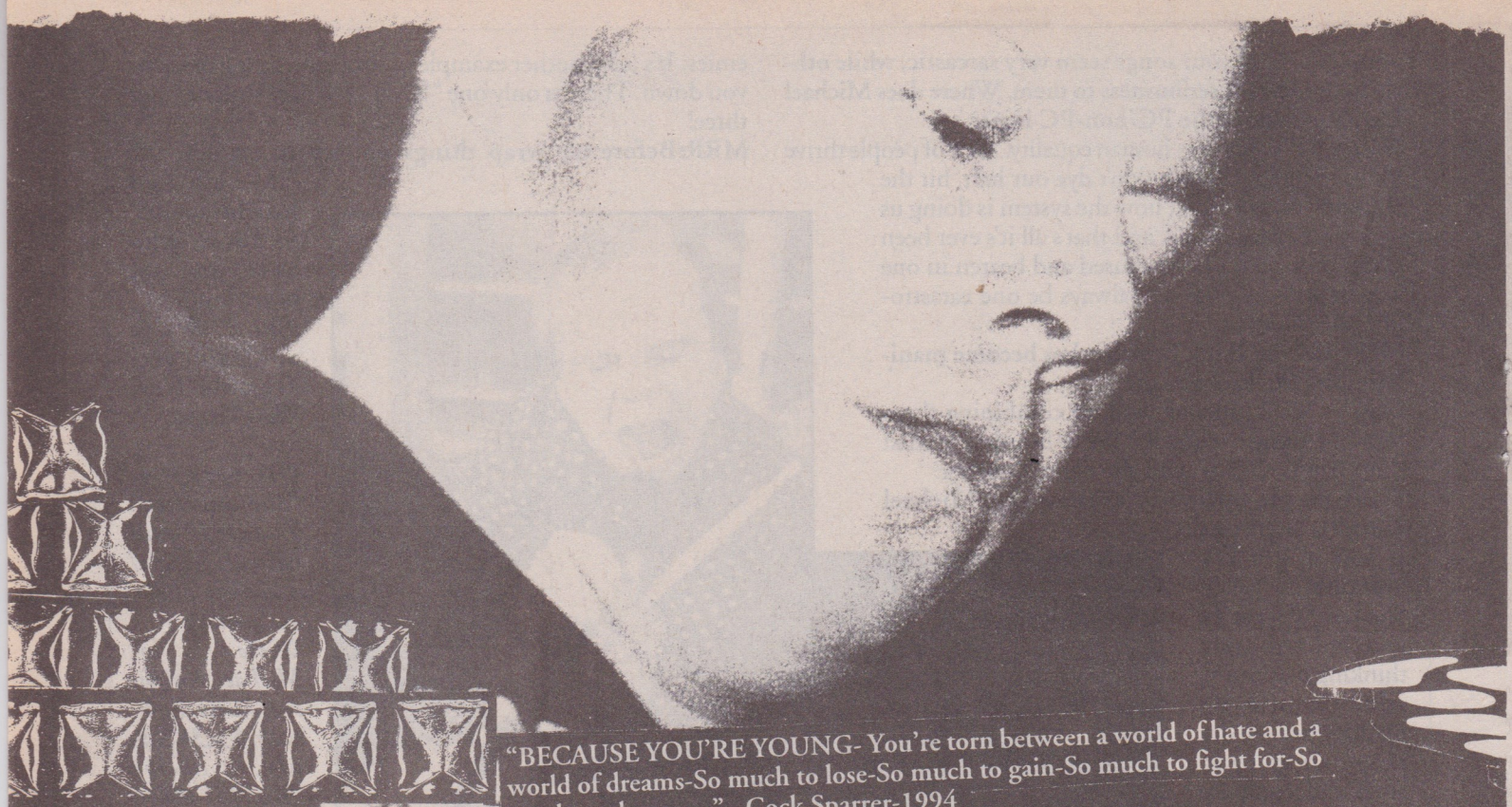




"BECAUSE YOU'RE YOUNG- You're torn between a world of hate and a world of dreams-So much to lose-So much to gain-So much to fight for-So much to change...." Cock Sparrer-1994

MRR: OK. We're going to start out by having the band members introduce themselves and letting us know what instrument they play.
Steve Burgess(SB): I'm the Bass player.
Steve Bruce(SBR): I'm so old I forgot what I do... I'm Steve Bruce, I play drums
Colin McFaull(CM): I'm on voice
Daryl Smith(DS): I'm Daryl and I play guitar.
Michael Beaufoy(MB): I'm Micky and I'm the lead guitarist.

MRR: Let's talk about the tour. This is the third date on your US tour. How's it going so far?
CM: Brilliant.
SB: Yeah, it's been really good, we didn't really know what to expect, to be honest, when we came over. We didn't know how many people would know how many songs and that sort of thing, but it's been good. Good reaction to both the gigs so far.

MRR: Is this Cock Sparrer's first time playing in the states?
SB: First time ever. Yes.

MRR: After all these years it is quite a treat for us. The enthusiastic reception must be a pleasant surprise for you .
DS: Well we didn't know how popular we'd be over here.
SB: Yeah, it was a very pleasant surprise.

MRR: You have sold out all the shows so far, is that correct?
SB: Yes, sold out.

MRR: Has the tour come off with a minimum of violence and mayhem so far?
SB: None at all. It's been excellent. Everybody's just wanted to come along and see the band and hear the songs. To be honest, this is the way it's been, not just here, but in Europe the last few times as well.

MRR: Let's talk about Europe, Some people saw you in Germany several years ago, and I heard good reports about the crowds there. Have you been touring Europe frequently?
DS: Infrequently, I think.

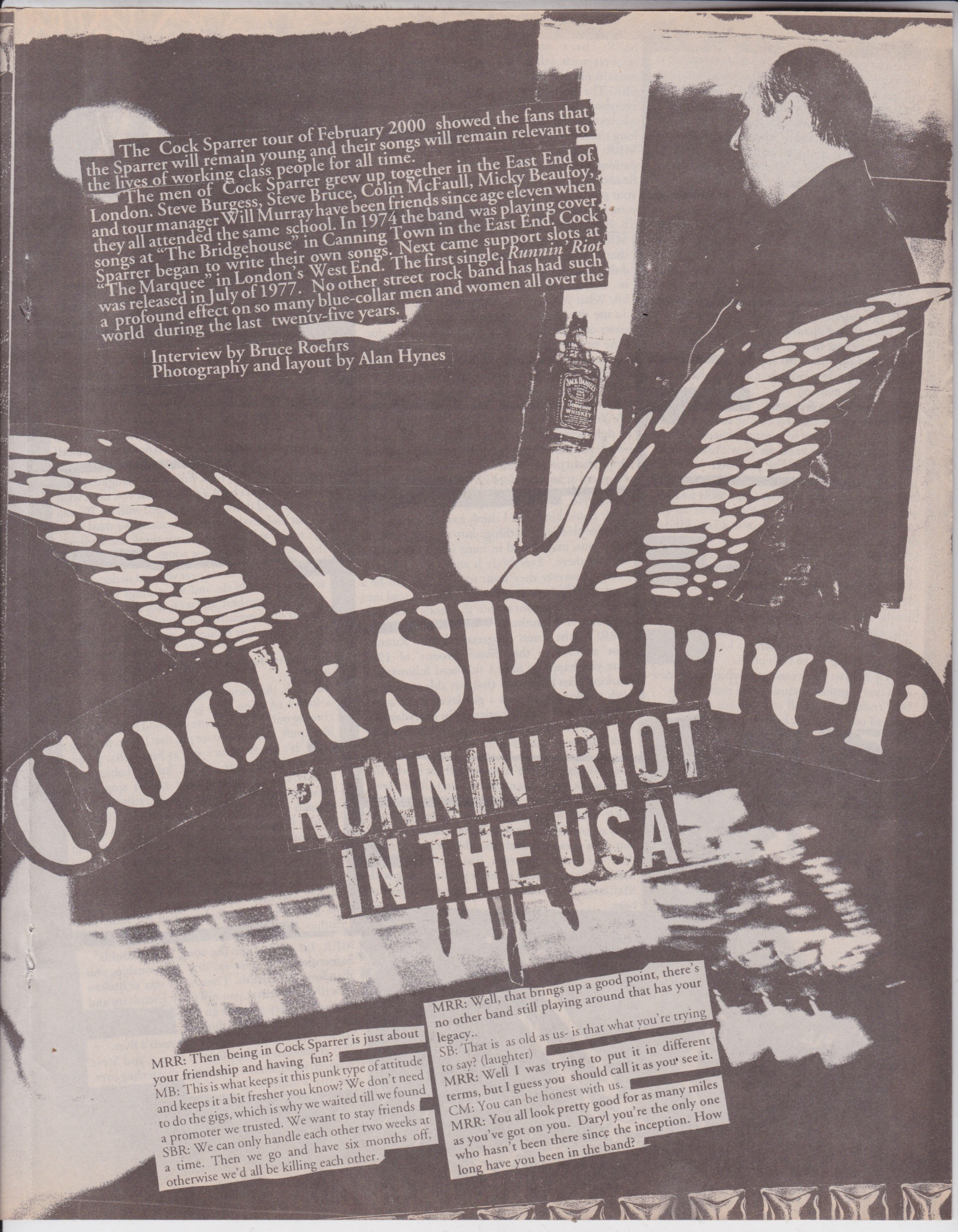
MRR: Are you mostly playing festivals over there or clubs as well?
CM: Well, we started off playing the Astoria room in London in '92, which was really our first gig back, and then after that a couple of guys from Germany got in touch and said, "do you want to come over and play some dates over here." So the first time we went we played sixteen dates throughout Europe. That was good fun, and since then we've done a couple of small tours like this, and one festival.
SB: We tend to go with promoters we trust and like, and we've never really had any sort of offers from America by anyone we thought was very serious.

MRR: Maybe you've opened up some good new relationships here.
SB: Yeah, Mark,Dave and Jim have been excellent on this tour, and it's been great as far as we're concerned.
DS: I think it's fair to say about Europe though that every time we've gone over there for five years, every tour's been bigger than the one before.

MRR: Then you are selling out shows and receiving a warm reception in Europe when you play over there?
SB: Yeah, it's been really good. Some of the venues over there, are like CBGBs here, very small, very packed, the real sort of punk attitude with people falling over and guitars going out of tune, and then there's also some of the bigger shows there as well.

MRR: Is your goal as a band to tour more, and not work a day job at all?
SB: No.

MRR: Making a living from the music of Cock Sparrer is not the goal ?
MB: It's not going to work like that for us, it never would. We're only going to keep doing it while things keep going well. We won't stop touring and we won't stop recording, but we know that we couldn't make it into a full time job.



Cock Sparrer

RUNN IN' RIOT IN THE USA

The Cock Sparrer tour of February 2000 showed the fans that the Sparrer will remain young and their songs will remain relevant to the lives of working class people for all time.

The men of Cock Sparrer grew up together in the East End of London. Steve Burgess, Steve Bruce, Colin McFaull, Micky Beaufoy, and tour manager Will Murray have been friends since age eleven when they all attended the same school. In 1974 the band was playing cover songs at "The Bridgehouse" in Canning Town in the East End. Cock Sparrer began to write their own songs. Next came support slots at "The Marquee" in London's West End. The first single, *Runnin' Riot* was released in July of 1977. No other street rock band has had such a profound effect on so many blue-collar men and women all over the world during the last twenty-five years.

Interview by Bruce Roehrs
Photography and layout by Alan Hynes

MRR: Then being in Cock Sparrer is just about your friendship and having fun?

MB: This is what keeps it this punk type of attitude and keeps it a bit fresher you know? We don't need to do the gigs, which is why we waited till we found a promoter we trusted. We want to stay friends

SBR: We can only handle each other two weeks at a time. Then we go and have six months off, otherwise we'd all be killing each other.

MRR: Well, that brings up a good point, there's no other band still playing around that has your legacy..

SB: That is as old as us- is that what you're trying to say? (laughter)

MRR: Well I was trying to put it in different terms, but I guess you should call it as you see it.

CM: You can be honest with us.

MRR: You all look pretty good for as many miles as you've got on you. Daryl you're the only one who hasn't been there since the inception. How long have you been in the band?

DS: Eight years. The important thing to realize is that I don't think that any band can play full time and enjoy it as much as we do. You tend to go through the motions if your band is on tour all the time, but we can genuinely say that we look forward to it, and that's probably why we get the atmosphere we do at a Cock Sparrer show, why it's something a bit special. They know that we want to be there. We're not a band that's just on another date on another six week tour.

CM: A big part of it for us as well is that we're going back and playing places like CBGBs that we went and visited when we came over, as a band, but not to play, in 1979. We went from coast to coast just bumming around, but we couldn't get a gig then. But now, to go back and do it is a real treat for us.

MRR: It completes the cycle. From struggles with corrupt and incompetent record companies to taking charge of your music, and doing the records and the tours just for fun.

DS: This is the first time ever I think that we've been totally in control.

MRR: That has to feel good.

DS: We do it now how we choose to do it.

SB: Now we've gotten to the stage where we could have played a bigger venue in New York , but we asked to play CBGBs. The promoter was quite shocked.

CM: We all consider ourselves incredibly lucky as well. We've all remained friends, we've all got families and our families allow us to do this kind of thing as well.

MRR: Do you all still live in London?

SB: There or near about.

MRR: Are you all still rabid soccer fans?

MB: Yes, but the main thing is we're all still friends, and that's the thing you've really got to understand.

SB: Yeah, we still see each other a lot.

CM: We choose to see each other.

MB: Of the last five years we've spent three new year's eves together, including the millennium.

SBR: Yeah, we were all together for the millennium, all our families... brilliant.

MRR: That's nice. Everyone understands and respects each other. If someone needs several months off, it's not a problem.

SBR: The last album took a long time because everybody has got things to do, so we just fit it in wherever we can. It might not sound like it took a long time, but it did! (laughter)

MRR: Some of you have moved up in your occupations to a point where you are comfortable financially. Has success in your careers changed your politics at all from what they were when you were eighteen or twenty?

SB: No, I don't think so.

MRR: Today you have a government in Britain that is far superior to what Margaret Thatcher was doing in the old days. Do you have any interest in the current politics at home?

SB: What you have to understand is that while we do use the songs to express views, it's never the views of a certain political party or a certain doctrine or anything like that. So we don't really discuss- we've even sort of made it a rule- we don't discuss politics. We are apolitical. So that's it really.

MRR: Well, a song like "Watch Your back", that's just bristling with anger.

SB: Yes, but it's not party affiliated, either left wing or right wing. If there's any rational politics, it's people politics. It's not two party politics, it's about caring about people. And that does not come under one party or another does it?

MRR: No.

CM: Something that I think has to be stressed is that people have read things into the songs in some situations, maybe read in some ideas that weren't even in there. Everybody is entitled to interpret things however they want to, and that can be a song, or a book, or a movie, and they can read into it whatever they want to, but that not's necessarily the point of the author.

MRR: As the times progressed from "Runnin' Riot" of 1977 to the "Shock Troops" of 1982 were you happy to have a skinhead following- a working class following- that was able to connect with Cock Sparrer on a gut level? Your songs reflect some of their experiences in everyday life.

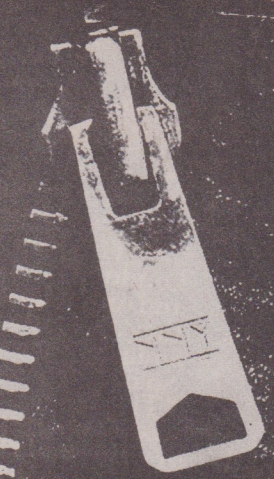
SB: Well, we've never created an image. We've only said: "this is us, take it or leave it."

CM: Which is why we've never really fit in with the whole punk thing, because we weren't all these west London art students.

MRR: Every biography of Cock Sparrer tells the story of how Malcolm McClaren courted you but you didn't want to dress like the art punks...

CM: We couldn't afford it. (laughter)

MRR: The way I read it, after your meeting with McClaren he wouldn't even buy you a pint of beer.



CM: Well, you've got to have some standards. He was fine when he came down, but he wouldn't buy us a pint, no.

MRR: You got the last laugh- you are still around, having a good time, playing your music.

SB: I think part of the healths behind Sparrer, if that's not too strong of a word, is not taking yourself too seriously.

DS: We know we look ridiculous! (laughter)

CM: It's always been a case of what you see is what you get. And that has not changed with us. We still go out and do the songs A: because we want to do the songs and B: because we think the audience there wants to hear those songs.

Before we came over we tried to decide what songs we should do and what songs we thought would go down best, and we finally decided we'd do the old ones because that's probably what people want to pay their money to come and see.

MRR: In the song "A.U." the lyrics mention fighting in the bars. Does that still happen to you guys?

SB: Well, that song actually came about because of a friend of mine who got picked on as he was coming out of a pub. Some guys told him he looked like a puff, basically, so we put that line in the song.

It's always struck me as funny that people can sing about war crimes, killing babies, and terrible things like that, but if you sing about something straight forward, like two fellows having a punch out, suddenly people are saying "Oh you wrote a song about a fight, you must be an aggressive band, how terrible", Elton John can sing about "Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting", can't he? I don't get the subtlety. You basically have these guys who were idiots (the guys who beat up my friend), and they were probably just jealous since the guy who got picked on had on some nice clothes.

MRR: Let's talk about the song "Bird Trouble" - Sometimes when you are in a relationship, you abandon your friends. Then, after you've broken up with the woman, you call your friends up and ask them if they want to go out.

CM: Doesn't it happen though?

MRR: That's happened in most men's lives.

CM: If you can achieve that in a song, and Steve (Burgess) wrote that, if you can get that feeling over, then that's something, isn't it?

MRR: That song rings true for many people.
CM: There's also humor in the songs. "Last Train To Dagenham" is a very funny song.
SB: I think you can change people's attitudes a lot more with humor, not taking it too seriously, than you can with being so self important, like U2.
MRR: Do you have any new songs in the works?
DS: I think we have two.
SBR: What you've got to do is never believe anything we say. We say there's never going to be a another album or there's never going to be another tour, and then one of us will say, "Oh come on, let's do it" or someone will say "hey do you want to do this" and whenever someone gives us an offer we always go to a pub and meet up, just the five of us, and have a big row, and decide either yes or no.

MB: Then it takes six months to get in the studio. (laughter)
MRR: Well, you don't want to rush into these things.
SBR: It takes so long to get anything done because we are so democratic, and since everyone has to decide, it takes forever to get anything done! (laughter)
MRR: When you do these shows in Germany and Austria are there factions of RAC or right wing punks and skins that come to the gig?
CM: You're always going to get a few, but the vast majority of people are there only for the music.
MRR: Is this a problem for the band?
SB: It is a mixture. They seem to get along all right for the most part though. They don't seem to get into fights- at least not too often. I think one went off one time after we'd finished. There was the one famous fight that we wrote the song about when we played in Potsdam. They did let us get off stage first though, which was nice.
MB: In fact, there have been virtually no problems at any of our gigs for the last eight years. It seems to happen that way though, on the very rare occasion that there is a problem, you play the last note of the last song, say "thanks very much, good night", they clap and say "thanks very much, we really enjoyed it", then they kick the shit out of each other!
CM: What we realized later, which is why we wrote the song about it, was that it had nothing to do with us. Since the wall had come down, there had been this rivalry between Potsdam and Berlin, and they decided to sort it out at our show.
MRR: Well as long as they wait until after the show, that's OK. Do you guys vote? Do you participate in the electoral system in England?
CM: Yes-definitely.
MRR: People should feel privileged to have the right to vote and they should exercise that right!
SBR: But then you're back to a Sting or a Bono thing where you try to write a song to try and influence people one way or another. Sure you're entitled to your own personal views, and that's the way it should remain.

DS: There's no other scene that wants to pigeonhole you about your politics as much as punk or skinhead music. If you're a metal band, a dance band, a drum and bass band, or a rock and roll band you're not going to be pushed into making a statement about your political beliefs. Because you're out there playing rock and roll, you're out there making music. There's so many other subjects to write songs about, music is such an emotional outlet- we can write about everyday life, like people getting beaten up in pubs, or you can write about your girlfriends or whatever.
MB: The thing is, you can say that life is politics, which is fine, but life is not party politics as far as we're concerned.
DS: If we all sat down and had a conversation about it, we'd probably all agree about the major issues in life, because we're all similar people, but it's not fair that one person should write the lyrics that five people have to stand behind. It's not right. If someone's got their own personal beliefs, put it on your ballot paper if you want to do that, but the band is not a vehicle for politics, and it never will be. That said, when we talked about Margaret Thatcher...
CM: Oh we're not going there...(laughter)
DS: She's probably, in hind sight, the best thing to happen to punk culture, because you have so many good bands that got really angry. Comedy in England suddenly turned around. We had all these great comedians because they had somebody to put their anger on.
Now with the current government, while it may be a superior government, it's so bland that it's really affected art. A lot of good angry punk and protest music came out of the Thatcher years.
CM: But that's not right because punk started under a labor government
SBR: That's what I'm saying... whenever you wind somebody up, and promise them things, then they rebel.
SB: You're very good! (to Bruce) That's twice you've asked us about politics. The first time we fended it off, the second time you got us to talk about it ! (laughter)
MRR: OK, we'll talk about something else. Do you think skinheads have become scapegoats? When something goes wrong at a show, the blame immediately goes to the skinheads, and most of them do not come to fight. Do you have any feelings about this from your tours?
SBR: Well, the only experience we've had with them has been on the tours, and it's been good. We've had a thousand skinheads turn up at the shows, and nothing goes off.
SB: I suppose there's always going to be a few who become a skinhead just for the fighting, but I would have thought most of them do it for the fashions and the culture.
MB: -and the music. It's probably spawned now the only true underground music there is left. It gets no play on the radio.

SB: It's the one that society still hates.
MB: There's no major recording label that has a skinhead band.
SB: There's a lot of other types of music that have very racist lyrics, and very violent and homophobic lyrics, and they're construed as being politically ok, and I don't know why. Look at any one of our lyrics and say there's anything wrong with it!
DS: Punk is packageable. Record labels can sell punk, and it's quite tame. But Oi! and the skinheads, people shit themselves over it, they're so scared. So it'll never become mainstream.
MB: I've met a few skinheads on this tour, and I've seen a lot of skinheads on this tour, and they're some of the nicest, most polite, blokes I've ever met. You could bring them home to meet your mum. They can sit down and eat and say please and thank you.

MRR: How about any of the people you mentioned in the song "Where Are They Now?", are you still on friendly terms with Joe Strummer or any of the others?

SB: Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons used to write for the NME, but they've both moved on now, and work for the television or something. Strummer is still around and about doing his bits and pieces. We don't see a great deal of Jimmy Pursey these days.

MRR: Once Sham 69 attracted the skinhead crowd, he got frustrated.

SB: Yeah.

MRR: It appears that one of the reasons Jimmy Pursey left Oi! and punk music was because of the boisterous crowds and the fighting.

SB: Yeah, it was different then, especially with the Sham. You did have all that violence and the morons.

MRR: The 4- Skins also seemed to get alot of undeserved bad press because some of the people who came to their shows would behave badly, and the 4- Skins got branded as trouble-makers.

SB: You're always going to get people who want to manipulate any type of movement, and that's what "Watch Your Back" is really about, you know.

MRR: That's true with Skinhead music in the states as well. Young kids are very impressionable and sometimes unsavory people use the scene to move these kids towards their agenda .

SB: Yeah, you're always going to get that, but you've just got to think for yourself. There were so many bands from the old days who got branded with things that they weren't about.
CM: Even with us now, with these few dates coming over here, unless you do make a definite statement about something, then it's left open to interpretation, and people will do that. There's been so many rumors about why we're here, how much we're being paid for being here, that we're deliberately pulled off ten times in the past ten years, and you just have to defend yourself or it will be left open for interpretation.

MRR: I have read that the Small Faces were a major influence on Cock Sparrer and that you guys used to cover some of their songs when you were first starting out. Didn't you get a chance to play with the Small Faces at one point?

SB: Yeah, we played with them on the come back tour- their's, not ours! (laughter) We played two weeks around the UK with them which was brilliant. Steve Marriott was always my idol.

MRR: But he's gone now.

DS: He did burn the candle at both ends.

MRR: Back then your producer had worked with Thin Lizzy, didn't you play with them as well?

SB: Yeah, we did play with Thin Lizzy.
MB: There was quite a little pub and club circuit around at the time, and it was pretty easy to get support slots, so we tended to go along and play with anyone who would have us.

MRR: Did I read about a Motorhead show as well?

CM: That was amazing!

MRR: What year was that?

CM: What year was that then, 1956? (laughter)
SB: The good time about Motorhead is when we played in Hamburg last year. We broke the bar record for alcohol consumption there which had been held since 1986, I think by Motorhead. And we also broke the back stage john! (laughter)
DS: It was a public holiday the next day and we drank the place dry, so the venue had no more beer, and since it was a holiday they couldn't go out and buy more beer!

MRR: You set a lofty goal- a high standard for other bands to strive for. (laughter) On some of these tours you've been playing with young bands. Have any of them caught your attention?

CM: No, we hate all the young bands, because they're younger than us. (laughter)
SB: There's been a couple of bands that we've played with that we enjoyed.

MRR: Are there any that you would like to mention?

SB: The Reducers S.F. are wonderful and Oxymoron are great.
MB: I think it's encouraging to hear guitar work coming back into it. Punk for a long while there was just about how fast you were playing. Playing lead solos wasn't allowed, but Sparrer has always had lead solos, and American bands, American Oi! bands, are bringing it back. The Reducers S.F. have an excellent lead guitarist, Kevin, and it's great to hear him play!

MRR: The band allows him to stretch out. They don't try to always rein him in.

MB: We guitar players shouldn't be ashamed that we can play!

MRR: What does the word "Cock Sparrer" come from?

SB: It's a London expression.

MRR: Meaning?

SB: It's a term of friendship.
SBR: "Hello me ol' cock sparrer, how's it going?"
SB: It's just a term that is used to refer to a young male. It comes from a young male bird, a very common bird in the city- you have them here as well.

MRR: You mean " sparrows"?

SB: That's what I just said. (laughter)

MRR: Sorry- I'm not familiar with much Cockney slang. How about "Argy Bargy", what does that mean?

SB: Bit of the push and shove.
SBR: It's the way you dance.
SB: It's a little bit of trouble, but nothing too serious.
SBR: You'll see some of it tonight at the show I'm sure.

LONSDALE
ENGLAND

MRR: When Gary Bushell put your song "Sunday Stripper" on the Oi! The Album compilation in 1980, that kind of caught fire for you didn't it? "Shock Troops" two years later won over a lot of people who might not have heard that first Decca record. The first LP only came out in Spain- Isn't that right?

SB: Yeah, well, we haven't got it , I haven't got a copy.

SBR: Which one?

SB: We had a record come out in Spain.

SBR: Oh, that's right.

CM: I'll tell you, Bruce, one of the great things about coming out on tour is that your record collection really increases. You find all these records you didn't even realize you'd made. Bootlegs and copies.

DS: Maybe you can make an appeal to your readers- if they've got a copy of the Spanish Cock Sparrer record, send it in since we don't have one.

MRR: Do the Captain Oi and Step One labels send you royalties?

SBR: Oh yeah, to be fair, they both pay us.

MB: Some of the others that are selling our songs do not pay us, but that's OK - we wouldn't have the fans if they hadn't been keeping the music going.

CM: We always knew we weren't going to make a fortune, but it would have been nice to get a little every now and again.

SB: People are always saying Sparrer are only in it for the money. I'd just like to know what money they are talking about!

MRR: The choice of the cover of the Rolling Stone's song "We Love You" on the first LP and 12" was very shrewd.

SB: I don't think it was shrewd. We're not that clever. We just don't think about it. And it's the same with all the others. With "England Belongs to Me", we didn't sit down and decide to write a patriotic song- It was just how we felt at the moment. It took about ten minutes to write, it sounded great, and that was the end of it. And we've been defending it, and talking about it, ever since! (laughter)

MRR: One biography claims that one of your friends who had become a record company executive asked you if you had a song, and you said yes. Then you went home and wrote it.

SBR: That's right. We had the title, we thought it was great idea. Steve came in and said I've got this idea for a song, it's called "England Belongs To Me"

SB: Yes, it was little bit written . Remember, we started off with" London Belongs To Me", but that didn't work, so we changed it.

CM: Yes, What happened was, he (the record company executive) said yeah, I'll give you the money to make that single, and with the money he gave us, we made the album "Shock Troops" and gave him the single. He said "that's great- here's some more money- go make an album," and gave us some more money! So we took the money, and gave him the album, (laughter) and said "thank you very much!"

MRR: " England Belongs To Me " has been misinterpreted as a nationalistic song hasn't it?

CM: Well, the greatest thing about that song is that England belongs to the German fans, to the American fans tonight, to all the fans. Everywhere we play, they sing along.

SBR: It's nice to hear it with an American accent instead of a German accent.

SB: The point of it was that your town doesn't belong to the politicians or the businessmen, it belongs to you, it's where you grew up.

MRR: On that "Shock Troops" record there's a song "Out On An Island" which has confounded a lot of punks and skins because it's a little bit ethereal- it's kind of dreamy.

CM: I was going through my new romantic phase at the time. (laughter)

SB: That was Colin who wrote that song- I think it's brilliant.

MRR: A lot of people that come from a Kinks or a Small Faces background love that song, while other people who want a fast two minute punk song couldn't adjust to it, and the song confused them.

CM: That song was about individualism. It said: "I'm not going to follow the crowd, I'm not going to be a sheep. You can do what you want to do, but don't wait for me, because I'm not going to be there with you", and again, it was trying to express that perhaps a bit differently.

SB: Then again, it can still be interpreted in other ways, in a soldier kind of way, and that's how we'd like to leave it.

CM: Oh yeah, the best songs have to be ambiguous. They have to mean different things to different people.

MRR: So you'd rather people didn't dissect a song in print and try to figure out what each line means.

SB: Well they can, but they just won't get a definitive answer from us, because it doesn't exist.

DS: It's hard as a writer to have people analyze your work, and then ask you what it meant, especially if you wrote it five, ten or twenty years ago. The best songs are written in the shortest space of time, and with a minimum of thought. And once you've committed a song to tape, they've got an opportunity to dissect it and pull it apart, where as you probably never put that much thought into it in the first place. It's really hard to give simple answers to what the songs mean.

SB: I think the ambiguous thing is very important. Because, as some guy said to us yesterday, our lyrics have stood up over time where other band's haven't after twenty years.

MRR: A lot of your songs are positive and embrace life. Instead of focusing on what you don't have, you celebrate what you do have and that's refreshing. Some of today's music is very negative

DS: It's easy to be negative. Anyone can write a song knocking something. It's hard to write a song with a bit of hope in it, and make people think. It's nice that twenty years on people are still arguing over what this or that means.

Personally, songs like "Out On An Island", being a fan of the band before I was in the band, show that it's nice for albums to have a bit of light and shade. You don't want an album to be all the same. Songs like "Out On An Island" end up standing out. You talk to a lot of our fans and "Out On An Island" is possibly one of their favorite Cock Sparrer songs. You'll never see it live.

MRR: It's never preformed live?

CM: No.

SB: Songs like "Working" are, as you just said, positive. It's a positive song even though it was written when we had three million unemployed in England. But it's not a negative song. It's about being unemployed, but we saw the positive side of it. We saw lots of our friends who were unemployed take the money off the government for being unemployed and then go and work for their mate on the building site, so they were getting twice as much as the people who were working. And we just thought that was so ironic.

SBR: You know sometimes you've got to do things that are a little outside the rules! (laughter)

MRR: That's all the time we have. Thank you very much for the interview!

SB: You're welcome.

DS: We would like to thank First Round Promotions and TKO Records for bringing Cock Sparrer to the States. A special thank you to all the fans at the shows- you made the tour for us! If the kids enjoy it, want to see us, and can spend an evening partying instead of fighting, then it makes it real fun for us. Who knows? - maybe we'll be back for more! The New York and San Francisco shows were recorded. Look for a live Cock Sparrer LP and CD on TKO Records before the end of the year. Cheers.

Out Cold formed in 1989 under the short-lived name Blisterd Fingers. Influenced by the likes of punk/hardcore greats such as the Dead Boys, Black Flag, GBH, Bad Brains, Poison Idea, the Freeze, etc. Disgusted with the state of hardcore in the mid and late '80s we preached and strived to return to the "old" style of the genre, before it became trendy to do so. The initial lineup consisted of Kevin Mertens on vocals, Fred Evicci on guitar, Mark Sheehan on bass, and John Evicci on drums. This line-up released one LP, one 7", and two split 7"s before Kevin left in late 1994. Mark moved over to vocals and 1995 saw a team up with Kangaroo Records and a second LP. Bassist Dave Pratt joined in 1996 to record the third LP, which features co-production by the great Bill Close. The following year personal problems tore the band apart. During this state of collapse, half the material for the fourth LP was recorded before Fred left in August 1997. John Kozik was recruited on guitar and shortly afterward, Muzzi on bass. The No Eye Contact EP was released to coincide with a month-long tour of Europe in November, 1998, which included Germany, Belgium, Spain, and the Netherlands. Shortly thereafter, a split 7" with No Side was recorded for a dual release by Acme & Devour in anticipation of a Japanese tour. Currently, the band is writing new material for the fourth LP due to be released by Kangaroo some time in late 1999. By Eric.

OUT COLD.

MRR: To start off with, can you please give me a brief history of the band, and tell me who the current members are?

John: Well, it started in 1989 with Kevin Mertens on vocals and my brother (Fred) on guitar, Mark on bass, and me on drums. That line-up lasted about five years, we released the first album, the first 7", and the first two split 7"s. Kevin left in 1994 for many reasons.

Mark: Then I started singing in 1994, then it's been pretty much constant. We got some different bass players, and now it's me on vocals, John on drums, John Kozik on guitar, and Muzzi on bass.

MRR: When Out Cold started no one was really still playing early '80s hardcore, so what influenced you to?

John: Early '80s hardcore.

Mark: Yeah, no one was doing it, but we were like just so obsessed with those bands and that music, and we were very frustrated that nobody was playing it. We didn't realize just how out of touch we were until we started playing shows, and we had to be booked with metal bands. Even people who were supposed to be into hardcore—like from years ago that had hardcore bands—they didn't seem to even notice. It was just like a big fad for them.

John: Yeah, we thought when we played out a few people would come out of the woodwork that were into it, but nobody did. I mean we really had nobody come to shows.

Mark: Most people really don't like hardcore. It was just there at the time, all their friends liked it, so they could run around and shave their head and be just like all their friends, and when it wasn't popular anymore they just lost interest and went onto something else.

MRR: How has Out Cold been able to stay true to playing hardcore or "keeping the faith" if you will, for so long, without any musical progression or ever gaining any metal influence?

Mark: We always hated metal influence. It just seemed like something that was being brought in strictly because it was fashionable. We just weren't interested in that, there was no time for long solos or these eight minute long songs or anything like that. And, we're not tough guys, so we were never into the macho tough guy "I own a bulldog and wear a basketball shirt" type of attitude.

John: We've always seen hardcore as a very distinctive genre, and when metal comes into it a lot of people don't see that line being crossed, but we've always been very aware of that.

Mark: It's not hardcore anymore, it's metal, just like you wouldn't call rap country music or country music rap. It's two different styles of music. People seem to have a problem with that because they want to say they're playing hardcore or they want to say their playing some sort of punk rock, but what they're really doing is playing heavy metal.

John: Yeah, because hardcore and punk have a lot more credibility than metal so they'd rather say they're in a hardcore band than a metal band because they'd probably be laughed at if they say they're in a metal band.

MRR: How do you think Out Cold has changed, if at all, over the years?

Mark: I don't know, I guess now we're more precise in what we're trying to do. I think now we're much more focused on it. The songs are maybe a little bit faster, and I

think it's more along the lines of hardcore.
John: I think our earlier stuff is surprisingly a lot slower. If you listen to the stuff that we were doing before we recorded the album, it's pretty slow and it's more like punk. We were really into a Dead Boys state of mind then.
Mark: The thing is, we always liked different types of music—like I love '60s pop and a lot of the punk stuff, and we're all into the Stooges and stuff like that, but I wouldn't want it to be... you have a band where you use every single influence you have in then it's just a big mess. I want the last Out Cold record to sound like the first album. I have no problem doing the same album over and over again.

MRR: Do you have any goals, or a message, and are you satisfied with what you've already accomplished?

Mark: We really don't have a big message actually. It's strictly a personal thing, like we never thought we were going to do tours and all this other stuff. We were just assuming that we were going to be playing in a basement. All of that stuff is extra. We just wanted to do it strictly for ourselves, even if we just made a cassette of it and just had it in our rooms and listened to it. It just had to be perfect.
John: As far as goals, just to put out as many good records as we can until it runs dry or gets old and tired. I'm satisfied with every record pretty much, production values aside. There's always a production value where I'm like "ehh, could have been better," but as far as the material goes, I'm pretty happy with it.
MRR: Your lyrics tend to deal with social politics and are often very angry and negative, whereas most bands that also play hardcore and are really DIY like Out Cold tend to have really political, PC lyrics. Could you elaborate on this please?
Mark: I have political views, but I'm not really into singing about them. I don't feel the need to sing about a lot of political stuff. When Out Cold started, I saw it as a huge vehicle for just getting across that feeling of depression, misery, or anger, all that stuff. That's why it comes out like that. I'm not walking around depressed or miserable all the time. That is just what I sing about.

MRR: What do you think about the state of American hardcore today? Do you think that the bands are any good compared to the early 80's?

Mark: I haven't heard 99% of the bands that are around today. I listen to early '80s hardcore, and some of the new Japanese stuff that John has been putting out is really good. I like a lot of the newer punk bands, but as far as the hardcore bands go, I don't really know a lot of them.
John: Everyone that I've heard—I don't want to say *shitty*—but it's not hardcore. I would never consider that hardcore. Like Mark said, the only good hardcore I hear nowadays is coming out of Japan. They've got some fucking amazing bands in Japan right now doing great hardcore.
Mark: They play it with an energy that really just can't be duplicated. It's a crazy frenzy of energy, and it seems like they are doing it cause they really like it. They're not doing it because everyone else is doing it. They seem to really enjoy themselves.
John: There's a few bands here and there, like I just found out about a band called Talk Is Poison who are really good.
Mark: Yeah, they are good, actually.
John: And there's another band in Holland I just found out about called Cockroach who are really good, so there's a few bands popping up here and there, but as a rule I think good hardcore is still hard to find, especially in America, from what I know.

MRR: Originally you were going to break up in 1998. What inspired you to keep going?

John: Tour (laughter). We were offered to do the European tour right as we were breaking up, so we couldn't turn it down. We just got a replacement guitarist, and we needed a bass player also, so we got a bass player. We did the tour and it went really well. We really clicked with the new members. It worked out well, so we decided to continue.
Mark: We didn't want to break up. It was just we thought we were going to have to break up since we were two members short, but when the tour came around, that's when we asked all the other people. Now, we all get along really well.

MRR: How long can you see Out Cold continuing on for?

Mark: I don't know, maybe a couple more albums, I guess. I'm actually enjoying it more now then I did ten years ago, that's for sure. I like playing it now a lot more then I did before. I don't know why.
John: And the scene has come back a lot. When we were playing out a lot in '93, '92, it was desolate. Nobody had a clue what we were doing. At least now some people have a clue, there's a few people. So it's a little bit more worth playing around now.

MRR: You draw much better over in Europe than you do in Boston. Do you think that this is only due to the fact that you are on Kangaroo Records, or are their other reasons too?

John: Yeah, I think that has something to do with it. Also, I think the Boston crowd is very...
Mark: Spoiled.
John: They really want to be impressed. They are like, "Oh, impress me." We're not like that. I don't know. The reasons are many why we aren't popular around here. In Europe they are more open minded than here, and not just in Boston, probably America in general. Americans are very like "impress me," whereas in Europe, they just have a cooler attitude.
Mark: And it's weird. They like the music over there, but they don't feel like it's some soundtrack to their own destructive behavior. Here you don't see a lot of people who like hardcore. It just seems to be their own little soundtrack to trashing their parents' house. Their soundtrack to taking drugs with their friends and doing something stupid. As opposed to in Europe, all the people who seem to like it are like 35. They seem to be hardcore fans from the beginning up. They never stopped liking it. Here, give them a week and they just completely forget what the hell they're listening to. Boston seems like it's living off this reputation as some big hardcore mecca, but those bands were around for like six months. Or, before they

changed into some bad metal or some horrible 1985 version of hardcore. I think the reputation is not deserved at all.
John: They're bloated.
Mark: It's very bloated. It seems like all those bands—well not all of them, but a lot of them anyway—were good strictly by

NO EYE CONTACT

accident. They didn't know what made them good, and when they actually got some attention paid to them they didn't know how to duplicate it because they didn't know what the hell was interesting about it in the first place.
John; They were just playing music that was the trend at the time. All those bands, Gang Green, F.U.'s.
Mark: SSD, whatever, and some of the others.
John: You know, they're all playing this same type of music around the same time, and then around '85, when the trend changed, they changed right along with it. How much credibility can you give to that?
MRR: Yeah, it seems like there were a lot of bands playing it and then all of a sudden there's just Siege, and Siege was like the only one.
John: Yeah that's it. I mean not to toot our own horn, but who else was playing hardcore in '89-'90, like real old school? We hate to say that term "old school" because...
Mark: It's so overused.
John: It doesn't mean anything anymore.
Mark: And we were playing with bands like trickster wannabes. I mean we were playing with horrible hairdo primp up bands.
John: The whole grunge thing, very zoned out alternative crowd, that was big then. We do it cause we really love that type of music and for no other reason.
Mark: We would still be doing it even in the basement or the barn even if we didn't have any records out. I mean, I really like a lot of those early bands. I like the Freeze, I like that early first Gang Green stuff. That stuff's great.
John: That's what inspired us.
MRR: Would you want to play out more in Boston?
Mark: No, I mean we'll play every once in a while, but it's really no big thrill to be playing Boston.
MRR: What have you released recently, what are you releasing soon, and on what label(s)?
John: We released *No Eye Contact* on Kangaroo just before the tour. That was in November of '98. Just a few months ago we released the No Side split 7" on my label, Acme. We're coming out on a *Suburban Voice* comp that should be out soon [out now -ed]. We're also coming out on a Kangaroo comp which should be out soon. The live album just came out. That was recorded on tour. And right now we are working on the fourth album, a studio album, which should hopefully be out at the end of the year at the earliest.

Discography: split 7" with Psycho on Butcher Shop Records #1 (1993)/ split 7" with Bratface on Boston's Finest Records (1993) /*Out Cold* LP on Lowell Records #5 (1994)/ *Lost Cause* 7" on Fudgeworthy Records #7 (1994) /*Hate Tracks* 8-Track on Butcher Shop Records (1994) / *Permanent Twilight World* LP/ MCD on Kangaroo Records #10 (1995) / *Warped Sense Or Right And Wrong* LP/MCD on Kangaroo Records #17 (1996) / *Out Cold* CD repress on Acme Records #1A (1997)/ *No Eye Contact* 7" EP on Kangaroo Records #20 (1998) / split 7" with No Side on Acme Records #6D (1999) / *Live In Amsterdam* CD/ LP on Kangaroo Records #22 (1999)

MRR: Did you like your past tour?
Mark: The Europe thing was great, yeah. We had a good time. Spain was really good, Holland had the best audience. It was definitely a great time for a whole month just to be driven around and playing. I still can't believe we actually we pulled it off. Just knowing that this dysfunctional band that has had like every mentally crippling disease from the word go actually managed to go on tour and play these places was really a kick for me.
John: Before, if we could pull off a Boston show we were proud of ourselves. We were known for canceling shows. At the last minute something always got fucked up.
Mark: Something would always happen; some crisis; definitely a soap opera.
MRR: Do you have any tours coming up?
John: Tentatively we're trying to work out a tour of England next Spring. There's a label called Black Fish who wants to put out a split CD with the Voorhees. He's trying to organize a tour to support that in the Spring. While we're over there we'll try to organize a tour in Europe again at the same time, since we'll be there. Also, next summer we're working on a Japanese tour with No Side.
MRR: I noticed the new split with No Side is a lot harder, faster, and the songs are even shorter than the past few releases before it. Was this intended, and is that the direction you intend on going in?
Mark: Yeah, that was definitely intended. We wanted it to be a much more kick in the face type of music. There's not so much a build up to the songs. It just kind of blows up. I guess our new stuff is like our old stuff, but a little bit faster. Actually, we weren't intending to make it faster, I think. It just happened because we were nervous or something.
John: Yeah, but on the new album a lot of the songs are short. It's definitely going to be a shorter, faster album, in general. There's still the couple of mid-tempo songs thrown in for good measure, but that's where it is.
Mark: It's going to be a crazy sounding album. Crazy, crazy album. It'll be over before you know it. I guess 17 minutes,14 songs. If we're lucky, 17 minutes.
MRR: Is that going to be on Kangaroo?
Mark: Yeah, hopefully we'll be recording that within the next couple of weeks.
MRR: Do you have any last words, thanks, or final comments?
Mark: No, not me.
John: No, just check us out. Buy our records.
Contact address: Out Cold, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826 USA.

OUT COLD.

MRR: So you've been around, what, 7 years now?

Matt: Yeah.
MRR: So blues is something I've always read about Geraldine. Do you ever get sick of that tag, or is that what you are?
Scott: I think that maybe depends a little bit on...
Chris: The given night.
Scott: Well, if you're playing with a total straightforward punk rock band or something like that then, you know, we're definitely blusier than that or whatever. So if somebody hears that then that tag is alright. No one ever just says we're a blues band so I don't think it's a misconception thing. We probably created the tag.
Chris: It seems to me like it actually came from outside. Maybe we kind of projected that, only more so because of the harp. And I think people that see us interject and say, "Hey, you guys sound like a bluesy rock band." There was even one time when we played at the Euclid Tavern in Cleveland, we're in the basement and I hear this guy talking about our band and he's like, "Well they're pretty good for a blues band," and it just totally hit me wrong because I really don't consider us a blues band. But it's there and we all like it and love it and listen to it.
MRR: But you don't go out of your way...
Chris: I don't think we wear it on our sleeve that we're a blues band. But I guess when people ask us what we are I guess I say "bluesy punk", just to keep it short and sweet.
Matt: Yeah, but I kind of like to utilize some of those Chess blues type of phrases. Not word for word, but like, kind of pulling the idea of using certain phrases that came out of that generation of music. And I've never been afraid to do that. I would agree with these guys that we're not

GERALDINE

a blues band, but I listen to so much of it that I can't help but utilize a lot of that within my writing techniques.

MRR: Was this always with you (blues) or was it more something that progressed over the years?

Matt: I think its progressed since we started.

MRR: Not all of you live in Athens anymore either, right? Don't you live in Columbus, Chris?

Chris: Yeah, I've been doing this since Thanksgiving of '94.

MRR: You've been doing this (commuting from Columbus) for that long, really?

Chris: I've been doing this for 5 years. I didn't plan on it.

MRR: Why did you move?

Chris: Well, basically I graduated from college and tried to find a day job around here which is practically impossible. The only thing I could find were weekend night gigs which completely defeats the purpose, so I needed a job. My family runs a business and they needed help and they knew they didn't have to train me. So I did that thinking it would be for about 6 months to a year, thinking I'd find something else and kept doing it and you know, you just get used to a grind I guess. It has its pros and cons. It sucks sometimes, but at least I don't work weekends.

MRR: The good thing about living in Athens is that its so cheap, but jobs are so hard to come by. Would you consider moving?

Scott: I would like to move. I grew up here, so I would like to move just on the basis of...here's how it goes - one side is it's cheap and ideal because you can tour out of here, my rent is $150 a month, and I know I'm not going to lose my job. I work in a bar and if I leave and come back, I still got a job. Maceo and Matt have the same kind of jobs, so its really ideal in that sense, but if you've lived in a college town your entire life it really wears thin on you. Especially if your working at a bar and seeing these people everyday. You're kinda like, "Shit, it would be great if I lived somewhere and didn't fucking know anybody." But then you talk about the cost of moving and the prospect of trying to find a job like *this* and rent like that and everything else.

Matt: The good thing about this town is that you do get to leave. Its like, "Why don't you move somewhere where there's more going on?" Well you go on tour and see what's going on every night for 2 1/2 weeks and then its the same shit that's going on here. People are drinking and going to shows. (Laughter)

Scott: Exactly.

Matt: Wow, we saw some really *exciting* stuff!

MRR: And people complaining about what's not going on.

Matt: Right, yeah.

MRR: Totally. That's the truth.

Chris: You have to ask yourself if you're going to go to that many more art museums or operas.

Scott: Yeah. When your working all week so you can put on a show on the weekend.

Chris: I mean, no offense to that high brow culture stuff but really what are you going to take advantage of if you live in a big city? I dunno, maybe I'm saying that because I'm not in the middle of that. Yeah, there's more going on but you still gotta pay to play. Maybe if certain things were to pan out where it would be easier for us to focus on this full time and not have to worry about day jobs, it would be a little more exciting to go somewhere else where you don't have that pressure of doing the day to day.

Matt: Well also, Athens is a college town but it's not like its a town where no good shows come through here and you don't get any inspiration from touring bands that are actually working hard. There are some small towns and they don't see any competition or other bands touring. So what do you have to size yourself up against? We have some good touring gigs coming through here, so you do get to see good music.

MRR: Thank you, Scott.

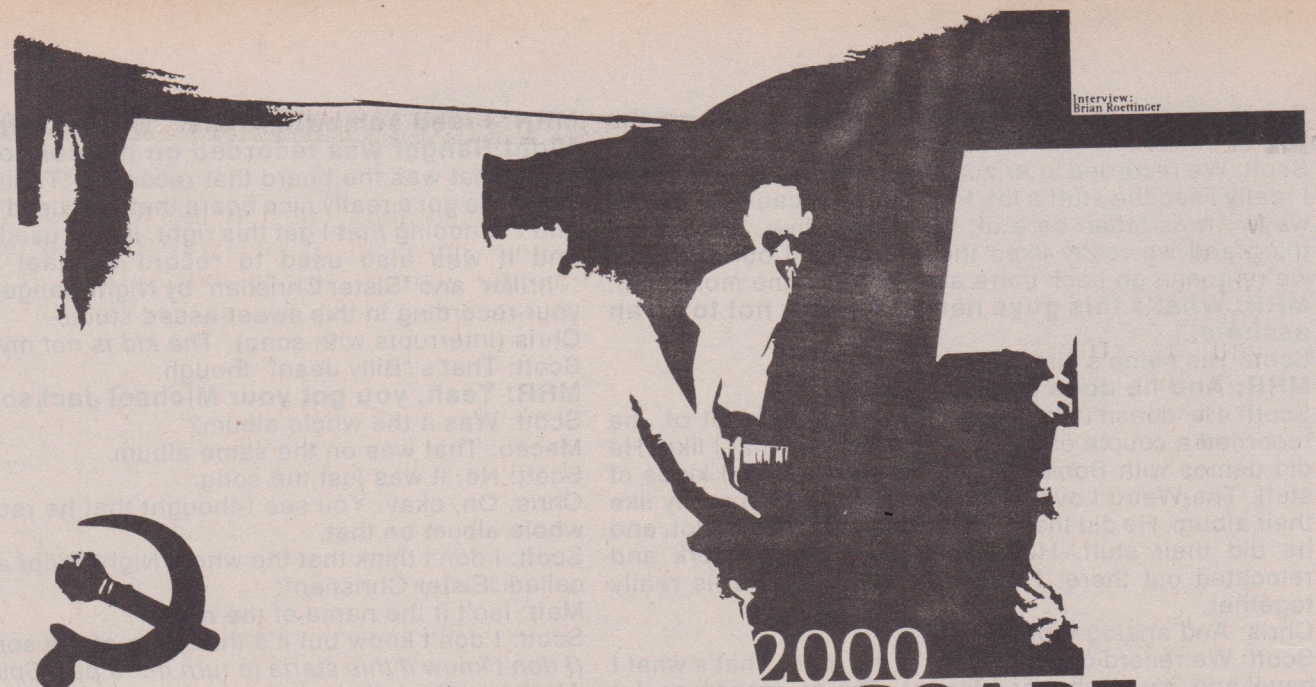
Matt: Yeah. Thank you, Scott. (Handclaps)

MRR: You just got back yourselves from the

Southwest. Didn't you do some recording on the road?
Scott: We recorded in Arizona when we were on tour and I really liked the stuff a lot. Part of it is because in a lot of ways it was taken care of. We played live. We did our thing and we really liked the way he did our stuff and we're gonna go back there and record some more stuff.
MRR: What's this guys name? I mean, not to be an asshole...
Scott: His name's Jim Waters.
MRR: And he does a label as well?
Scott: He doesn't do a label. He records a lot of...he recorded a couple of Jon Spencer albums that I like. He did demos with Sonic Youth and he's done all kinds of stuff. The Weird Lovemakers from Arizona...I really like their album. He did that. The Drags, I *really* like a lot, and he did their stuff. He used to be in New York and relocated out there. I dunno, that stuff I feel is really together.
Chris: And analog tape.
Scott: We record digitally most of the time. That's what I have and it's a cheaper format. But to record on fat analog tape and have somebody doing everything while we're just doing our thing was really cool.
MRR: Didn't a factor of trust become a variable with somebody else doing the recording or-
Chris: It does. But with this guy we really placed our stuff in his hands. And the thing is he still...it was a two way street there with him.
Matt: But he also came and saw us live too.
Scott: He saw us the night before we recorded live and I had sent him demos too.
Matt: Yeah, but he also...well one of the tracks we did, the first time we did it he was like, "That's it, man. Yeah, that was it." And we were thinking, "I don't know."
Scott: Our nature is to keep doing it again and again and try to get the best take, and I think we shoot ourselves in the foot for it. Maybe if you keep doing it over and over you kind of suck the emotion and energy out of it. And then what? It's perfect? And you don't even know what that is anyway. And this guy was like, "No, that's the take." And he was right.
Chris: And there are times when a third party opinion is so beneficial. It's hard to be objective about your own thing sometimes. This guy was very experienced with a lot of people in his recording history. Sometimes that third party intervention is a savior and with that session it definitely was. And he had enough of an attitude where he was really cool but if someone was fucking up he'd be like, "Why are you fucking up?" And he would look at you with this stare and you wouldn't wanna fuck up again.
Matt: He made Maceo duct tape his headphones to his head because they kept falling off.
Scott: Yeah, He was wearing this turban towel.
Chris: He was a fucking Geronimo.
MRR: I read somewhere that "Sister Christian" by Night Ranger was recorded on his console.
Matt: That was the board that recorded "Thriller" too.
Scott: He got a really nice board that was used in LA a lot, and I'm hoping that I get this right, it was used in movies and it was also used to record Michael Jackson's "Thriller" and "Sister Christian" by Night Ranger. So while your recording in this sweet-assed studio-
Chris (interrupts with song): *The kid is not my son!*
Scott: That's "Billy Jean", though.
MRR: Yeah, you got your Michael Jackson wrong!
Scott: Was it the whole album?
Maceo: That was on the same album.
Scott: No, it was just the song.
Chris: Oh, okay. You see I thought that he recorded the whole album on that.
Scott: I don't think that the whole Night Rider album was called "Sister Christian".
Matt: Isn't it the name of the album?
Scott: I don't know but it's the name of the song.
(I don't know if this starts to turn more part Spinal Tap or Abott and Costello but somehow the subject of Geraldine comes up again)
MRR: Do you all share part of putting things together? Who does most of the work and who's the slackers?
(All fingers point to Scott)
Matt: I've never heard Scott complain about it other than like, "Hey man, can you fucking do a flyer." Or, "Will you hang up these flyers?" I've never heard Scott say, "Why don't you get off your fucking ass and book us a tour."
Scott: For me it's because I book shows at the Union. It's convenient plus, I like it. I take pride in the fact that our last tour went really well. And from talking to people all the time and from booking shows here it's advantageous that I would go ahead and take care of it not to mention that Lou, my boss, is cool enough to let me do that while I'm also booking other stuff, you know what I mean? So it works out.
MRR: Cool. I guess that's enough to wrap things up.
Matt: Hey Mooch, what kind of music do we play?
MRR: Um...well...blues-punk?
(Laughter)

Geraldine

Matt Harvey: Voice/Harp
Scott Winland: Bass/Vocals
Chris Burget: Guitar
Maceo Gabbard: Drums
Contact: www.unclefun.com/geraldine
upcoming full-legnth is soon
also: Black Lung Records release in early summer
Interview by Mooch.
Photos by Jay Brown.



Interview:
Brian Roettinger

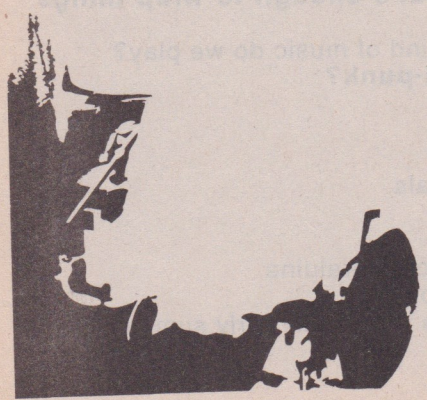
2000

THE RED SCARE speaks

Presented by: Maximum Rock 'N' Roll!

A quick chat with the Foursome: Kip, Abby, Jon, and Matt. Hailing from what they call "home", KNOXVILLE TENNESSEE. With a recent U.S tour and a few records under their belt, we thought it was time we learned a little more about them then that. We sat and talked fourteen days before the 20th century came to a close.

THE RED SCARE "speaks".



Stop looking and start reading folks !

MRR: Ok, lets start with a question you probably get asked more then anything. Why the name "THE RED SCARE?" I am sure people always refer to you as "those Communists?"

K: Not really. I think when people ask us that they are usually kidding, but I guess we kind of chose that name more or less because of the imagery associated with Soviet art and propaganda. I also think that for me it refers more to the period surrounding the eighties when Gorbachev and Reagan made friends and everyone including my mother was afraid that it was some kind of scheme from the Soviets to organize some sort of invasion... red dawn dude, wolverines.

A: Red is my favorite color.

J: Abby is the red wonder.

MRR: Growing up and having a lot of your favorite bands go on tour and not play anywhere near or in Knoxville. Did you have to travel the distance to get what you wanted ?

J: Well kind of. I lived about an hour north of Knoxville. and we had some shows there and stuff but I usually I drove to Knoxville actually to see most of my favorite "hardcore" bands play I think earlier in the 90's Knoxville had a pretty cool scene.

MRR: Why are so few kids in the south into H.C and why aren't there very many places to play ?

K: It's never seemed to me like there was shortage of kids in the south... maybe less then California but shows have always been good around here I suppose.

A: I grew up in Nashville and I've seen tons of great shows and played some really fun ones

K: Actually, the coolest shows that we ever play are in small towns and in basements, etc.

A: And if no one shows up we just write songs while were playing

MRR: You've done that ?

K: Yeah in Greensboro, NC we wrote a song in someone's basement, it's the first song on our LP actually.

MRR: I often think people have a gross misinterpretation of racism in the South; especially in relation to other places in the U.S.How are your feelings on that ?

K: Yeah, I actually do think that people have a misinterpretation of that as opposed to other places in the country.

A: And perhaps for valid reason, but its seems that our generation (for the most part) will see a change of that.

K: It does exist on a large scale here but no more than any other place, I mean, if not the kind of of racism you're talking about then another form, at least we're talking about a broad prejudice it's difficult to sum up.

MRR: Being from Knoxville are there less opportunities to play shows other than local ones? Is it harder to put out a record and to have people buy it then say a band from say a more popular city? Or do you think it doesn't matter?

J: I think there is a fair amount of shows here that we can play probably do to the fact that there is not really more then five bands to play shows with here. As far as putting out a record, I think we've been pretty lucky. One thing has just led to another, and I don't think we've really even been involved with a bad person it seems ever.

MRR: Do you all still set up shows at your house?

K: Yeah I actually moved to my current house (the kremlin) because of that. House shows are the greatest thing in the world as far as I am concerned, next time we tour we're going to try and play all house shows. We only got about half and half last time.

MRR: A question for Abby. I heard an interesting point once about how guys tend to patronize women in bands. Such as "I don't really dig this band, but its good to see women in H.C, so I'll like them and support them." Have you found people making remarks about your place in the band?

A: No one has ever said anything to my face directly, but that opinion merits a big Fuck you. Deciding that you like a band because there's a woman playing is fucking stupid. That means you're not coming to shows and buying records for the right reason anyway, **because its ABOUT MUSIC first.** True that music can be a forum for thing's other than aesthetic enjoyment, but liking a band just because the drummer's cute or a women plays guitar is vapid.

K: Yeah which is manifested in the fact that Abby is usually approached by a gentleman with those sentiments at nearly every show.

MRR: Being that there is a woman in the band, how do you all feel about women in H.C, and do they think it plays a big part in diversifying the music or the politics?

K: To me it never becomes an issue-its not like we actively sought out a woman for our band Abby is our friend, and therefore our bass player it has nothing to do with being a woman. I have to say that I think the whole thing with making

Continue:

women in hardcore an issue at all is really patronizing in the first place.

MRR: Is there is a reason why you feel gender is a important issue, is it a conscious act that Abby is part of the band ?

K: It wasn't a conscious effort based on the fact that she's a women but only because she's our friend and a good bass player. I just wish that people didn't ask us that cause its not even an issue to us. In terms of equality I guess we all assume that most people we come in contact with have the same outlook on that as we do. Having a women in the band just never occurred to us as something that anyone would think of as a concern for any reason, and besides kid rock has a midget.

A: I suppose it was a conscious effort I decided to play with them. No really, the topic is well spoken for at this point, I think.

MRR: A song on the LP, 12 years past is that referring to how lame high school can be? And since you all attend school full time ,what's your ideas about how education should be?

K: It's really more about education in general. I mean it's just crazy the things that they teach you in school and the way they sculpt what you learn into something that is so homogenized and guaranteed not to make people ask any questions and it also seems that the education systems are now becoming more conservative than ever being that things, like just the other day Sen. Dunn of Tennessee wrote a proposal to the University of Tennessee (which is where we all go to school) to cut classes which he thought were unimportant most of which are art classes that some of us happen to be enrolled in. He instead suggested that people stop taking these classes and take more business oriented classes. And also things like the national endowment for the arts being cut. It's just ridiculous.

MRR: It seems you all have different tastes in music. Between all of you. What or who influences your music?

A: I guess we do all have such different tastes that makes the van rides more interesting. I'll put it this way: in the van, typically, we'll be arguing about whether to listen to Elton John, Sabbath, Eno, Cocateau Twins, Shellac, Volume Eleven, Charles Bronson, Bowie, Pankration, Third Eye Blind, Jay-z, Pink Floyd, Mohinder, Belle and Sebastian,Iron Maiden, Can, Gang of Four, Police,His Hero is Gone,or Led Zeppelin. I guess it's al;ways different. We never forget about Madonna. It's always a rock de triumph with us...who knows.

MRR: Compared to your 1st 7" and the 12", there to me was a change, are you going in a different musical direction now from the twelve inch ?

K: I don't know, there really doesn't seem like there has been that much of a change to me other than the fact that Jon now is in the band. I think that we have maybe realized more what we want to do musically. It does seem that there is a little more intent now on writing songs as a group. Which is awesome.

A: I think that there are definitely changes happening,

K: I think that really the cool part is that the music has been a reflection of all of us as it has evolved.

MRR: Any plans on touring the U.S again or anyplace else other then U.S ?

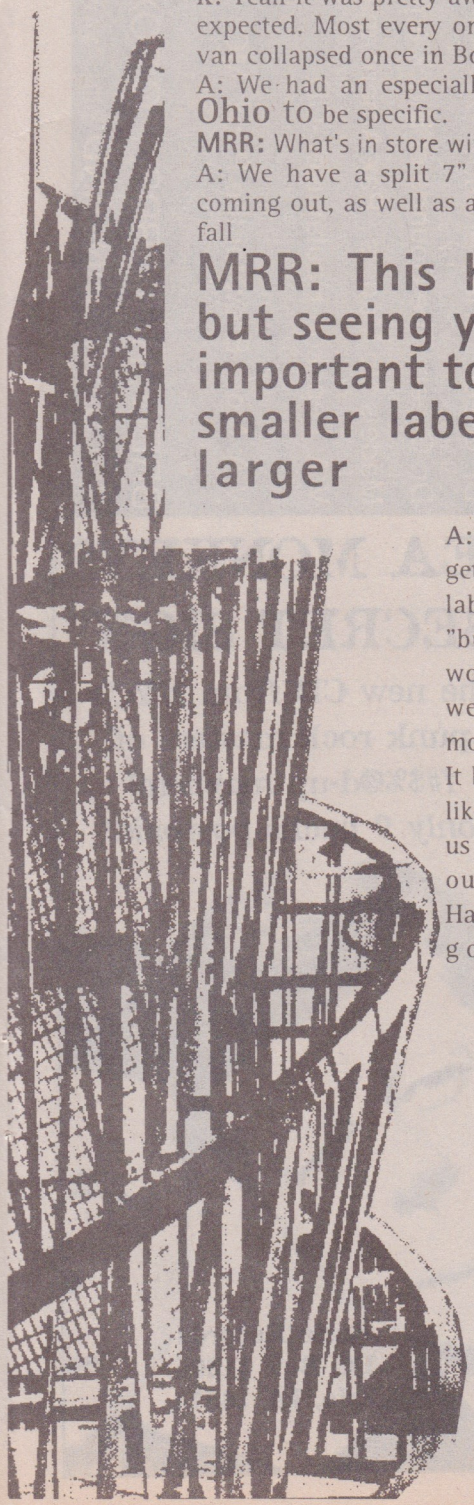
J: Yeah, we're doing plenty of shows in the coming months

A: Yeah, a small little tour in a few weeks (Feburary) but nothing extended. We're touring up the east coast on our spring break towards the middle of March. And then were touring the entire US again for six or so weeks during the summer. We're all looking forward to that again.

Kip-Guitar,vocals
Jon-Guitar
Abby-Bass
Matt-Drums

MRR: Was the U.S tour all it was cracked up to be? Any places were the shows were better then great?
K: Yeah it was pretty awesome although since it was our first U.S .tour I guess some hassles were to be expected. Most every one was super cool and we got to tour with an awesome band (Pankration) our van collapsed once in Boston but overall it was right on.
A: We had an especially good time in L.A, Oakland, Portland, Lincoln, and Kent, Ohio to be specific.
MRR: What's in store with THE RED SCARE for the future, besides your touring plans?
A: We have a split 7" with Orchid (HandHeldHeart) and another with Volume Eleven (Static Kills) coming out, as well as a second LP on (Troubleman)the LP probably will not be out until at least next fall

MRR: This has come up before with other bands, but seeing your doing a record on Troubleman, is it important to you which labels you work with? Be it smaller labels or would you choose to work with larger business oriented labels?



A: No, our decision is based on who we get along with, really. There are larger labels which are not necessarily "business oriented". We certainly would not do anything with some weird, conglomerate people-eating monster label, as if that would anyway. It basically just comes down to who we like personally and more importantly, us feeling like the label genuinely likes our music. Donut Friends, HandHeldHeart, Troubleman, these are good people.

Discography:

The Red Scare
"Capillary Lockdown" LP
[Hand Held Heart]

The Red Scare / Pankration
"Split 7"
[Donut Friends]

The Red Scare / Hail Mary
"Split 5"
[Hand Held Heart]

The Red Scare
"A word about High Fidelity" 7"
[Paralogy]

MRR: Any closing comments or facts, you want to let the kids know?
K: Buy the new Dr.Dre record, and if you set up shows please email us
M: Smell the glove.
A: The supreme court is trying a case concerning whether or not you have to be read your Miranda rights. This is a case of your personal space- if you're not legally protected in court from evidence gained before your rights are read to you, then you are not free. Write letters. You've heard it.

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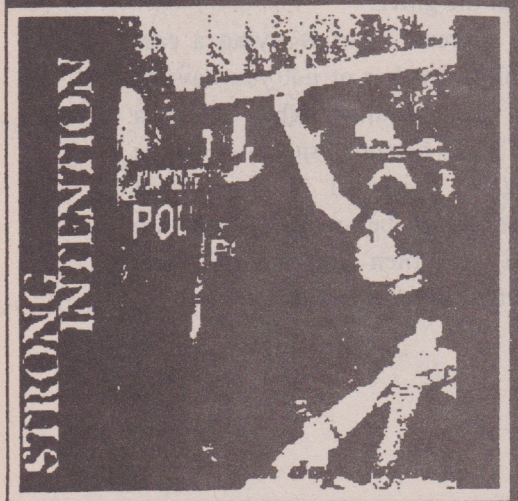

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The Pillage People

Attack of the Bloodsucking Retards, the debut Oink! Records CD by NJ's infamous Pillage People, is the ultimate party record. The record is a fifteen-song joyride through the sewer with disturbing lyrical images of genocide, suicide, crack, and all things American backed by a musical rage reminiscent of early Battalion Of Saints. In other words, it's one hell of a good time. This interview was conducted with singer Aric Calfee and guitarist Rahne Pistor (fresh from a bass playing stint in the Undead) following the band's return from their first U.S. tour. Interview by Joel Gausten.

MRR: A lot of people have been getting into The Pillage People because of the new CD, but you guys have actually been around for awhile now. When did the band form, and what have you released prior to the new CD?

Aric: A 7", a few tapes, and a video.

Rahne: We've been together since 1995 with Aric and I being the only original members.

MRR: One thing that you guys are known for is line-up changes. Who comprises the current incarnation of the Pillage People?

Rahne: Aric and I, and Atari System on bass. He's a Japanese tourist I found bumming around in front of my apartment in Newark. He originally roadied for the band. When our last bassist quit because he felt our message was too negative, I saw Atari as the perfect replacement. No bassist we've had in the past has shown such intense dedication from the band and such raw energy on stage. One day I'm sure he'll crash through the stage and decapitate himself. But until then, we've got a good bass player.

MRR: What happened with the drummer on the CD, Auggie Despised?

Aric: Everyone gets along with him. He's a good guy and everything, but there were personality clashes on the tour, basically.

Rahne: Auggie's not the most on-the-ball guy all the time. We're being helped out right now by our original drummer, Rob Bandel. He's a guy who, though not always with the band, always seems to appear out of nowhere and pull through for us when we need him the most. He's a very reclusive type of guy,

strange and set in his ways. He lives in the middle of the woods in some mullet-wearing town in Jersey. We're holding auditions for a permanent drummer, though.

MRR: Over the years, the Pillage People's live shows have become the stuff of local legend. What are some of the most memorable shows you've done?

Rahne: Fuck! I could write a book about our show experiences, but I'll try to give you a brief overhaul. It's pretty safe to say that we started out as a trouble-maker band. We didn't give one fuck about the music. All we wanted to do was terrorize and insult the people and institutions that we felt kept us down. We wouldn't play many clubs. We would play high school talent shows, community festivals, and snooty coffeehouses. Our first show was at a high school talent show. We didn't have any songs. We just showed up dressed like a band of psychotic, barbaric perverts. We had a huge black trash bag filled with fresh poultry, ketchup, a dead squirrel we found on the roadside, condoms, bananas, a fake Uzi, and a Holy Bible all mixed together which we were going to assault the audience with. This audience included the mayor, a bunch of priests, community pillars, and the high school principal! Well, right as we hit the stage our bass player at the time exposed his penis to the crowd and with a brief struggle we were thrown off the stage. We got the hell out of there to chorus of boos and looks of utter revulsion and disgust. I was later arrested for that incident.

Aric: Strousburgh, PA was a good one. There was a lot of body part exposure to little kids. There's been a lot of that, and a lot of mainly me getting smashed out of my mind.

Rahne: In our first year we were thrown out of nearly every club we played. At the Pyramid Club in New York City, Aric and our old singer Shannon were beating people on the head with a giant-sized bloody tampon while our more idiotic fans were ripping open the club's speakers and urinating in them. The show at the Cove in New Jersey ended in a fight with their oversized bouncers. Six cop cars show up, and they roughed up everyone in the place. This was before "scene mogul" Jane Jubilee (who owns the Cove) knew what punk was, never mind that she could make a lot of money off of it. She was terrified after seeing us, and she used to ask bands that wanted to play there if they weren't like those nasty, horrible Pillage People. Shit…it seemed that every show we played the amount of cop cars would increase. We tried to throw our own show once and the entire Hackettstown police force showed up. The headlines in the local paper said "Hooligan Festival Avoided." One show that really stands out in my mind is a benefit we played at Dos Blocos Squat on Avenue B. The tenants were all there having a blast. That was 1996. Not long ago, I saw those same people on the news being ripped out of their homes by brutal New York City pigs. Their squat was being evicted. I remember an old guru-looking guy that we had played for being ripped out of there in handcuffs, his face and grey beard being dragged across the pavement by the pigs. This was just one little splice of destruction in Giuliani's long-winded reign of terror.

MRR: The Pillage People are often compared to GG Allin. Do you think that this is a fair comparison?

Rahne: I like GG Allin. I like his music, but we have nothing to do with GG Allin. Our music sounds nothing like GG Allin, and our live show is nothing like GG Allin. GG Allin is great, but we just do what comes naturally to us. We basically take all the fucking frustration, hatred, and all the shit that goes on and put it into our music, and put it into our show…

Aric: Plus we have jobs, and we're kinda responsible. We're not addicted to heroin. I think the only reason there's a comparison is because there's nudity and there's been some wild antics…

Rahne: Plus the fact that we play with the Murder Junkies on and off. We have absolutely nothing to do with GG Allin except…

Aric: Saying "hi" to Merle Allin once in a while (laughs).

MRR: With songs like "Beating The shit Out Of Everyone," it's pretty safe to say that the Pillage People is not an emo band. What inspires the Pillage People, and what message are you sending with your music?

Rahne: Our main focus as a group is to make a mockery out of society, much in the manner that John Waters and people like that do in their films.

Aric: The only thing that inspires us is just reading funny, fucked up shit in the newspaper.

Rahne: Yeah, we're kinda cynical to the point where we don't think that we can really change anything. We don't think that if we went and joined the Fight for Mumia cause, or the Fight for This cause or the Fight for That cause it's gonna do anything. It's disillusion in that sense, but I still just don't wanna sit back and just live a fucking boring, sedate life. If I see some fucked up shit that really gets to me, I usually write about it in a song and get it out of my system that way, which a lot of punk musicians do.

Strousburgh, PA was a good one. There was a lot of body part exposure to little kids

MRR: Rahne, besides doing the band you also put out the *Raw Sewage* zine. What can people who don't know about *Raw Sewage* expect when they open it up?
Rahne: I don't really do that anymore, but I wanna start doing zines again. I wanna put something out that's like a wolf in sheep's clothing, where it's kinda nice and I can get it in a lot of stores. Then, when you open it up it kinda fucking lunges out at you. With *Raw Sewage*, you could kinda look at it and either laugh or barf or whatever. It just kinda kicks you in your fucking face. But I really wanna do something now where I can give people something that they're not expecting. I love writing and that's another outlet for me. It kinda goes hand in hand. But, *Raw Sewage* is basically dead.
Aric: But, you can still get back issues.
MRR: Aric, you're the guy behind Deathfart Comics. What's that all about?
Aric: I've been working on that for years and years. I've been doing short stories and crazy stuff that comes into my brain that I've gotta get out on paper. I would someday like to make a living at doing cartooning, but I probably have to clean it up a little bit to try to get it in the newspaper.
MRR: Yeah, somehow I don't see sodomy making its way into the *New York Times*.
Aric: I wish. I'd really like to get some anal penetration in the daily funnies.
Rahne: Anal penetration? Is that what you're into?
Aric: Sure. Why not?
MRR: The new CD was put out by Oink! Records. How has the CD been doing, and what's it like working with Oink! ?
Rahne: How have the CDs been doing? They're alright. I played them the other day and there are no scratches on them.
Aric: We've sold a few. All the advertising is just starting to come out now.
Rahne: It's gonna be an album for people who want something a little bit different. A lot of bands fucking go out there and try to be like some other shit, and copy some other shit. We kinda just did what came to us. We've got all sorts of different shit on there. I'm really happy with how it came out. The artwork's great. A lot of the songs I think came out really good. It's definitely the best shit we've ever done so far. I think it's something for…
MRR: People of all ages!
Aric: As far as getting involved with Oink!, I don't know how the hell that happened, and he picked us. We're definitely not an Oi! band.
Rahne: Oink! either has a vision that other labels lack or it's a result of sheer stupidity. Take your pick. He wanted to expand his range, I guess. All he had been working with were skinhead bands and stuff like that. It's basically just all the same. I'm not trying to insult the bands, because they're all good bands…
Aric: A lot of them are formulated.
Rahne: Yeah, but I think the CD is good for a kid like me, growing up as a teenager. If I was a teenager and I went into a store and I saw it, I would have been like "Fuck Yeah! That's something different and something good." It's got energy and some fucking balls…
Aric: And, if it's got the word "retards" on it too, it's gotta be pretty good (laughs).
MRR: So, you're happy with what Dave from Oink! has been doing for you?
Rahne: Yeah. To some extent, everyone who does this knows you're not in it for the money, because you actually lose money. I'd like to not have to spend my fucking life's savings every time I do a musical thing. I'd like to get it to where someone else paid for that shit, and I didn't have to deal with that. But, Oink!'s been really good. He put out 3,000 copies of this record, and did a really good job with it. He's got good distribution on it and stuff like that. But, he's not some millionaire.
Aric: We're waiting to stab him in the back and sell out (laughs).
MRR: You recently went on your first U.S. tour. What was that experience like?
Aric: It was like being in a jail cell on wheels.
Rahne: We had a lot of fucking bullshit. A lot of bullshit beforehand and a lot of bullshit during. But, we kinda stuck it through and pulled it off. We had to do what we had to do. We had the typical shit like vans dying, people trying to rip you off, drunkenness, and getting into fights. It really doesn't help the band much when the band's beating the shit out of each other (laughs). In Pittsburgh, there was a night of total fucking drunkenness and bullshit. Aric and our old drummer got into a big fight. We all tried to break each other up. I just said, "fuck it" and I watched the other three band members basically beat the shit out of each other. They were throwing each other down stairways and almost over a cliff. I thought for sure they'd be in fucking jail. At that point I was like "Fuck these assholes. Fuck them. Let them go to jail. I've got the keys to the fucking vehicle (laughs)." Auggie, the fucking drummer, wound up getting lost and he didn't come back until 4:00 the next day. Some cop brought him back. It was a really fucked-up experience.
MRR: So, what advice would you give a band that's doing their first tour, besides "don't do it"?
Rahne: Yeah, don't do it.
Aric: Make sure you have a van that works and bring a lot of money.
Rahne: I don't know. I like to tour and I like to travel, and I like to play different places. But we really didn't have the resources to do this tour. But I'm really happy that we did it, and it's an accomplishment. But we really didn't have the resources. I'm really in debt. But I had a weird fascination, like "I've gotta fucking tour before the century ends. I've gotta tour in the 1990s." I just had to do it. It was this weird, fucking mentally insane obsession I had, and I got these unwilling schmucks to come along with me and do it.
Aric: Advice? Expect to get shit on and have your heart broken, basically. Expect to get beaten up mentally.
Rahne: If you're gonna do it, get somebody to support you. Use bribery, extortion, theft, whatever you've gotta do. Don't let people shit on you. Get other people to fucking do shit for you. If some fucking scumbag club says they're not gonna pay you, and there's people there, fucking do what you gotta do. It sucks if you're gonna do something that'll get you arrested, but think of something. Bully them. If you can get away with it beat the shit out of them. People think it's all glory, but there's no fucking glory…
MRR: But, you do have a record out. That's glory in itself.
Rahne: There's some self-satisfaction with that, but there's no fucking glory. It's a lot of fucking hard work. That's why most people don't last long doing it.
MRR: Has being in the band at least gotten you guys laid?
Aric: Never (laughs). I got me a hand job once, but I don't even know if that was because of the band.
MRR: It must've just been your charm.
Aric: Yeah, animal magnetism.
MRR: Rahne, you also played bass in the Undead. What was it like playing in that band and working with Bobby Steele?
Rahne: I think I learned a lot from that. I learned about getting your shit together. I like Bobby a lot. I know a lot of people hate him, but I don't really care. That makes me like him more. He's a cool guy. He's on his own planet, and a lot of people hate him for that. But, I just think it makes him a cooler person because he's unique. I've got all good things to say about him. The Undead was a really good experience. It helped me out a lot.
MRR: Is there anyone out there, bands or otherwise, that you want to give a shout out to?
Rahne: Basically, all the bands that are out there doing something unique and putting a lot of themselves into it. Most bands aren't like that. Most bands are the type that think that they're gonna get all the fucking glory, get rich, or they think people are gonna kiss their ass. I dislike a lot of the bands around here because they're all status quo punk bands that have nothing to add. They might as well be punk cover bands. I would have more respect for them then. There's a lot of cliquish shit going on with bands like the Casualties and their following. We don't know the band so much, but there are so many other bands that kiss their ass and shout "Rebellion!" "Destroy!" "Blah Blah Blah!", but they're really all about schmoozing some rock star. It seems the same way with that band. They're not really out there doing anything. They seem like they're doing it to get their asses kissed. There's nothing coming out of it but that.
MRR: What's the best thing about being a band from New Jersey?
Rahne: We're definitely not one of those New Jersey Pride bands, if that's what you're asking. I guess the best thing about being a band from New Jersey is that nobody knows who the fuck you are. They leave you alone here. They don't care. We just get to live our reclusive lifestyle (laughs).
MRR: Any final words, Aric?
Aric: Order lots of CDs, comics, and zines. We really need the fucking support. If you don't like your local bands, get out there and form your own fucking band. Say what the hell's on your mind. Don't just sit around with your thumb up your ass.
MRR: Mr. Pistor?
Rahne: Be yourself. I see so many fucking followers and they turn out to be nothings. They've got nothing going on their lives except the little fucking clique they follow. So, get out there and start to think a little bit. Explore different things. Fuck punk rock. Get into other things. Look for things that are fucking raw and have an edge and actually fucking say something. Get into that shit.
Aric: I'll sub for Atari, "apunk-rocka-sucks!" (laughs).

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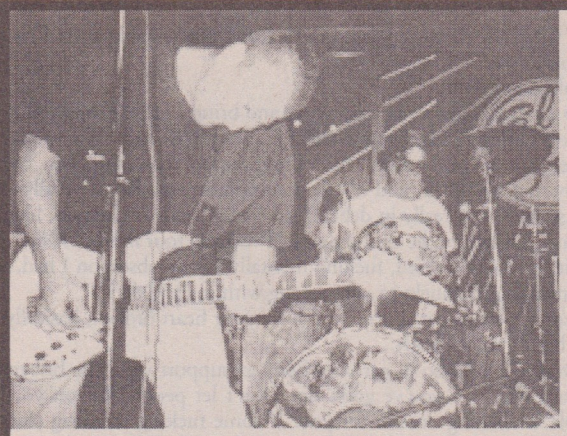
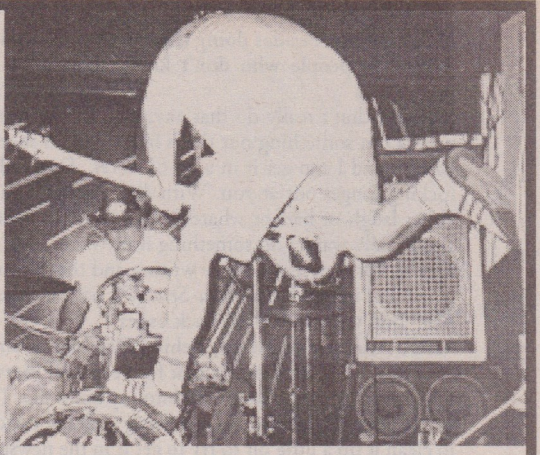




The Bar Feeders

*At time of this interview, the Bar Feeders had just slammed into San Francisco from a debaucherous week of drunken mayhem in the southwest USA. Commencing with the DIY bowling tournament in Las Vegas—where bands, labels and zines knocked down roughly as many cocktails as pins- and progressing to Los Angeles, where with the help of Brooklyn's **Spider Cunts**, they proceeded to lovingly tear out the bladders of a packed house at Mr. T's Bowl. Interview by **Hal**.*

From somewhere deep inside the murky bowels attached to San Francisco's blue-ribbon beer gut come the superfabulous Bar Feeders. These mugs have been flailing uncontrollably since 1994, when following numerous well-intended sex change operations, their promising careers as spokesmodels came to a tragic and unforeseen end. The virile freaks transformed this seemingly crushing blow into a lucrative opportunity to cultivate each's collective passions for speedy music and lush behavior. Touring for most of its existence to exotic locales like Missoula, Montana and Fayetteville, Arkansas, the Bar Feeders have also managed to release two full-length records (Scotto El Blotto on Depth Charge/Dill Records, and Pour For Four, Por Favor on New York City's Fast Music label), in addition to more 7"s, split 7"s and comps than you can shake a rake at. Live, they are fast, tight, silly, fun and just about the coolest little beerpunk band since last week.

MRR: OK, So Jimmy's the guitar player. Cecil's the drummer. Trey plays bass. First question: is there any beer left from last night?

Trey: Beer? No. Barley wine? Yes.

MRR: How was Vegas?

Trey: We were in Vegas?

Jimmy: Sure we were. Bowling. Rock-n-Roll. Vodka. Tomato Juice. Sound familiar?

Trey: Ah, yes.

Jimmy: We got to play a great show with **Civic Minded Five** while we were there. CM5 are the greatest thing out of Vegas since Wayne Newton.

MRR: Have you played Vegas before?

Jimmy: Yeah, about six times. The time before last was a real doozy.

MRR: Care to elaborate?

Jimmy: Well, we ended up late for the show at the Cooler Lounge due to an encounter with an overturned lumber truck on the way from Phoenix. When we finally arrived, I felt as if I had stepped onto the set of a punk rock *Caligula*—people screaming, fighting, fucking and rolling around in seas of beer, blood, sweat and puke. Lots of hardcore action. Plus, they gave away free lollipops!

MRR: Did everyone get a free Bar Feeders yo-yo?

Jimmy: Of course! Then, after the show, we all ended up at the Civic Minded Five house and everyone is loopy, groveling around like livestock, shooting off fireworks and hell-bent on going up to "the strip." So, eighteen people pile into this van (including Canada's **Sidesixtyseven**) and sure enough, we promptly are pulled over by some Vegas fuzz. He grills Jason Minded, our bloodthirsty driver, and upon shining his pig-light on the motley array of hammerheads in the van, half of whom are on acid, buries his head in his hands and says "OOOhhh my god." We thought we were so busted. He collected all our IDs.

MRR: Then what?

Jimmy: He asked if anyone in the van was sober enough to drive. Lazer Lav (CM5 guitarist), who was pretty much to the curb but happened to be drinking an iced tea at the time, held up his beverage and proudly offered his services. The cop then says to Jason, "You're too drunk to operate this vehicle, so I'm going to have your buddy there drive. IS THAT COOL?

MRR: He actually asked that?

Jimmy: Yes. Then he let us GO. Vegas is magical.

MRR: Any other places close to your hearts?

Trey: Pueblo, Colorado. We're the most famous band in Pueblo, Colorado. We're the most stupendously world-famous band in Pueblo, Colorado. We're

Penix, Seattle

superstars, MEGA-superstars.
Cecil: We play the Coliseum every time we're there.
Trey: We sell out the Pueblo Coliseum and the kids go bat-shit.
MRR: Understandably so.
Jimmy: They scream and perspire and profess their love for us loudly and in unison. Then they try to give us chlamydia.
Trey: Big kisses with lotsa tongue to everyone in Pueblo, Colorado. Moms love us, kids love us, everybody loves us. In Pueblo, Colorado.
MRR: You guys have a lot of songs about states and touring. Are those written on tour?
Jimmy: I keep a journal on tour, so a lot of it comes from that. I wanna write a song about getting lost in a Haitian ghetto in Florida and almost getting stabbed by an old man with a screwdriver. Or, The Little House in Gulfport, Mississippi.

-Cocodrie, S.F.

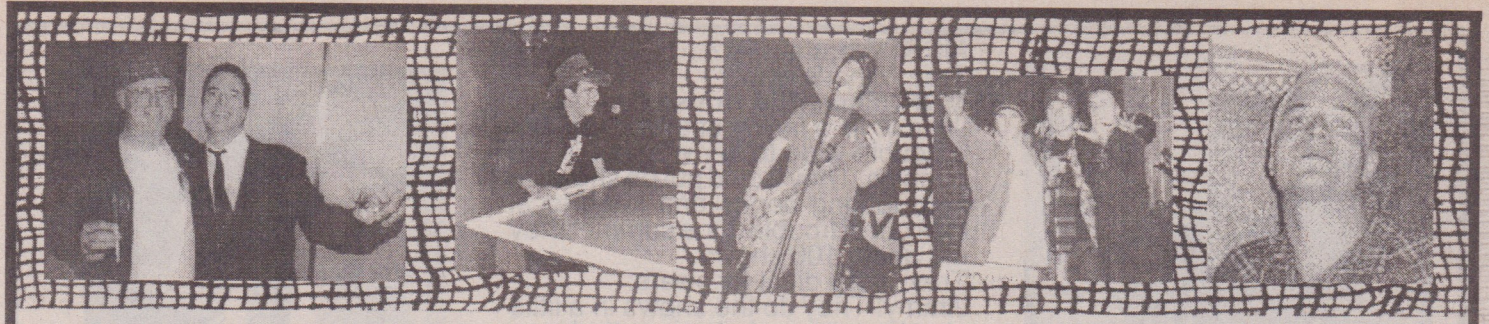
MRR: What's that?
Trey: What's what?
MRR: The Little House?
Jimmy: Its a family of seven living in a double-wide trailer way out in the boonies. They would put on shows to help touring bands and keep local kids out of trouble. One summer they did about 100 shows.
Trey: They did it for years.
Jimmy: They do the shows in a little shack next to a skate ramp their son built. We didn't play there, but they put us up and fed us. We stayed up late with the kids playing video games, and nobody went to school or work the next day.
Trey: Our contribution to illiteracy and unemployment in the South.
MRR: When will you get some better equipment so people will like you?
Trey: Its gonna take a lot more than better equipment for people to like us.
MRR: What's your favorite comp you've appeared on?
Cecil: We were included on *Short Music for Short People*, a compilation of bands doing 30-second songs that Fat released not too long ago. Seeing our name up there with bands like the Dickies and Black Flag gave me a warm glimmering in my libido. Plus, they are actually paying the bands. We got a check for 800 bucks. A close second would be the *12 Oz. of Courage* comp that Very Small Records just put out.
Trey: That's gotta be the coolest thing I have ever seen. A double 10 inch green vinyl anthology, all about drinking. I swell with pride.
MRR: So your first release was put out on Dill records, the second on New York's Fast Music. What's up for the third?
Trey: Two words. Bidding war.
MRR: Do you like Fast Music?
Jimmy: I like slow cheesy ballads

Cooler Lounge, Las Vegas

Liz's house, L.A.

myself, like that *Titanic* song. Yum yum.
MRR: Where did this whole vomiting theme come from?
Jimmy: I have a weak stomach. Pathetically weak. Anything remotely gross sends my insides a-spazzin'. Boogers. Flatulence.
Cecil: You name it. He'll puke on it.
Jimmy: I get extremely nervous before shows and that doesn't help matters much either. It's like I'm getting ready to play, I'm wound up, I got beer sloshin' around in my belly, and someone with super bad cigarette breath is talking to me real close 'cause the music's blaring. It takes control to not barf a lot more often than I do. Then on stage, you're jumpin' around like a fool, and it's like shaking up a beer and poppin' the cap. Everything in my stomach yells, "Abandon Ship!" I really don't mind at all. I just hate to see all that nourishment go to waste.
MRR: What's the whole Cecil versus Aesop affair all about?

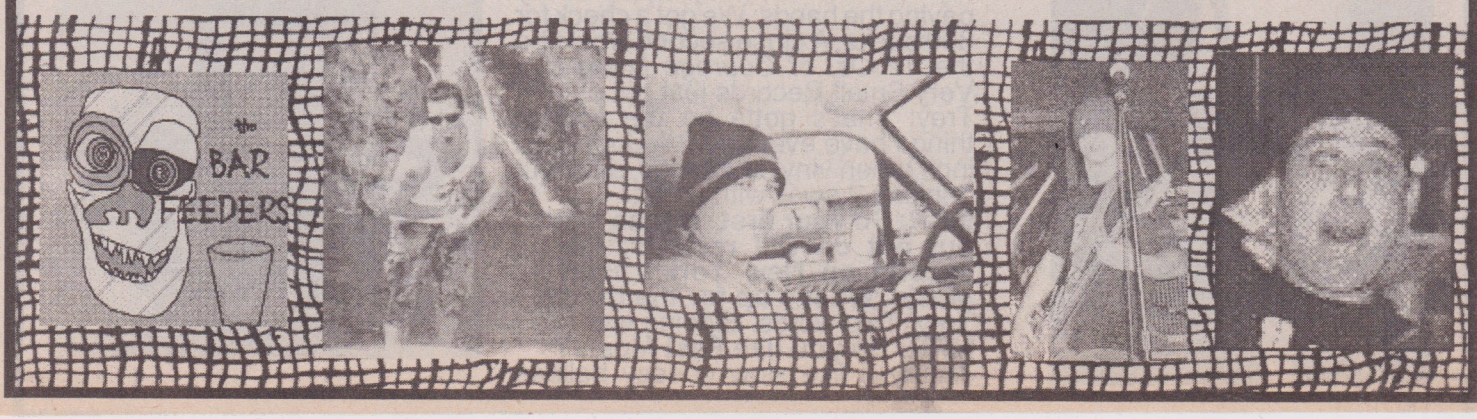
Speakeasy Brewery, S.F.



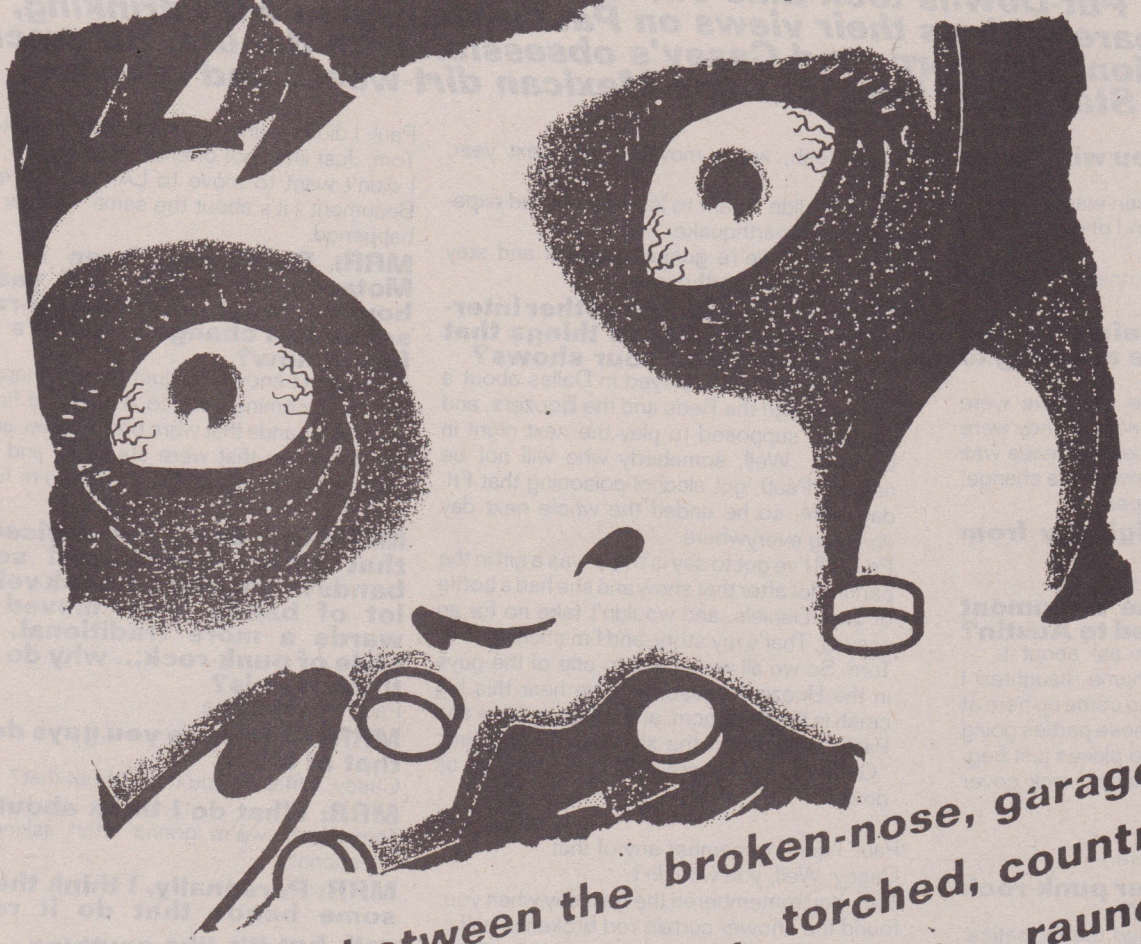
(Aesop is Hickey's drummer).
Cecil: I'd rather not slag that poor guy anymore. I feel extremely bad for him. Did you know he suffers from bowel incontinence?
Trey: Bowel incontinence?
Cecil: When your bowels can't hold it in.
Trey: Lost the contents?
Cecil: When you lost all sphincter muscle control after receiving large rectal deposits. He needs a diaper.
MRR: Any tips for the kiddies on how to play really fast and tight even when you're drunk?
Trey: We were hoping they had some tips for us.
Cecil: A little meth in your coffee.
Jimmy: I prefer a little yayo on my cornflakes.
MRR: What are your fave San Francisco bands?
Cecil: Unholy Cadaver is a mind-blowing, bung-bursting musical achievement.
Jimmy: Too many to name, but thank the holy dog Squat's back!
Trey: Ahmen.
MRR: Scott Alcoholocaust is your manager. What is his forte?
Trey: He's not really our manager. He's more like this guy. This really great guy who drinks translucent Jack & Cokes and sleeps all day and when sober he books us tours. About ten of them now. Good ones too. He thinks we're lazy but he's nice to us anyway. We owe that guy big time.
Jimmy: He usually comes on tour with us. We call him bloodhound, 'cause he can get us to any point in the US without using a map or compass.
MRR: The new CD has an acapella number and even an acoustic guitar on it. What's up?
Trey: SSHHH. We don't want your readers to think we don't have mohawks.
MRR: Well, you don't.
Jimmy, Trey, & Cecil: SHHHH!!!
MRR: Are you guys still trying to get sponsored by the Sierra Nevada Brewery?
Jimmy: We sent them a song we wrote about them. They thanked us with a banner. It's up on the wall in Trey's room.
Cecil: Right now were ironing out a lucrative deal with Speakeasy Brewery. They're right up the street and their beer is first rate.
Trey: First fuckin' rate.
Cecil: We like to show up there after practice and invite ourselves in.
Jimmy: So far they've been too polite to throw us out.
Cecil: We appreciate that.
MRR: So what's next for you guys?
Trey: I wanna rest on our laurels.

Bar Feeders Releases
1995: *I Smell A Roast/Vomiting* self-released 7"
1997: *Pissy Bear* split 7" with the Human Beans (Probe Records)
1997: *Scotto El Blotto* full length (Depth Charge/ Dill Records)
1999: *Injun Rob/Jula Bell* 7" (Fast Music)
1999: *Pour for Four, Por Favor* full length (Fast Music)
Comps
1995: *Axhandle Records* (Axhandle)
1997: *The Eagles Drift Inn* (Depthcharge)
1997: *Death To False Metal* (Probe)
1998: *Bay Area* (Coldfront)
1998: *Mission Accomplished* (Dill)
1998/99: *Live Unscrubbed* #s 2 and 3 (Toy Gun Murder)
1999: *Ritalin Riot* (ADD)
1999: *California Creamin'* (2nd Quarter Japan)
1999: *Short Music for Short People* (Fat Wreck Chords)
1999: *Fast Music Kills* (Fast Music)
2000: *San Francisco 1999* (Revenge)
2000: *12 Oz of Courage* (Very Small Records)

Cecil: I wanna pursue this brewery sponsorship thing.
MRR: Tour plans?
Jimmy: Spring and summer we're gonna tour our asses off.
MRR: Where?
Jimmy: United States, maybe Canada, maybe Europe, if we're lucky.
MRR: A couple more questions. Cecil, is it true that for kicks you invite drunken acquaintances along with you to climb the Bay Bridge in the middle of the night?
Cecil: No comment. But what are you doin' later?
MRR: Question withdrawn. Last question—Jimmy, what do you have to say about being the sexiest punk in SF?
Jimmy: End of interview.



the PUT-DOWNS



Somewhere between the broken-nose, garage-core fury of the Motards and the whiskey-torched, countrified twang of Merle Haggard lies the barbed-wire raunch n'roll of one of Texas' finest new bands

MRR: Ok, so give us a little background on how the band got started - Paul, we all know you were in the Motards...

Tom: In the beginning, Casey didn't have anything to do with the band

Paul: He was a late-comer. He was our last-resort as a bass-player.

Tom: The only reason he plays with us is because he doesn't drink, and he's a sober driver after shows.

Casey: That's about it.

Tom: I worked with this guy who came into work one day and said, "Hey, man - a friend of mine just moved to Beaumont from Austin and he's looking for a band to play with" and he gave me his phone number and it was Paul. I booked the Motards and the FuckEmo's a couple of years before that in Beaumont, so...

Paul: So we'd met each other before.

Tom: But we didn't really know each other.

MRR: Who were some of the other bands you guys played with?

Tom: Texas Terri.

Paul: That was awesome. She was really cool.

Casey: The Stitches were really good.

Paul: Los Angeles was my favorite.

Casey: I liked San Francisco. Tom found this huge pack of probably 500 sheets of happy-face stickers, with about a dozen stickers per sheet and in the middle of our set, I just started throwing them out, and by the end of the night, there were stickers all over the club, on everybody's nipples

Tom: Yeah, all the girls were walking around with them on their nipples.

Casey: Going downstairs and into the street there were stickers all over the place.

Tom: But the show in Sacramento was fun too, because there were a lot of people. There was about 300 people. Actually all the California shows were great.

Casey: He's telling the truth.

Tom: Well, Paul listens to country I don't listen to it all the time, but if Paul has a tape, we'll listen to it, as long as it's just older stuff. I don't like new country at all. But I think he does. I think he (Paul) likes some, not a whole lot of it, but Paul's brother plays in a country-band.

Paul: Yeah, my brother's been to Nashville, and recorded stuff. I went with him actually. I got to sit down in this office of one of the big songwriters in Nashville and played guitar and sang back-up with my brother.

Tom: And they offered him and Paul a record deal and Paul turned it down to stay with the Put-Downs.

Paul: I turned down my part as a country-duo with my brother.

Tom: A multi-million dollar deal and he turned it down because he didn't want to desert us in the Put-Downs.

With a pair of singles and several tours already under their belts, the boys in the Put-Downs took time out from their busy schedule to sit down and share with us their views on Paul's obsession with drinking, Tom's obsession with porn, and Casey's obsession with donuts. So crack open a Lone Star Beer, load up some Mexican dirt-weed, and read-on...

MRR: So how did you wind-up in Beaumont?

Paul: Oh, I don't know. Austin was too crazy. I have no will-power and I kind of got tired of a five-year hangover...

Tom: He was just drunk one day and he showed up in Beaumont.

MRR: I'm sure being in the Motards didn't have anything to do with that.

Paul: That may have... The place we were living served us an eviction notice. They were gonna sell the place, so when our lease was up, I decided to get out of town for a change, just to see what would happen.

MRR: You were originally from Beaumont?

Paul: Nearby.

MRR: So what's the Beaumont scene like, compared to Austin?

Tom: Might as well not even ask about it.

Casey: It puts Austin to shame. (laughter) I mean, we didn't even want to come up here at all, because there were all these parties going on back home, and all these places just begging us to play with the classic-rock cover bands.

Tom: And country bands.

Paul: Not a lot going on there.

MRR: Are there other punk-rock bands in Beaumont?

Tom: A couple. A band called the Diabetics. And FFFFA. Those are about the only two, I guess.

Paul: Lackey - a pop-punk band.

MRR: So you guys have been on how many tours now? Four?

Tom: Five.

Paul: Yeah. But we only left town once. (laughter)

Tom: But one of them, I was drunk the whole time, so I don't remember it.

Paul: Yeah, we're moving there next year, right?

Casey: I didn't want to leave until I had experienced an earthquake.

Paul: Yeah, we're gonna' go back and stay until there's an earthquake.

MRR: What are some other interesting stories about things that have gone on at your shows?

Tom: (laughter) We played in Dallas about a year ago with the Reds and the Boozers, and we were supposed to play the next night in Denton... Well, somebody who will not be named (Paul), got alcohol poisoning that Friday night, so he ended the whole next day vomiting everywhere.

Paul: All I've got to say is there was a girl in the parking lot after that show and she had a bottle of Jack Daniels, and wouldn't take no for an answer. That's my story, and I'm sticking to it.

Tom: So we all went back to one of the guys in the Boozers house, and we hear this big crash in the bathroom, and we go in there and Paul's wrapped in the shower curtain going, "Get me outta' here! I'm just trying to sit down!"

Paul: I don't remember any of that.

Casey: Well, you wouldn't.

Tom: You remembered the next day when you found the shower curtain rod broken in half.

MRR: I noticed you guys kind of have a country-inflection mixed in with the punk-rock sound...

Casey: I don't know how that happened.

Tom: We're proud of our country. (laughter)

Paul: That's bullshit. Hold on a minute - I'm the only one that likes country. Both these guys hate country! They only play it because I make 'em.

Paul: I didn't want to compromise my art.

Tom: Just like I got offered to be in porn, and I didn't want to move to LA, so I stayed in Beaumont - it's about the same. Neither one happened.

MRR: So having been in the Motards for years and years, how do you think the punk-rock scene has changed? What's different now?

Paul: I don't know... It's just always changing. It's weird coming back to Austin and finding out all the bands that were breaking-up, and all the new ones that were starting... and I like seeing new music all the time, so I'm happy with it.

MRR: One thing I've noticed is that while there's still some bands in the garage-punk vein, a lot of bands have moved towards a more traditional, '77 style of punk-rock... why do you think that is?

Paul: I have no idea.

MRR: I don't see you guys doing that at all.

Casey: What do you think about that?

MRR: What do I think about it?

Tom: Yeah, we're gonna' start asking you questions!

MRR: Personally, I think there's some bands that do it really well, but it's like anything - you can drive it into the ground. It becomes one-dimensional.

Casey: Yeah.

Paul: One thing I've noticed about the underground punk-scene and that's a lot more bands are getting into this 70's hard-rock sound.

MRR: Oh yeah - with the rise of bands like Gluecifer and the Hellacopters, definitely...
Paul: And they've got like a minute-long guitar solo in every song. And sometimes that's rocking, and other times it just makes me yawn.

MRR: Do you think it's like the pendulum swinging-back the other way?
Paul: Oh yeah.

MRR: So what is people's conception of punk-rock like in Beaumont?
Casey: Man, don't talk about conception! I don't want to hear the word conception!
Paul: They're scared to death of it. I never say we're in a punk-rock band - I always say we're 'hard-rock', because they're so scared of it. Nobody will book us in Beaumont, and that's why. They think if we're a punk-rock band that we're just going to come in and trash the place, and throw up all over the place, and start a bunch of fires
Tom: And we actually do do that, but we don't want to let them know that.
Paul: But then again, the kids like it, a lot of people like it - we get good receptions it's just that nobody wants to book us. The club-owners are scared.

MRR: Just of the idea?
Paul: The want a cover-band that will get people in there to sit around and listen to songs that they know and drink beer.
Casey: Y'know, we really don't appeal much to people that like to go watch live music in Beaumont, which is pretty much an older crowd.
Paul: A very small crowd, basically.
MRR: What about Houston?
Paul: It's lame. Even when you get a pretty good crowd in there, they all just stand there, or they'll sit down and stand still, and then when the song's over they'll clap. There's no participation at all.
Tom: Really the only good show we've had in Houston was with Sugar Shack.
Paul: We've had a couple. The Gotohells was good. And Sugar Shack.

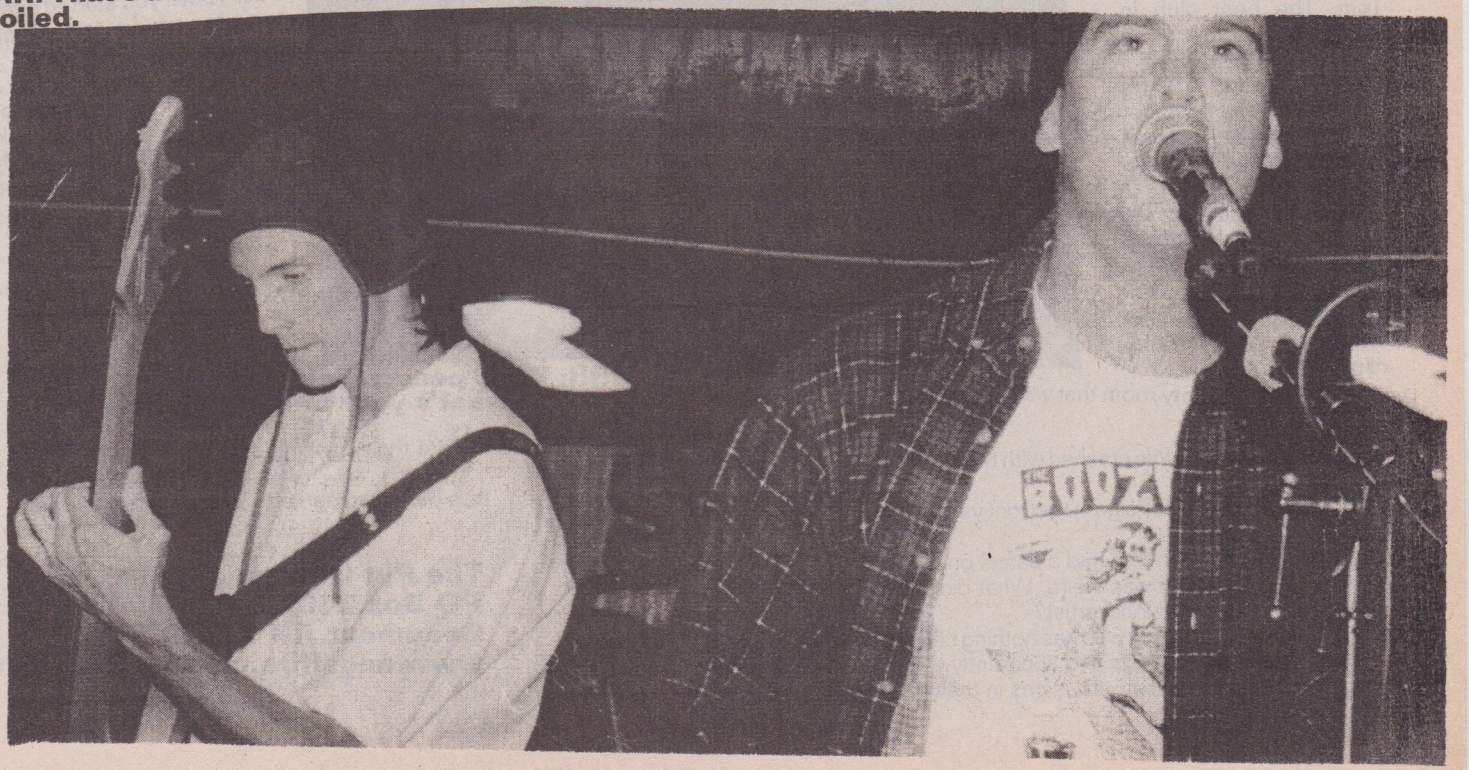
MRR: Well, I know even those guys had complained about having a hard time there.
Tom: Yeah, and I don't understand that - because they're great.
Paul: Well, I know people in Houston who are in bands, and there will be a good show going on, and they'll just sit at their house and drink beer, instead of going out. And I'm just thinking, "Why would you do that when there's a good show going on?"

MRR: What is it that leads to that?
Tom: I guess they don't realize how good they have it. I mean, we're sitting in Beaumont with jack-shit to do, and they have these great shows going on... and they're sitting at home doing nothing.

MRR: That's true of Austin too. People kind of get spoiled.
Casey: But you know... I don't always eat all the food on my plate, but I don't think about Ethiopia, and how good we have it.
Tom: What the FUCK are you talking about?! (laughter)

MRR: How does Houston compare to other big cities - like San Francisco?
Paul: Everytime I've been to San Francisco, they've always had a lot of fun. Everybody in the crowd has a good time. They're just there to go crazy.
Tom: Well, first of all, the club's in Houston suck.

MRR: That makes a big difference sometimes. The bands don't necessarily create the environment they play in.
Tom: I'm not saying that every club sucks, but some of them are in it for the money, and not for the enjoyment of their audience
Paul: Like one main club Fitzgerald's. They suck a big dick.
Tom: That's what I was referring to.
Paul: They make new bands pay to play there.
Casey: I think the scene in Houston would be a lot better if there were more gay people. (laughter)
Paul: There's plenty of gay people in Houston. They're just not into punk-rock.
Casey: But look at Austin, look at San Francisco, two best host cities we've ever played. And look at Houston. . .
Tom: One of the best times that Casey and I had in Houston was when we slept in my car in front of a friend of ours house
Casey: I beg to differ.
Tom: and then these girls in the parking lot of a club asked to see my dick because it was pierced. So I pulled it out, and they were asking if they could touch it. That was a fun time for me.
Paul: Hey, what about the time the girl started squirting her breast milk across the room? Now that was fun.
Tom: You were passed out!
Paul: That was Bill and Dave's house from Bickley.
Tom: We were all fucked-up and this girl started pulling up her shirt and shooting breast milk at everybody. And Paul was totally passed out.
Casey: That was pretty crazy.
Tom: I mean, pretty much everybody was fucked-up. This one guy, Josh was passed-out in the bathtub and we were trying to pee on him
Casey: That's what's cool about being sober at parties.
Tom: You don't get pissed on.
Casey: I tell everybody, "The first person that passes out, I'm pissin' on them!"
Tom: You don't miss the breast milk.



MRR: So what's the best treatment you've gotten from a club when you were out on the road?
Paul: El Paso.
Casey: They gave us two free rooms at the motel.
Paul: And $50. And we got smoked-out.

MRR: What club was this?
Paul: Wild Hair's. 'Booze and Adventure'. That was the subtitle of the club.
Casey: 'No jerks'.
Tom: You're right. But I was gonna' say Sacramento, 'cause the guy walked up to us and said, "Well, I never got y'all's rider, so I just got you a case of beer, a case of coke and a case of water." We were like 'rider'?... Ok.
Casey: They had guys unloading our stuff on stage.
Tom: They gave us money for a buy-out.
Paul: That was awesome. And I was all like, "Can I borrow a guitar cord?"
Tom: Somebody in the Nobodys was nice enough to give him a guitar cord.
Paul: They were laughing at my amplifier.

MRR: What's the worst treatment you've gotten at a club?
Tom: Fuckin' Boston's in Tempe, AZ.
Casey: Nah
Tom: They were sons of bitches.
Casey: Well, they never promised us gas money or anything
Tom: Yeah, they did. Didn't they?
Paul: I don't think they did but that guy wasn't very nice. Another thing thing that was bad was that on tour, all these clubs would book us, and they'd say they'd book another band, and then they never did so then we got there and we played by ourselves. And that was before our records came out. Nobody had every heard of us.
Tom: The best club in Houston to play at is Rudyard's.
Casey: Some of the coolest treatment we got on tour was the Radiation Room in Amarillo. Those guys...
Tom: They attacked us, and gave us a big group hug at the end. (laughter)
Casey: Man, those were just the coolest people. The whole scene in Amarillo. . .

Paul: It was just an empty room that was cleared out, and run by some kids.
Casey: It was total DIY. We crashed with the kid who ran it. We crashed at his house.
Paul: He had a giant street-sign in his front yard that said, 'Communist'. (laughter)
Tom: He had another on that had a camel on it
Paul: Camel crossing. It was weird. What did you say you found out about that? It was some local artist?
Casey: Some crazy rich guy who has nothing better to do than to spend his time on giant art projects and apparently what he was doing was paying people to put these crazy signs in their yards.

MRR: So what are some of your preferred subjects as far as song lyrics?
Paul: I've got a hot-rod song about my crummy old crappy 588 Pontiac Grand Am.
Casey: What's it called?
Paul: It's called '88 Pontiac Grand Am'. (laughter)
Tom: And Paul had a vasectomy, and decided to get a reversal. So he wrote a song.
Paul: 'Microsurgical Vasectomy Reversal'. (laughter)

MRR. I've seen those billboards in Houston for that!
Tom: That's exactly where he got it from.
Paul: What do you want to talk about Casey? Let's talk about what kinds of food Casey won't eat.
Casey: Ok - go ahead and quiz me.
Paul: Casey, will you eat chili?
Casey: I hate chili. Chili is just disgusting.
Paul: How 'bout lettuce - do you like lettuce

Tom: The only thing Casey will eat is donuts.
Casey: Lettuce is just wretched.

Paul: How about... carrots!
Casey: Omigod...Don't make me puke (laughs)
Paul: Bananas? Surely you would eat a banana?
Casey: Don't even get me started on bananas, man... "the worlds most perfect food , my ass"
Tom: Let's not even mention donuts. That's the only thing he will eat.
Casey: I love donuts. Man, I eat more junk food than anyone I've ever met. And I look totally cracked out. (laughter)
Paul: he is a wiry fellow.
Casey: I don't know how I keep my shapely figure... I think if people just quit eating healthy food like vegetables, and just ate junk food...
Paul: I bet if you started drinking beer, you'd gain twenty pounds.
Casey: I bet not.
Paul: We're always teasing him - trying to get him to drink. But he doesn't give in. My problem is... I gotta go to the john.
Tom: Paul pees a lot.

MRR: Paul pees a lot...Casey only likes donuts...what's your interesting 'fun fact', Tom?
Tom: I like porn more than anything else that I can think of. (laughter)
Casey: Yeah - he's our 'band pervert'. Every band's got one. It's our drummer.

The Put Downs
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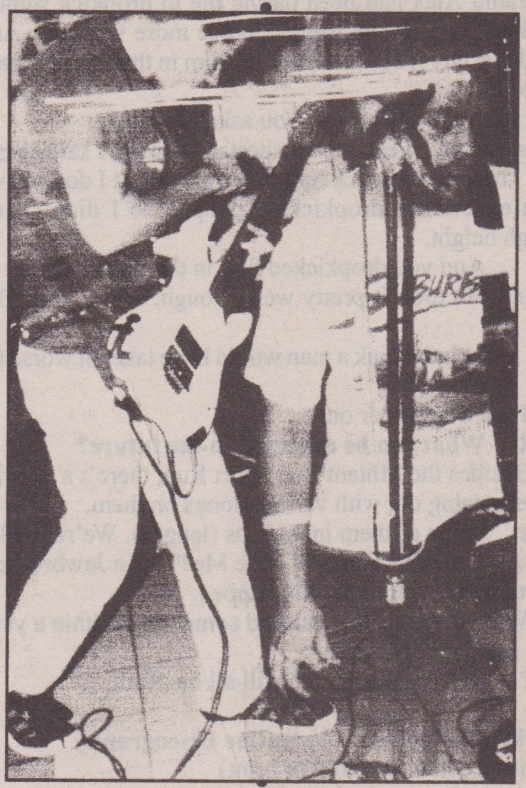
MRR INTERVIEW

Charlie Brown Gets a Valentine.



Charlie Brown Gets a Valentine **is a three piece from Maryland that have been together for 2+ years. Reviewers have described them as "infectious pop-punk," "emo-pop," "minimalist indie pop," and everything in between. I personally think they just plain rock! Their latest release is a split 7" on Spoiled Records with the PA band Inkling. This interview took place with Jon: vocals/ bass, Lucas: guitar/BV, and Matt: drums. Introduction by Brian McDonald. Interview by Bridgett Harsh.**

MRR: So, when did your band form?
Matt: Ah...February of 1998, I guess?
Lucas: Something like that.
Jon: We all met at St. Mary's College.

MRR: What have you released so far?
Jon: A demo tape, which is long gone.
Matt: And two 7"s, *Alert Your Captain* and the new one, which is a split with Inkling.

MRR: How do you describe your band to your relatives?
Jon: I don't.

MRR: If you did?
Matt: My crappy college band.
Jon: Uh, Lucas?
Lucas: I once told one of my relatives that we sounded, uh, sort of like Green Day 'cause I figured that would be the most, like, big thing, and she was like, "Green who?" "Green what now?"

MRR: How do you describe yourselves to kids in the scene that have not heard you?
Matt: Uhhhh...

MRR: If you met some kids....
Matt: I tell them we're softcore.
Lucas: Softcore... 'cause hardcore means, like, full penetration.
Matt: We don't show penetration.

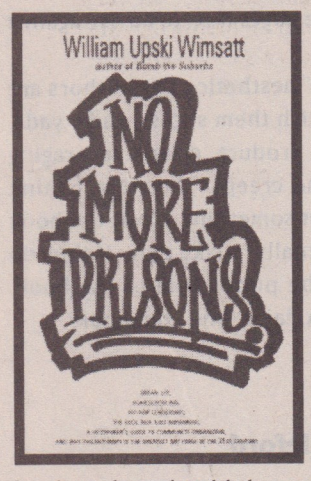
Jon: I don't know. We're a pop-punk band, but we don't confine ourselves to the stereotype. I really think we try to pull in various influences rather than just constantly recycling the same thing over and over. I love pop-punk, ya know, but it needs to progress.
Lucas: A little bit crazier, musically, than most pop-punk bands, I think.
MRR: Don't you guys have a CD coming out on Mutant Pop Records?
Matt: Clearly someone's been doing research.
Jon: Hopefully, we'll have a Short Run CD on Mutant Pop as soon as we record it, which will hopefully be in a month or so.
Lucas: Eight songs is about what it's looking like.
MRR: What five records are you listening to right now?
Jon: I'm not.
Lucas: Jawbreaker, *24 Hour Revenge Therapy,* as always. At The Drive-in, *In/Casino/Out,* Gang of Four, *Entertainment,* like, for the past three days nothing but that. Edsel, *Techniques of Speed Hypnosis* and, uh, this is totally retarded, but, uh, "Mos Def and Talib Kweli are Black Star."
Matt: Jesus, I'm always listening to Inkling Minute. I'm always listening to the Axis Set's second demo, *Graduation.* Over break I was listening to David Bowie and the Smashing Pumpkins again, which was fun because...
Lucas: (interrupting) That was four. One more!!!
Matt: Ah...I gotta say Kid Dynamite, 'cause they're great and they're breaking up.
Jon: The Scaries new album, *Wishing One Last Time* rocks! I'm also always listening to Teen Idols and Chixdiggit. I think they're the two best pop-punk bands around these days. I've also been listening to the new Fracture discography and Screeching Weasel's new double CD.
MRR: Outside of music, what influences you?
Lucas: Oh yeah, the *Simpsons.*
Matt: I'm the biggest art-fuck I know, so I guess painting. Especially contemporary modern art.
Lucas: And the *Simpsons.*
Jon: Movies.
MRR: Why did you decide to do a split with Inkling?
Matt: Because they fucking rock!
Jon: Yeah. 'Cause we're friends with them and they were friends with Dr. Schwa, who runs Spoiled Records, and it was real easy just to say, "Hey, let's do this." So we did.
Lucas: And they are really good.
Jon: And we figured if we were going to do a split release with somebody, we wanted someone that didn't sound anything like us. And there you go, they don't sound anything like us.
MRR: How's your experience with Spoiled Records been so far?
Matt: Nothing but good.
Lucas: Dr. Schwa's a guy who knows how to get shit done. That's all I'm gonna say. I don't know how to get anything done. I'm just totally retarded, but he does, so I have to give him respect for that. If not for his hair.
Jon: More support than any band starting out could ask for.
MRR: How was your recent tour with Inkling?
Jon: I thought it was awesome.
Lucas: I had a blast.
Matt: We should tell the porn story.
Jon: So, on tour, it was brought up for some reason that somebody had found porn in the woods as a kid. So then someone else said, "me, too" and it turned out that this was pretty much a universal experience. So, we decided that we should get some porn and put it in the woods, you know, to give something back. So, then we would talk about this at shows when someone broke a string or we had to stop for some reason, and it turns out that everyone in the world has found porn in the woods.
Lucas: So, give back, jerks.
MRR: What makes for a good show?
Lucas: Fifteen people. Fifteen people is a good show. Less than fifteen people...eh. More than fifteen people, hell yeah, but fifteen people is the magic number, not including the other people in the bands. Fifteen people makes a show good.
Scott (a roommate): How many people was that?
Jon: Yeah, location doesn't matter. It's people.
Lucas: Also, band soda.
MRR: What is the weirdest thing that's ever happened to you at a show?
Lucas: I dropkicked a guy in the balls. I didn't know the guy. My friend Alex had been daring me to dropkick someone in the chest, because he wanted to see more violence. And so I asked this guy if I could dropkick him in the balls if I gave him a free CD.
Matt: No, you said chest. You asked him for...
Lucas: Oh no... yeah. I said chest. I'm sorry, I said chest. And then, I tried to dropkick him in the chest, but I don't have very much experience dropkicking people, so I didn't quite get enough height.
Matt: And you dropkicked him in the balls.
Lucas: He took it pretty well, though, like a man. Balls of steel.
Matt: I kinda think a man would have taken it worse than he did.
Jon: I got a free beer once.
MRR: What can be expected in the future?
Jon: Besides the Mutant Pop Short Run, there's a bunch of comps coming out with various songs on them.
Lucas: Some of them include us (laughs). We're working on a cover of "Do You Still Hate Me?" for a Jawbreaker tribute, which will hopefully happen.
Jon: With any luck, we can find somebody, within a year or so, to put out a full-length.
Matt: And eventually we will all be dead.

Charlie Brown Gets a Valentine Discography
Self-titled demo tape (out of print)
Alert Your Captain 7" (four songs, red vinyl, $3ppd)
CBGaV/Inkling split 7" (three CBGaV songs on white vinyl, $3ppd)
Both 7" are available from Spoiled Records
P0 Box 199, Kulpsville, PA 19443
Cash or checks payable to Brian McDonald
E-mail: SpoiledRec@aol.com Website: www.freeyellow.com/members8/SpoiledRecords
To contact CBGaV write:
P0 Box 518, St. Mary's City, MD 20686
E-mail: CBGaV@aol.com Website: www. freeyellow.com/members3/cbgav

Charlie Brown Gets a Valentine.

MRR BOOK REVIEWS

No More Prisons • William Upski Wimsatt
200 pages • $12.00
Subway & Elevated / Soft Skull Press
www.softskull.com



No More Prisons is about young people with so much money they have to form foundations to decide how to give it away. This book is about quitting school (or never starting at all) and being smarter and better off for it. This book is about "the most feared neighborhoods in America." It's about hip-hop and its leaders, about disappearing basketball courts, about real community activism, and about the author's last book, *Bomb The Suburbs*. This book is about hitchhiking and it's about the glory of mentors. And this book is about prisons.

In the opening pages, we read a brief, brutal analysis of a US prison system whose population has increased by 400% since 1980, while crime rates have remained virtually unchanged. And our prison system continues to grow by leaps and bounds, fueled by construction lobbies and drug laws targeting the poor. It would likely surprise few people to learn the percentages of inmates of color versus those who are white, but Wimsatt offers insight as to why and how we, as a society, have become so conditioned to simply accept things—and it's not just because of the media. There is also mention of the prisons that Americans insist on building for themselves—only the wealthy call them "gated communities." The parallel made between the imprisonment of so-called criminals and the self-imprisonment of those too scared to face their neighbors is eye-opening, and I wish that Wimsatt had spent perhaps a little more time in this area. But he had an awful lot of ground to cover, and while prisons are a small focus of *No More Prisons*, they provide the undertone for the rest of the book—the realization that our society is fast becoming incarcerated.

Bomb The Suburbs mirrored some of the same subjects as *No More Prisons*, but primarily addressed hip hop and graffiti. This book discusses at length the creation, publishing and marketing of the last one. From the joy of selling 2300 copies of a self-published book, tempered by the realization that some of its material had missed its mark, the author chronicled the failures and successes of *Bomb The Suburbs* (a fantastic book in its own right). The promotional book tour embarked on by Wimsatt could be a book all by itself: a lone white man hitchhiking across America in search of its most notorious ghettos. Walking through the roughest neighborhoods this country has to offer, for the purpose of promoting a book about hip hop. But also to see "first hand that my parents and teachers and everyone else I have been listening to all my life don't necessarily know what the fuck they're talking about." A noble pursuit indeed.

Wimsatt is a scholar, the son of college professors, but fully understands that there is so very much more to learning than textbooks and classrooms. Taking a cue from Grace Llewellyn's book, *Teenage Liberation Handbook*, he delves into many different aspects of home schooling, as well as accounts of kids 10 years younger than me who have already lived a lifetime more than most everyone I know, by simply pursuing their education outside of school. He busts myths about home schooling being a luxury for rich white kids, when it is, in fact, poor people of color who could most benefit from it. Lots of anecdotes about being a student of the University of Planet Earth, and how much we all could learn from simply living, as well as time devoted to the importance of mentors. More than just role models, Wimsatt holds mentors in a special light, and reminds us that the more people we have to draw influence from, the broader we become.

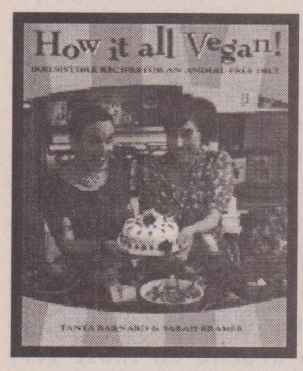
Wimsatt's ideology would seem to clash somewhat with his status as a wealthy white guy—enter the "Cool Rich Kids Movement." Like it sounds, the movement is made up of more fortunate folks doing things with their money that are virtually unheard of. Doing things with their money that rich people should have been doing all along (and some have). With wealth in America distributed so unevenly, we could use a few rich kids throwing their money towards people who are actually trying to do some good, as opposed to Harvard—the number one recipient of charitable contributions in this country. The art of philanthropy, says Wimsatt, is the greatest art form of the 21st century, and with more and more money falling into the hands of younger people with a propensity for activism, he may be right. He discusses organizations designed specifically to help people give their money away, and also tells about organizations who depend on those very contributions for survival. And we're not talking about the Red Cross here, but grassroots level community activists, who do the most good, and whose absence would be a severe blow to the communities they support.

No More Prisons dances around several seemingly unrelated topics. There is a section on hip hop and its leaders, who truly have the ability to affect change in the communities that need it the most. Most punks know little about hip hop beyond ICE CUBE or PUBLIC ENEMY, but the level of activism and DIY ethics below the commercial surface is inspiring—a certain "we're not in this alone" feeling. The interview with RHA GODDESS, former corporate lackey and current rapper/activist, is amazing to say the least. Wimsatt also interviews some other perhaps unlikely people, a self-made millionaire

from Detroit who could not read, the former mayor of Albuquerque who has some incredible insight into present day segregation in American cities, and Minnesota state representative Myron Oldfield, whose views on the collapse of our cities (and even older suburbs), and the suburbification of this country, hit right on the mark.

While this book certainly stands on its own, it has more impact if you have read *Bomb The Suburbs*, if only because a portion of this book focuses on it. But this is far from a sequel, and it leaves you feeling optimistic about the somewhat grim state of things instead of feeling grim. Wimsatt sheds light on activists, entrepreneurs, artists, politicians, and regular folks who are working to literally and figuratively break down prison walls. Both relevant and entertaining, this book is worth reading for anyone, and is a must for those involved actively or passively in trying to make things better for themselves and for everyone else. —Robert Collins

How it all Vegan! • Tanya Barnhard & Sarah Kramer
208 pages • $15.95
Arsenal Pulp Press • 103-1014 Homer Street • Vancouver, BC • V6B 2W9 • Canada



This book is almost unbearably cute. This is not to disparage the intent or method, but from the kitschy chapter headings to the culinary spread on the cover, it's a cookbook I'd feel comfortable handing to my grandmother.

This is a milestone, though. Recall about 10 years ago, when the Hippycore crew put together a vegan cookbook called *Soy not Oi!* that was very much a zine. My stained copy sat at my side through many sessions of fry bread and peanut butter cookies. I still have it (I wonder what a first pressing *Soy not Oi!* is worth?). This comes from that tradition. The author's have distributed their own vegan recipe zine for a while, and decided to clean up their work and put it in a more professional context.

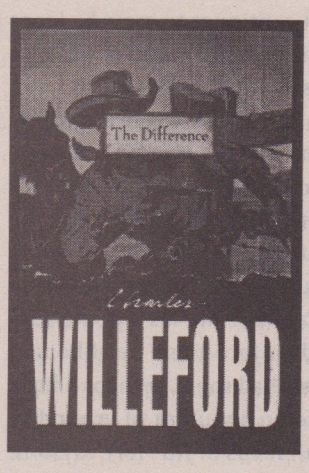
This is that. Perfect binding, color cover and classy art throughout. The layout is clean, and as I mentioned before, this book could sit next to the Betty Crocker cookbook.

The recipes are good to excellent. Some are a bit underspicy for the more hardened of us, others leave spicing entirely to our imagination. The breadth of the recipes is undeniably excellent, from baking to breakfast, desserts to appetizers, and kid's snacks to vegan home tips. There is a reprint of the PETA vegan do's and don'ts in the back, and a measurement page. All the buttons are checked.

I am a bit surprised that the authors chose to include recipes with honey. Even though some vegans use honey, it is a highly contentious issue (one that I disagree with them on), and one that doesn't sit well on the pages next to advice against leather and yeast.

This is a turn for the "punk" aesthetic. The authors are clearly part of "the scene" and I wish them sucess, yada, yada, yada. But this more mainstream product, clearly leveraging its built-in audience, gives me the creeps. Not that I think they really do anything wrong, but something about the book comes off as not "for the kids." Actually, strike that. If they do anything wrong, it is overusing the punny title of the book. That's a very little strike against a damn fine cookbook. —Aragorn

The Difference • Charles Willeford
141 pages • $30.00
Dennis McMillan Publications
11421 E. Gunsmith Dr. • Tucson, AZ • 85749



I discovered Charles Willeford by accident. A dog-eared copy of his 1963 collection *The Machine in Ward Eleven* was mixed in with a box of pulp science-fiction paperbacks that I'd bought at a small-town flea market, probably by virtue of its garish cover and title that vaguely suggested rockets and robots. When I read the fragmented, nervous short stories inside—one of which was the account of a Hollywood screen writer's mental breakdown, another a "last man on earth" tale worthy of *The Twilight Zone*—I knew I'd found something pretty extraordinary. I later noticed his work filed in the mystery section of used bookstores, and read the reprints of *The Pick- Up, The Woman Chaser* and *High Priest of California* —the kind of tough, morally-neutral crime fiction associated with authors like Jim Thompson or James Cain. By the time of Willeford's death in 1988, he'd achieved some mainstream success with the Hoke Mosley mystery series (*Miami Blues, New Hope for the Dead, Sideswipe*), and had gathered a cult sizeable enough to warrant new editions of his earlier, hard-to-find work—such as this

oddity.

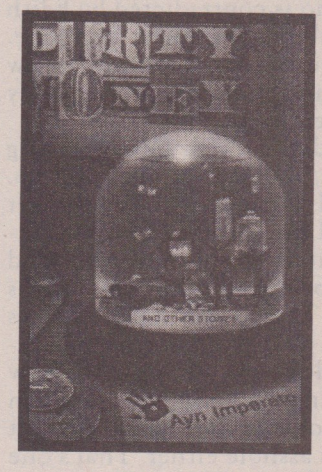
Originally published in 1971 as *The Hombre from Sonora*, this novel is a late example of a literary genre that isn't likely to cross over the fence into the 21st century—the pulp western. Though its elements can still be found in the works of contemporary authors such as Barry Gifford (*Wild at Heart* and *Perdida Durango*, the Old West now seems older and dustier than it's ever been. Willeford sticks to the basic conventions of the style—the plot features cattle rustling, six-shooting, a pretty frontier girl and her gunslinger father, a bounty on the head of the hero, and a race through the Arizona territory to the Mexican border. Johnny Shaw, the lightning-in-a-bottle nineteen year-old who spurs the action, is on the run from the Reardon boys after having killed their brother in what may or may not have been an act of self-defense. By chance, Shaw takes refuge with a blacksmith who once bore the reputation of the toughest gunslinger in the Southwest, Blackie Clark.

Clark gives the young upstart a crash course in gun technique ("you draw one gun only, because one's all you need...when it comes to shooting a man, your brain simply can't deliver two seperate messages at once," he says, using unlikely language for a 19th century outlaw). Willeford's voice comes through loud in these pages, when describing the action of handguns, or when the subject of war is raised: "Knowing that the man who was still on his feet and all in one piece when the war was over would be the winner—that was the difference." Shaw's flight eventually leads him to the Mexican estate of a powerful family friend, through several edgy encounters with man and beast, and back into Arizona where he takes measures to rid himself of the Reardon boys once and for all. By the final paragraph he promises to ply his violent trade outside of the American West and take on the world at large.

The dust sleeve of *The Difference* (defined as "the advantage or that which gives an advantage over an opponent, as a gun or club") draws comparisons between this work and that of Kafka, Beckett, Bukowski and Burroughs. Easy names to drop, but not altogether accurate here—again, a better point of reference is the work of Jim Thompson (particularly his period novels such as *Pop. 1,280*). Both men were writing at the same time and mixed lurid characters and situations with precise first-person narrative, sudden bursts of violence, and existential dread. *The Difference* isn't an accurate picture of life as it was in pre-statehood Arizona. Rather, it uses the western form to make a few pointed statements about honor, violence, life, and death, and and the point where all four overlap. All this in the guise of a shoot-'em-up.

Despite its strengths, *The Difference* isn't the best introduction to Charles Willeford's work—especially at the above cover price, which is sure to scare off the riff-raff—but worth it to converts. Others are recommended to look for *The Pick Up*, *The Burnt Orange Heresy*, or *Cockfighter*—all of them in print and readily available at your local bookseller.—Jeff A. Heermann

Dirty Money (and Other Stories)• Ayn Imperato
142 pages • $11.00
•Manic D Press • PO Box 410804 • San Francisco, CA • 94141



Dirty Money is a collection of short stories and observations written by ex-*MRR*/*Punk Planet* columnist Ayn Imperato. Imperato's writing focuses on work, current and ex-boyfriends and personal observations. If you were never a fan of Imperato's columns or personal zines, you might as well skip to the next review (does anyone even read these things ?)

I thought the highlights of *Dirty Money* were the work stories. (I'm a big sucker for those—they make me feel better about my own job) I didn't know there were so many ways you could earn quick cash in this city by just getting a little dirty. Imperato and her boyfriend made money posing for erotic photos and working as movie extras while covered in mud. Imperato also spent time working as a phone sex girl, and she includes a few antidotes about her regular clients.

I thought *Dirty Money* was an entertaining read, but I do have a major complaint about the price. I understand that books are expensive to make, but this one could have been put out as a zine or in a smaller format—some of the chapters are only a few sentences, yet they take up an entire page. This is a book that I would borrow from a friend or buy used. It's definitely not worth the $11.00 cover price.
—Missy Hennings

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MOVIE REVIEWS

JOHN WATERS, CALVIN JOHNSON AND JINGKE

I am shocked at the amount of documentaries that have been coming out lately. It seems like a person, group, or whatever doesn't really need to do anything to be memorialized with his or her own film. I'm not complaining either, 'cause if I have enough time, I'll watch them all. I like to hear people's stories, even if most of the time they come across as idiots.

One really great one I saw recently was **Divine Trash,** a John Waters documentary that mostly focused on the filming of **Pink Flamingos**. The thing I like most is the director Steve Yeager, who presents all different points of view on Waters' career. Divine contradicts Mink Stole, who is contradicted by Edith Massey, and then John Waters contradicts everyone. It doesn't matter what's true, because everyone's view on the situation is interesting and there are probably bits of truth in each recollection.

The film starts and ends with Divine eating dog shit. In the beginning, the shot is being set up. At the end it is executed. I particularly liked this set up because Waters owes all his success to his characters, especially Divine. Waters wrote the scripts and directed the films. The actors recall how strict he was about following his script. They had to read all lines exactly as he wrote them. Yeager precedes this section with critics and other directors talking about how all of Waters' films seem improvised. Though when you really get down to it, not everyone would eat shit in a movie, or sing with his asshole either. That's one thing most documentaries forget. They are too busy focusing on the main subject.

The thing I didn't like was that Yeager skips from **Pink Flamingos** to a shot of the filming of **Pecker**. I guess it is meant to summarize where Waters has come to in the last 16 years (**Divine Trash** was released in 1998, though it's just now making its theatrical debut) by showing a brief glimpse of his filming style now in contrast to then, but that just seems to belittle his career. Waters' history was set up well—his trip to the *Howdy Dowdy* show as a kid, the puppet shows he set up for the neighbor kids, his treks to New York City to see Warhol films. Mink Stole recalls how she almost set herself on fire trying to set the trailer on fire accompanied by some great footage of her attempts to light it, too. Yeager does such a thorough job up through **Pink Flamingos** that he should have just stayed focused on that. **Pink Flamingos** is Waters's most infamous film, but I've enjoyed some of his tamer films too.

The Shield Around The K: The Story Of K Records is the opposite of **Divine Trash**. Don't let the title fool you. This is not a documentary of K Records. It is the story of Calvin Johnson, albeit not a very in-depth one. Calvin does come across as quite a character, I like Beat Happening and I've heard some hot rumors about him in the last few years, so a film about him might be interesting. This one isn't. There is too much praise with little to substantiate it. You get name musicians and scene celebrities such as Ian MacKaye, Steve Fisk, Sonic Boom and Dean Wareham, who can't say enough good, but seemingly insincere, things about Johnson. Ian MacKaye is the only one who says something that isn't positive, and that is only that he didn't like Beat Happening the first time he heard them.

It's not that I'm looking for some badmouthing, though it's always more enjoyable, but the good things that are said just don't sell me on his greatness. John Waters was presented as an interesting, funny, hardworking, ambitious filmmaker who whether or not you like his work, still comes across as talented. **The Shield Around The K: The Story Of K Records**' filmmaker, Heather Rose Dominic, just assumes that you already think Johnson is a talented person and the fact that well-known people also think so should be evidence enough.

According to the film, the most important things Calvin Johnson has done have been establishing K Records and organizing the International Pop Underground Festival. There are only two brief interviews with Candice, who from what I gather is the person who actually runs K Records. She also did a lot of organizing for the IPU Festival. I would like to know more about her background. How did she and Calvin meet? How did K come about? What does she do? What does Calvin do? There are a lot of unanswered questions. It seems that someone had some live footage of bands playing and this was the type of format that seemed easiest to get them all together. The music videos and the live performances are just tacked on at the end. Maybe there is more footage, and the whole thing can be re-edited into a cohesive piece.

My unending interest in documentaries does not exclude films based on actual events. **The Emperor And The Assassin** is the story of the first emperor of China. Although a film with the usual melodramatic devices, it manages to stay relatively objective to the story. Ying Zheng, King of Qin, wants to join the six kingdoms of China into one nation. The only way to accomplish this is by force. Ying Zheng devises a plan with the help of his childhood friend Lady Zhao. In exchange for him allowing her to return to her homeland, she will hire an assassin to attempt to kill Ying Zheng, providing him with an excuse to attack the kingdom of Han. Lady Zhao believes Ying Zheng is doing this to unite China. She meets the assassin Jing Ke, who will not kill anymore after a blind girl has killed herself because he killed her entire family. The story that results is one of deceit and betrayal, but there is a love story too.

The battle scenes are pretty spectacular. The killings are very gruesome. Jing Ke is arrested and chained to a log. The log is swung at a wall with a blood spot the size of a head. Each time the log gets closer, but doesn't hit. The camera swings at the wall so we can see what Jing Ke is supposedly seeing. It sent chills up my spine. What a horrible way to die.

The Emperor And The Assassin is a very

personal story, one you probably won't find in history books. Ying Zheng is portrayed as a humanitarian as well as a man who kills thousands of his countrymen. Lady Zhao has a lot of power that women were not usually given. The king gives in to her demands. She is free to move easily between the kingdoms, even though they are in the midst of war. Jing Ke agrees to assassinate the king because she asks. It seems she would have been able to stop the war, if she wasn't so worried about her own happiness. These are liberties taken by the director to make the story flow. When it comes down to it, men can't resist the lure of power. Ying Zheng kills all of one kingdom's children by burying them alive. Of course, after he promised Lady Zhao that he would save the children. —Carolyn Keddy

SWORDS, SANDALS, AND SHAKESPEARE

There are those who'd have us believe that Shakespeare never quilled a bad play; but if there were ever a play to be disavowed, **Titus Andronicus** is it. In 1687, Edward Ravenscroft wrote, "It seems rather a heap of rubbish than a structure." Three centuries later, we're still trying to forget it exists.

One of Shakespeare's earliest plays, **Titus Andronicus,** once drew audiences in huge numbers. Among its attractions — madness, deception, multiple murder, gang-rape, dismemberment, bloodletting, and cannibalism; and in her recent film adaptation, first-time film director Julie Taymor adds incest, group sex, and family group sex.

Taymor, better known for the Broadway production of **The Lion King**, employs her talents to make a **Titus** that's so anachronistic and so over-the-top it lends credibility to anti-gravity. It begins in the modern day with a young girl (Osheen Jones) eating breakfast. For some reason, she turns belligerent and splatters her food all over the kitchen, after which she falls into a kind of seizure. On waking, she finds herself in a mock-Shakespearean world with Roman columns, Mussolini-era automobiles, and a newly-returned Titus Andronicus (Anthony Hopkins), recent victor over the Goths. His soldiers march into town in a modified dance-step, hauling a plastic crate of booty; but they've stepped into a political ferment only Andronicus can reverse.

With the recent death of the emperor, Titus' brother Marcus (Colm Feore) wants to install Titus as ruler. The emperor's oldest son, Saturninus (Alan Cumming) is a decadent, imperious snot; the emperor's handsome younger son Bassianus (James Frain) vows allegiance to Titus's decision, whatever it might be. Saturninus is installed, and his first official action is to marry Lavinia (Laura Fraser), his brother's fiance. When Bassianius absconds with Lavinia, the new emperor decides he likes the Goth queen Tamora (Jessica Lange) even more; besides, she confides to him that she'll take it upon herself to crush the Andronici. With the execution of her eldest son and the pillage of her empire, the only good Roman is a dead Roman.

The girl who began the movie making a mess in the kitchen reappears from time to time; eventually, she changes into Young Lucius, though how or why is happens is obscure. As we ponder this mystery (and there's plenty of time for pondering in this nearly three hour film), the evil unravels.

Wandering in the forest as lovers do, Bassianus and Lavinia spy duplicitous Tamora making love with Aaron (Harry J. Lennix), her loyal moor. The two Goths realize that if news of this got around to the emperor, they'd both be flayed and left in medium-sized chunks. So, Aaron stabs Bassianus, throws his body in a pit...and before long, two wandering Andronici fall in by accident. The two, now drenched in Bassianus' blood and lacking the inclination to climb out of the pit, are fingered for Bassianus' murder. Julie Taymor should be complimented on directing the scene so its tendency for unintentional humor is dulled.

By modern standards, Aaron rates with Shylock as one of Shakespeare's most politically incorrect constructions. At least Othello had the benefit of a soul. Aaron is psychotic; he lives to kill, and his sole regret in life is that he might have devoted more of his time to evil. Even Tamora's two sons aren't exempt (surprising, since in this production, they all share a pinball/video arcade together).

As a villain, Aaron has the psychological interest of a mole. His arch rival Titus isn't much more endearing, having surrendered his daughter to the emperor and slaughtered one of his sons in the first act. But a raw play like **Titus Andronicus** is more about spectacle than depth; to this day, it's the main reason why the rank and file will want to see the film. That, and the opportunity to see Anthony Hopkins reprise his Hannibal Lector role in the final act. Even Taymor can't resist reducing the final scenes to pastiche; it's the best part of the movie.

Less welcome are the ridiculous "penny arcade" sequences that punctuate the film. These weird, phantasmagorical, computer-generated visions were a sensation at Taymor's 1995 stage production of **Titus**, but here they're more evidence of her Ken Russell/Peter Greenaway-influenced excess.

Despite its laundry list of detractors, **Titus** never loses interest...Taymor makes sure of that. A stormy musical score takes over when the actors aren't raping, stabbing, cutting off limbs, or eating pie made from the flesh of villains. There are even times, between all the lofty iambic pentameter and big-budget set-design, you begin to think it's better than it really is.

That may be Taymor's main accomplishment. Shakespeare's play is trashy enough by itself; Taymor tries to disguise it as art. —Steve Spinali

ELECTRIC EELS

by Eric DeArment

ANOTHER SUBCULTURE GOING

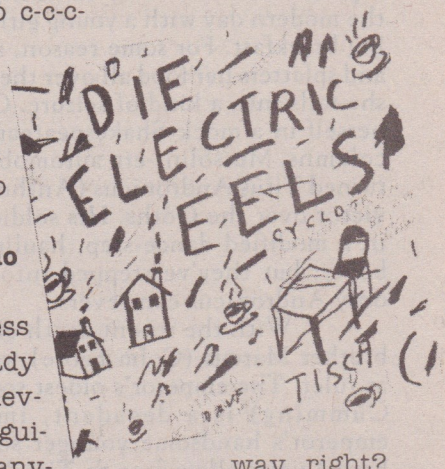
The Electric Eels were a Cleveland pre-punk band who formed in 1972 and broke up in 1975. The Eels' line-up consisted of Dave E (vocals - referred to as "Davy" in this interview), John Morton (lead guitar) and Brian McMahon (rhythm guitar). Occasionally, McMahon left the band and was replaced by Paul Marotta (Styrenes), and later in their career, the Eels added a drummer, Nick Knox, who left town to join the Cramps after the Eels broke up.

The following is an e-mail interview with Brian McMahon done on March 5th by Ricky Twitch

MRR: The Electric Eels were a very unique band for their time (they probably would be today, too). What inspired you, John Morton and Dave E to form the band?

BRIAN McMAHON: The Electric Eels were a pissed-off, perfect, runaway-train release of rage and anguish, channeling as close to pop music as it could possibly manage, and making good on every unkept promise that could have given it untenable life. Aural, visual and conceptual - yes, a crossover band. Our specific inspirations were every great piece-a-art, slab-a-music, strip-a-celluloid that kicked, flailed, or dead-man floated to top the slurry of mediocrity that was our daily circumstance. Davy, John and I could not believe what was goin' on. How so much safe shit was making each and every day a living hell. Even our few escapes had become traps; bad movies, crappy concerts, dippy hippie parties (what was a hit of acid, anyway, without a few Jack chasers) - we hardly even cut classes or skipped work anymore, it was so bad.

Hey, we were in serious danger of developing really negative attitudes ... until we started a joke about having this purely conceptual band, kind of an art project. We would just talk among ourselves about how cool it would be and then, somehow, word got around that we were a real band ... really great and different - the band to see. And we hadn't even had a practice yet! One night I was at this club in Kent, OH, which was miles and miles and miles away from Cleveland, and there was a break between two c-c-c-crummy Who-type bands and I overheard some people at the next table - they were saying stuff like, "you oughta see the Electric Eels from Cleveland, they're really fucking outrageous." And I'm thinking ... shit we really gotta find a way to do this thing.



MRR: What was the original Eels line-up (i.e. who played what)?

B: Well, Davy dusted off the clarinet that I guess he used to play in grade school ... but we already knew he'd be the lead singer even though we'd never seen or heard him perform. John and I had guitars, so that was easy. And who needs a bass anyway, right?

We decided to pick up a drummer only after enough songs were written, so just the three of us set out to practice at John's girlfriend Bonnie's house - ceeement pond and a serious bar. A few weeks go by and everything seems jake with her parents who were such huge drunks they didn't notice complete fifths missing; so I bought an enormous acoustic upright piano and moved "Stone-

henge" poolside; much more a harp than a keyboard - definitely a fixer-upper. We played it with sledgehammers which Bonnie's father later used to smash it to pieces.

MRR: What were your musical influences?

B: I listened to melodic pop rock, soundtrack composers and the experimental avant garde. T Rex and John Cage, Blue Cheer and Harry Partch, Emmit Rhodes, Nino Rota, Earl Brown and the Flamin' Groovies; someone else will have to decide if they've informed any of my current work, but I think certain other influences can be more clearly heard in the Eels oevre. For example, John Morton's obvious affections for Ayler and Parker, and the likes of Captain Beefheart and Amon Duul (who?).

Davy was possibly the most original sounding member, in that his favorites seem less reflected. I know he liked Alice Cooper, Arthur Lee, Nat King Cole and Iggy Pop, but in some ways, though he might not admit the fact, it may be the more over-the-top novelty voices that provided the source for his performances - like Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Louis Armstrong, Sam the Sham, Arthur Brown or even Tom Jones; after all, Davy's vocals were also send-ups of vocalists.

MRR: What was a typical Eels gig like? How did the audience react?

B: Gigs for the Eels were atypical by definition; given their number (maybe 4), venue variety and different performance line-ups - they also had to have been some of the rarest shows ever seen. In fact, I only saw one. And that was the only one I played; the last performance for an audience was an outdoor live broadcast on Case Western Reserve University campus radio station CWRU. On the bill were probably the first wave of bands outta Athens, GA. (I remember meeting someone from Love Tractor or something) and unbelievably my own brother's group, Lucky Pierre - later, PRICK (Nothing/Interscope) - was scheduled to follow our set. Said sibling, Kevin, was to have an even worse day than I, when later while singing he'd ingest a bumblebee w/ stinger sending him, mid-verse, first to the canvas for an eight-count and then off to the hospital on some breathing apparatus.

Of course, before any of that, Kevin wished us well as his lead guitar player tuned my guitar, then the Eels mounted the stage to enthusiastic applause. When the first chords didn't drive them from the courtyard and they were staying through the opener, I thought maybe we'd found the audience our previous few gigs had not.

John was hilarious, his welding mask rising and falling across his face and eyes, as he struggled out a guitar solo, Davy all but disappeared between two sets of flapping pants, rubber-glove hands with steel test-tube fingers, rat traps clipped everywhere like giant clothespins and his lyric sheets swirling about the yard, the audience was stunned by the spectacle and entertained by the songs. Then, even before my high E had a chance to go flat the plug was pulled, so unceremoniously ... I was sure that it was just some technical difficulty soon to be remedied. It was not. We'd been

off the air, I was told, replaced by PSA's and some old Beatles sides, for a good ten minutes before our amp lights went out.

And then before we had a chance to vent spleen, the stage was being cleared for the next band. If violence followed, it was probably John; but I don't remember any. Davy was too disgusted and I needed another drink. Sure, it was no fitting finale for the Electric Eels, but there was precious little evidence things would ever get any better. So we called it.

MRR: What was a typical Eels rehearsal like?

B: Rehearsals tended to remind me of Oscar and Felix's poker night, or Ralph and Norton's lodge meetings ... or maybe what the Woman Haters Club was to Larry, Curly and Moe. It defined us for a long time - Electric Eels - all for one. It was where you could get a big friendly bear hug from John more often than a punch in the face. If that sounds like heaven on earth, well then that's what it was.

Sure, we had problems like any band; Davy would start the song on a different count almost every time, drop beats in the measure, measures to the bridge ... just the kinda shit that would drive a drummer like Anton Fier (Styrenes, Pere Ubu, the Golden Palominos) right outta his fuckin' mind. People like Crocus Behemoth (aka David Thomas)

from Pere Ubu would come around to get ideas and guys like Dead Boy Cheetah Chrome would check us out to make sure we weren't gettin' as good as him. Then after, we'd wade through the empty Schlitz quarts to the elevator and home to bed (after a nightcap at the 'London Grill'). An' up the next day to do it all again.

MRR: Who wrote the music and lyrics for the band?

B: Seems to me the three of us pretty much contributed about a third each. Davy wrote his songs by singing at me or John, usually separately, and we'd add some chords to his melody. Most times, John and I came in with complete songs of our own, Davy would add stuff and get rid of words he wouldn't be caught dead singing ... usually of mine. All in all, I think the only songs thrown out were Davy's and that was because he was continually rewriting his own stuff to the point where it was never finished.

MRR: Why did the band move to Columbus?

B: There were two reasons we moved from an unreceptive city to an even more unreceptive city - self-hate and because John was going to art school there. Fortunately, I met my wife at the school, so it was worth the trip. Turns out that I don't regret having lived anywhere and Columbus is no exception, it wasn't like we moved to a dry county

MRR: What led to your leaving the band?

B: John Morton did these really hilarious impressions ... I can hear him now, reading my little verse-response as Richard Burton:

"I left the band as everyone will, in their time, leave something or someone loved - after a fight -first with a joyous feeling of freedom and relief, but later pain of the parting colors days grey And any future without the thing is unimaginable!"

Seriously, it was always hard leaving the band, which I did at least a few times. But sometimes the friction between John and I made a damn good fire and other times we were at such cross-purposes that I occasionally had to take the waters.

MRR: Did the Eels do any shows in cities other than Cleveland or Columbus?

B: I don't believe so.

MRR: What kind of statement were the Eels trying to make with their "Art Terrorist" approach?

B: If "Art Terrorism" is the term given to our aggressive attacks on the oppressive rules and banal expressions of the bourgeois milieu, then it can't be called an "approach." It was our raison d'etre; who we were individually, we were collectively as a band. Unlike today, when "approaches," gimmicks and branding strategies are employed toward a desired effect (i.e. increasing one's notoriety/audience), our actions had intrinsic merit because the outcomes were unknown. Once the consequences were registered they became part of the experiment, which then concluded - or triggered another cause and effect cycle. It was a test. For us, as much as what we challenged; it was about being open to reactions and inventing worthy responses.

Anybody can sell you something once they find out what you wanna hear them say, but who has the fuckin' guts and the goddamn intellectual curiosity to do something nobody's ever done before just to see what the fuck happens!?

MRR: What do you think of the punk rock movement? Did the Eels see themselves as having anything to do with the early Punk movement in New York (with bands like Suicide, Television, Patti Smith, etc.)?

B: I missed the punk movement. What happened?

MRR: What sorts of projects (musical, artistic, etc.) are you involved in now?

B: I have a new (Dec. '99) EP single, 4 songs on a CD titled "YEAH." Made in Cleveland of all places, produced by Numb Struggles. That along with all my solo recordings since 1996 can be found at http:~/www.prop-art.com/crabpot - with links to reviews and the Electric Eels homepage.

I also have a few surprises in the works for 2000 which I have a sheet thrown over right now ... but not for long.

MRR: What are the other members of the Eels up to?

B: John is a visual artist in NYC and recently had a show in Cuba. Davy is a Born-Again Christian deep in sack cloth and ashes (tragic loss).

DISCOGRAPHY

- Agitated b/w Cyclotron 7" (78, Rough Trade Records)
- Having a Philosophical Investigation with the Electric Eels LP (89, Tinnitus/Homestead)
- God Says Fuck You CD (91, Homestead Records)
- V/A-Those Were Different Times 3x10" (97, Scat) w/Mirrors and Styrenes
- The Beast 999 Presents: The Electric Eels in their Organic Majesty's Request CD (98, Overground [UK])
- Agitated: 1975 LP (00, bootleg) Ltm. 500

I would recommend getting the Overground CD (catalog number OVER 71CD). It has 22 tracks, including the AgitatediCyclotron single and four previously unreleased tracks. Overground's address is:

Overground Records
P.O. Box lNW Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 lNW U.K.

MUSIC REVIEWS

Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, metal, MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include ppd price when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases. If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. No reviews of test pressings or CD-Rs. Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the work and money that goes into it. Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (EC) Enrico Cadena, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (RC) Rob Coons, (AC) Arwen Curry (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, ((NF) Neale Fishback, (BG) Brian Gathy, (LH) Lance Hahn, (JR) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (TJ) Tobia Jean, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (TM) Timojhen Mark, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (RM) Raimundo Murguia, (JN) Jah Nell, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (SS) Steve Spinali, (ST) Sean Sullivan, (JV) Jason Valdez, (MW) Max Ward, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (JY) Jeff Yih, (RY) Rema Young.

ACADEMY MORTICIANS - "Consumerism Is An S.T.D." EP

Here we got some English blokes who are cashing in on anti-Capitalism propaganda with happy-ish, upbeat songs that warn of the dubious dangers of impulse shopping and consumerism. Point taken—society is fucked—now don't ever record this kind of shit again. The music sucks and your lyrics are full of blunder and are plain boring. You make me wanna go out and buy a Big Mac, binge and purge, and then hit Burger King just to be contrary. This is not the forum for your PC rhetoric... go build a clubhouse or something.... and then blow it up. (DL)
(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley LS21 1YB, UK)

ACIDIC SOIL - "Nitrogen Oxide" EP

Metallic punk from Japan. This wouldn't be out of place on a mid-period *Thrasher* Skate Rock comp, but it would be the song you'd fast-forward through on your car stereo. The music's good enough, but the vocals lack the necessary intensity to match it, and the continuous guitar leads get annoying. (AM)
(Bricks, 1-13-14 Zeze, Ohtsu Shiga, 520-0815, JAPAN)

ACTION TIME - "Comedown Blues" EP

This is totally brilliant mod pop, much in the lines of the best stuff from COMET GAIN. Sort of a wild mixture of HUGGY BEAR with early DEXY'S. Young soul rebels of punk. Totally amazing!!! (LH)
(Southern, PO Box 59, London N22 1AR, UK)

ACURSED/VICTIMS - split EP

Not too long ago a reviewer here (formerly of the MEAT SHITS) defined the perfect split EP as involving two bands that were clearly friends playing a similar style. This Swedish export would appear to meet those requirements. ACURSED and VICTIMS both play pissed-as-can-be hardcore punk. ACURSED blend some DIS-style sensibilities with the brutal approach (minus the metal swirl) of recent German endeavors. VICTIMS fire up their Scandi-punk approach with the precision of several Japanese bands. Each band covers a song of the other. (TH)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, Södraparkg. 35, 214 22 Malmö, SWEDEN)

ALL IS SUFFERING - "Mauthausen" EP

ALL IS SUFFERING's ability to meld blast beats and blown-out low-end hardcore with the intricate guitar work of black metal should be commended. Don't let the color copy cover discourage you. This sounds great, any more production would have been overkill. Moody breaks make way for their full blast overdrive assaults. (TJ)
(Renaissance, 406 N. Mundanely St., Greensboro, NC 27401)

ANANDA/SUBMERGE - "The Dead Bird" split EP

Two French metal grindcore bands here, doing two songs a piece. ANANDA get the better of half of the record with lots of high-speed drumming, plenty of chugga chugga guitar and deep growling vocals. SUBMERGE have a little darker of a sound that lends to more of a strait up hardcore feel but the harsh vocals are a little overpowering and the backing vocals on the second song become just too much. (PA)
(Shogun, 39, Rue Du Mont D'arene, 51100 Reims, FRANCE)

A.O.A. - "Who Are They Trying To Con?" LP

My memory's hazy, but my guess is this material originally saw the light of day around 1983-'85. AOA faded almost completely into obscurity, while Scottish anarcho contemporaries like OI POLLOI managed to forge a long career. Luckily, they've been rescued. This looks like a boot—the sleeve says it's been licensed by some label in Brazil, but I have to say I'm skeptical. Either way, this is well worth picking up if you can find it. Noisy discordant hardcore with songs about fox hunting, war, and nuclear power. All the tracks from their split with OI POLLOI plus the 1985 12" EP by same the name as this record. (AM)
(Gravacoes Alternativas, CP 578331, 09562-97o Diadema, BRAZIL)

MUSIC REVIEWS

ATREYU - "Visions" CD

Without knowing anything about this band, I put this on and was pleasantly surprised. It's really polished black/death metal influenced hardcore. Not nearly as good as GEHENNA by any means, ATREYU travels the predictable path with growled vocals, moshy slow parts and death metal styled fast parts. At times it sounds like a more metal UNBROKEN. It's good that this style has crossed the Atlantic from Germany, yet our late start out of the gate shows. (MW)
(Die Trying, 24657 Via Buena Suerte, Yorba Linda, CA 92887)

AXIOM - "Apathy & Privilege" LP

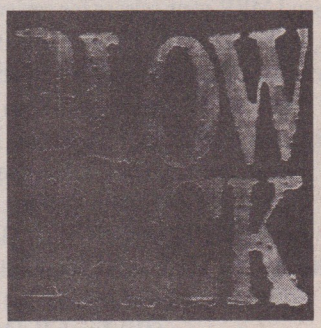
The AXIOM EP a few seasons ago really didn't hint at the crust mayhem and contempt for bullshit of this full-length. The guitars and drums keep up a runaway tempo, with Swede-like guitar wails and a brutal chorus-verse focus. A healthy AMEBIX (even MOB) influence creeps into the occasional slow-downs that focus on eerie, creepy, dissonant guitar work. Dual vocal assault at times; one snarling and snapping and the other a bit too guttural for me. Direct and sincere political lyrics, a mess of information in their lyric booklet, and they share the stage with Mike Antipathy, who has two spoken word bits on the LP. The 45 rpm brings this release to near perfection. (TH)
(Tribal War, 1951 W. Burnside #1936. Portland, OR 97209)

THE BELLRAYS - "Good Thing/Half A Mind" 45

..... the production here is none too good..... I can hear some good songs under the very bassy mud..... making the BELLRAYS sound like a Southern California garage band .....everybody knows about Lisa Kekaula by now..... her dynamite voice has won over everybody in the local music press..... these guys would sound amazing in a proper studio..... Live 105? Cover of Rolling Stone?..... maybe.... (SW)
(Revenge, 5835 Harold Wy, Apt 203, Hollywood, CA 90028)

BLACK CAT #13 - "Wrist Toward Elbow" EP

All the good things from the early nineties Riot Grrl sound (repetition, snotty vocals, rawness) updated for the post-millennial audience (keyboards, slick layout, lyrics that make no sense). Is it too early for bands to be influenced by LE TIGRE? This doesn't have the witticisms of Ms. Hanna, but the sound on this is, perhaps, a bit more rocking. (ST)
(1442 Finch Ave, Pickering, ON, L1V 1J9, CANADA)



BLOW BACK - "Ride The Wind" EP

Hi energy rock and roll from Japan. The title track grinds out in FU MANCHU/MC5 style, while the rest of the songs pick up the pace considerably, veering more towards hardcore but maintaining the swagger. Not bad at all, and nice packaging too. (AM)
(Rolling Shit On, 7 Shinwaso, 150 Shinwa, Niigata City, 950-0972, JAPAN)

THE BLOWTOPS - "Menacing Sinstress" EP

Catchy and melodic surf/punk/goth/country/whatever, with an ear piercing quality and underlying evilness that reminds me of THE CRAMPS. You have to be in the right kind of mood for this sort of thing/shit, but if you're in that mood, this really is top quality. Three cuts, all worth listening to. (KK)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98227)

BOYCOT/TUCO RAMIREZ - split EP

Two Dutch bands travel light-speed on this EP. BOYCOT: super-fast drums 'n' shrieks, pause, super-fast drums 'n' shrieks, pause...high hat, high hat, high hat. The drums and vocals complement each other so well that they almost seem to blend. Unfortunately, one of the reasons for this is that neither has much of a range. I know some of you enjoy this, so there you have it. TUCO RAMIREZ have tinny, mid-range vocals with growls, and more of a blurry grind influence. They take the prize on this split, for holding my attention the longest with more dramatic changes. Overall, a solid hardcore split. (AC)
(Trujaca Fala, PO Box 13, 81 806 Sopot 6, POLAND)

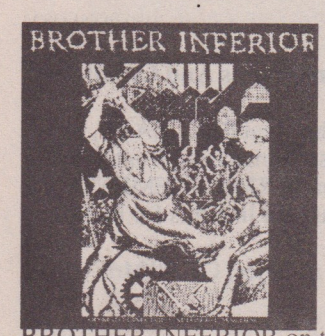
BRAINBOMBS - "Urge To Kill" CD

Hot on the heels of last month's singles comp comes a brand new offering from Scandinavia's sleaziest. The lyrical concerns have definitely stayed below the Navel Line, the vocalist sounding like he's picking pubic fuzz outta his teeth as he growls on and on about the fuckers and the fucked. Which side are you on? The trademark horn wheezing is in ghostly effect, the riffs plod along as you'd expect...maybe a little too predictably here and there, but I've got an effect on my stereo that returns the vox to their early-'90s glory days muddle so that the riffs can enjoy front-and-center attention, as it should be. For those TURBONEGRO fans who didn't think they went far enough... (RW)
(Load, PO Box 35, Providence, RI, 02901)

MUSIC REVIEWS

BREAD AND WATER – "Future Memories" EP

This could easily have been on Pushead's label in the late '80s, and so also could go hand-in-hand with the whole current flannel-and-bandanas- cross-over-renactment-society thing. Sounds like IMPULSE MANSLAUGHTER, or maybe FINAL CONFLICT, or maybe someone else who I can't quite remember right now. Metally political thrash - I could dive off stages all day to this. (AD)
($3: Burrito, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)



BROTHER INFERIOR - "Dismantling The Capitalist Machine" EP

To quote straight from the record insert, this record is "seven tracks of fast and furious raging anarchopunk for Tulsa, Oklahoma." I think that pretty much nails it on the head. The tracks on this record were recorded exclusively to accompany BROTHER INFERIOR on their European tour back in 1999. The record comes with a poster and the lyrics are listed in both English and Polish. If you are even remotely into this band, then you should track down this record, because it is awesome! (RC)
(Trujaca Fala, PO Box 13, 81 806 Sopot 6, POLAND)

B.S.E./INSULT – split EP

One band writes their name like DRI, the other like INFEST, so right away you know where this one's going. Brutal, noisy, violent, and faster than a speeding bullet - these Dutchmen would rather *thrash* than smoke *hash* (sorry- I really couldn't help it.) BSE play it loud-and-fast, whereas INSULT are more fast-and-loud. Also, BSE do MDC. (AD)
(Balowski/Roy Meijnen, Haarweg 287, 6709 RX Wageningen, HOLLAND)

BUCK SHOT SHORTY - "Wishful Thinking" CD

Wow, that Hawaii scene has come a long way. This band is from Mililani, which was sort of a "new town" when I lived there (before moving to Nanakuli). High speed pop punk/ hardcore very much so in the Fat vein. Why do all the Hawaii bands feel obligated to thank "God"? What side will they be on when Hawaii secedes? This is what I want to know... (LH)
(95086 Waipaku St., Mililani, HI 94789)

BUDDY BRADLEY - "The End Of The Day" EP

Italy must really love the RAMONES and all of the bands they have spawned. These guys serve it up well and almost sound like the LILLINGTONS at times. The broken English can get tiresome, but the hooks are definitely there. (BM)
(Bedend Davide vis Amdamello 12, 37036 S. Martino, B.A., Verona ITALY)

CARRY ON - "The Line Is Drawn" EP

These X watch wearing clean cut kids put the "youth" in youthcrew. They know how to get a sing along started. Songs this catchy, bursting with energy...how could you not pile up to the mic? There is this rap thing that I am sure is a joke, but it is bad, wrong and shouldn't exist. Other than that, a total pit pleaser! (TJ)
(Youngblood, 217 W. Main St., Ephrata, PA 17522)

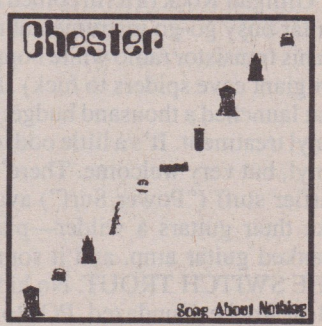
CHARGERS - "Funhousing" EP

By-the-numbers punk 'n roll EP in the now-hardening "rawk" mold. Sub Pop is having the last laugh on us all. (RW)
(Donut Friends, PO Box 3192, Kent, OH, 44240)

CHARM CITY SUICIDES - "Green Blood" EP

This is how it's supposed to be. Record in the basement with shitty instruments onto a four-track from a thrift store. Have vinyl pressed with money stolen from mom's purse. Have your friend xerox photos and hastily scrawled lyrics at Kinko's for free. This record just oozes teenage energy, bad attitude and bad musicianship. I love it!!! (DP)
(Baths Of Power, 48 Glen Alpine Rd., Phoenix, MD 21131)

CHESTER - "Song About Nothing" EP



Everyone should have as much fun as CHESTER. They've got a loose, frolicky, chaotic feel that reminds me of a poppy BLATZ. CHESTER's lyrics are direct, with simple themes and sing songy choruses. Keep you eyes out for their full length CD. (HM)
(Smokin' Troll, 48 Llwyn Beuno, Bontewydd, Caernarvon, LL55 2UH, WALES)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CLEANERS - "Walking On Eggshells" CD

The CLEANERS must listen to a lot of DESCENDANTS and ALL records, because the influence is so apparent it's scary. In fact if it wasn't for the vocalist annoying voice this could be a long lost ALL outtake session. I say outtake session because one thing the CLEANERS lack are songs. Still the best CD I was assigned this month.
(Re-Do, PO Box 2412, Rowlett, TX 75030-2412)

CLIT COPS - "The Harder They Cum" LP

Why me? Can I just say "this is a giant piece of shit" and go home? This is not deserving of a lick more. Hopeless garbage. And on the same label as Aerobitch? I was given this, I'm sure, because of my high tolerance for the offensive, rude, and disgusting, unfortunately I get unlucky when it crosses the line into total wretched moronic waste of cardboard and vinyl. (RY)
(Intensive Scare, PO Box 640338, San Jose, CA 95164-0338)

CLONE DEFECTS - "Scissors Chop" EP

Why did they name this EP after the worst song? Flip over to side B and listen to "15 Minute Love" (HUMPERS-esque) and, if you're brave, maybe even let it segue into "Mars" where the vocals smell like MUDHONEY's Mark Arm. These guys have learned rock and roll alright, but they're still playing with their delay boxes too much and haven't completely fallen into the pocket. But give them time, they seem like they might have just enough schizophrenia and talent to pull it together. (KM)
(Italy, 4530 Avery, Detroit, MI 48208)

JERRY COLE & THE STINGERS - "Guitars A Go Go!" LP

Fresh from a Psychotronic feature article, King of Gilligan Rock (a term coined by Tom Guido, referring to the guitar busy go-go instrumental music that Gilligan listened to on his transistor radio while bopping around the island looking for giant cave spiders to fuck) JERRY COLE, he of the guitar that launched a thousand budget albums, is given the 500 gram vinyl treatment. It's a little odd to hear this stuff on clean, good vinyl, but very welcome. There's also a compilation of Cole's surfier stuff ("Power Surf") available. Fun tip for those who like their guitars a wilder—play this at 45 RPM through a cranked guitar amp, and it sounds like Japanese instro gods THE SWITCH TROUT. No kidding! (DD)
(Beat Rocket/Sundazed, PO Box 85, Coxsackie, NY 12501)

COMMONWEALTH/ CORPORATE DEATH SQUAD - split EP

Piss n' vinegar punk from the far northeast US CORPORATE DEATH SQUAD have a rough anarcho-punk approach in the tradition of AUS-ROTTEN. A number of throaty male voices backed by thick guitars. COMMONWEALTH shouldn't be confused with the emo-punk band of early '90s Maryland. Similar approach to those on the flip side, with a snottier approach. Plus the use of the snare drum helps keep things punchy and direct. (TH)
(Black Spring Project, PO Box 706, Gardiner, ME 03445)

THE CONDORS – "Tales Of Drunkenness And Cruelty" CD

From the label that brought us the great BELLRAYS, we have a good rock and roll punk release from a band fronted by Pooch of the Flipside scene. A little early REPLACEMENTS, POGUES, and power pop. Retro fans will like this for its fun bar band exuberance. (RL)
(Vital Gesture, PO Box 46100, Los Angeles, CA 90046)

CONSTRICTED - "All Confusion" EP

Three songs of old school Japanese thrash punk. Very DISCHARGE at times, it retains audible vocals laid over music that reminds one of the distortion of GAI or CONFUSE. Fucking awesome. (MW)
(Bricks, 1-13-14 Zeze, Ohtsu Shiga, 520 JAPAN)

CONTRADICT/OUTCAST - "Potential For Something More" EP

I can't tell you how refreshing to see the theme of unity and fun running through the hardcore scene now. Really, the late '90s were, for the most part, a time when people were just trying to one-up each other on the "how macho can I be" scale. Nope, the message of 2000 seems to be revolution with a smile. Both CONTRADICT and the OUTCAST show that the message has spread to Windsor, Ontario. Oh yeah—the music is solid, spirited youth crew stuff. Viva the revolution!! (JF)
(Sounds Of Revolution, PO Box 20017, Lasalle, ON 075019, N9J 3E5, CANADA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

CRIPPLE KID/THE LITTLE DIPPER - split CD

It's a good thing that CRIPPLE KID made it on this CD because they make this CD. Five great songs that remind me of FRICTION, both musically and vocally. Finally there is a new band that makes that over played JAWBREAKER style sound fresh. THE LITTLE DIPPER take more of a pop approach to the same style of music, not unlike MY PAL TRIGGER. Not bad at all, but then again it's nothing special. Oh yea, I just want to remind you that CRIPPLE KID is an amazing band. (PA)
(Microcosm, 7741 Ohio St., Mentor, OH 44060-4850)

CROSSED OUT - "1990-1993" LP

Somewhat overdue, but it's great to see this material available again, and definitely convenient to see everything in one place. This compiles their EP, split EP and split 5", demos, rehearsal and live tapes and radio shows. For anyone who remembers, CROSSED OUT were among the front runners of the wave that evolved to today's "powerviolence." They took the old tenants of "shorter/faster" and employed them to great effect. When their first single came out, it barely left the turntable at Epicenter for weeks. This is uncompromising, spiteful and ugly music - there is nothing bright, uplifting or encouraging about it. Perhaps it's that brute honesty that made them so engaging.... perhaps it was the weird 30 second silences between songs—enough to try and gather your thoughts before they were destroyed again. It's truly a testament to their impact that they get the respect they do, with little vinyl output, and only having played sixteen (!!) live shows. Still untouched, many years and hundreds of imitators later. (TM)
(Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0324)

CRUDE B.E. - "Alptraum-merkmale" EP

A 45 and there's still thirteen songs. In the distro box, that would be a good hint as to what this sounds like, but you'd be selling these Germans short. Oh sure, you've got throat-destroying vocals and blast beat drums, but you've also got a breakdown or two, and, I believe, a little, tiny— so-small-you-could-almost-miss-it— slow part. There is a ton of info with this, but almost all of it is in German with the exception of pro-vasectomy flier and the song lyrics, which, politically, makes them alright with me. (ST)
(Jorn Thondel, PSF 601504, 14415 Potsdam, GERMANY)

DAS BOOT - "Talk Dirty" CD

Japanese bluesy smoky fare. I haven't seen a 1+2 release in so long, I nearly gapped on their existence. A slicker, cleaner BLACKTOP or MICK COLLINS infused type thing. Fucking cool, though, proves that sloppy and fuzziness aren't always a required element. This is just plain fun to listen to, all grunts and grease. Guitar playing, I daresay, reminiscent of early MEAT PUPPETS who, of course, wanted to be a smarty-(corduroy) pants ZZ TOP. You will find yourself chicken dancing in no time with this baby. (RY)
(1+2, no address)

DEAD NATION - "Dead End" LP

Think 1985. Think circle pits, MDC, DRI and SOD. They even have a song called "Skate or Die." Actually, this band takes '80s thrash and turns it up a notch by adding stop/start breaks and tempo changes that those bands could never pull. Kind of like the CAPITALIST CASUALTIES when they aren't playing as fast as humanly possible. Great production too. Twenty songs total. Killer!!! (RM)
(Slaughterhouse, 4 Delmar Ave, Morris Plains, NJ 07950)

DEL MONAS - "Dangerous Charms" LP

This is a re-release of a record from '85 with a perfectly early-'60s-retro'ed cover and an insert asking to be placed in the "girl garage rock" genre. OK, it fits. Sarah, Louise, and Hilary are backed completely by the very competent MILK-SHAKES who've got that '60s sound down, and they can really go off. About half the songs are covers of frighteningly well known songs, the best being "CC Rider" where the singing actually gets powerful and someone back there starts wailing on the harp. By far the worst is "Hello I Love You," which needs no explanation. Overall it's musically solid but sometimes lacks soul. (KM)
(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Bldg. 1F 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shin-juku, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

DEL-TINOS/HESITATIONS - "Go! Go! Go! To Surfing School!!!" split LP

This is a compilation of singles by two Michigan bands, that was recorded in the early '60s when slicked-back hair and matching suits were cool. There are a lot of covers here—ROY ORBISON, RAY CHARLES, and ROBERT JOHNSON, to name a few—and they weren't the best musicians, but they made up for that with energy, and hey, what do you expect from a bunch of high school kids? (DP)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

DEMON SYSTEM-13 - "Vad Vet Vi Om Kriget?" LP

It's *Mister* DEMON SYSTEM 13 to you, motherfucker. Sweden, oh land of my dreams, how can I honor your sons? How can I express in my unworthy little review the genre-defying brilliance that is this DS-13 record? Should I start by saying some of these songs are previously released gems that you're not likely to find? Or should I jump right in and say that (wait, why are you still reading this review when you should be at the post office mail ordering the record?) while this is hardcore, it doesn't fit into any of the preconceived notions we have of the modern European scene. This is not Youth Crew, though it does have singalongs, this is not metalcore, though it does have guitar work bordering on the soloistic, this is hardcore-punk-fucking-rock and you should own it. (ST)
(Deranged Records, somewhere in Canada))

MUSIC REVIEWS

DIASPORA - "Gaikko Dibehtet Muurrat Vuolás" LP

The Finnish DIASPORA play thrashy, fast peace punk that brings NAUSEA or (occasionally) PAXSTON QUIGGLY to mind, but with more consistency in speed and less of a dramatic gap between the male/female voices. The LP rocks all the way through, with only enough breaks in tempo (chants, voice-overs, slow parts) to keep it interesting. Lyrics (in English) that initially appear to be garden variety far-left crust shine with refreshing skepticism in songs like "..And Then What?" This record is probably too ripe with goddess-type female imagery to stomach if you live (or ever have lived) near Berkeley. But seeing as how the rest of the world doesn't even attempt to be misogynist-free, I heartily support their strident feminism, especially now, when it's no longer fashionable. This is a five-label split release, and only produced on vinyl and cassette. Punk! (AC)
(Witchhunt, PL 301, 00151 Helsinki, FINLAND)

THE DICK SPIKIE - "Let's Start From Complate" CD

Man, this Japanese band rocks, hard! Ten songs of early eighties UK style hardcore/pogo/street punk, that's as catchy as you want it. Great! (RM)
(Straight Up, bld 2F Minami-2 Nishi-1, Chou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062, JAPAN)

DIRTY POLITICIANS - "New Age" EP

This band of punks from Chapel Hill, North Carolina has some good melodic punk rock for you . The guitar playing is quite lively, with a rapid fire bass and drum backbone. The singer has a good voice and the band members harmonize well. This is a very high-spirited and inspired mid-tempo punk record. Listen to the emotions running wild on a song like "Time to Take Control," where the band sings: "Now is the time to open your eyes / Before we lose it all." Very good stuff! The hearts and minds of the DIRTY POLITICIANS have found a good catharsis in the premium quality punk songs on the "New Age" EP. (BR)
(Murder & Mayhem Records , 1110 Hwy 54 West, Chapel Hill, NC 27516)

DISCOUNT - "Crash Diagnostic" LP

Bad news, people. With the impending break up of DISCOUNT, this looks like it will be the last LP (not counting a comp). One of the '90s' best bands goes in a different direction here. Less pop and more melodic spastic stuff with emo overtones. Although I would have probably preferred that last classic LP full of pop masterpieces, this certainly works too. Especially live. In fact, they were pretty damn awesome last month. Still fueled by the mighty Alison's vocals and vague lyrics, this does have a few slower tempo tunes that have a nice atmospheric feel as well. Still, a great band with another great LP. (RL)
(New American, PO Box 265, Balboa Island, CA 92662)

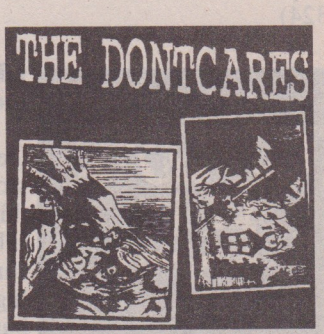
THE DISTRACTORS - "Shake It Up!" EP

Six songs that play at 45, though the last song plays at 33. That could mean many things, but in this case it's '70s style punk. Fast but melodic, with male and female vocals. The recording is sloppy and there's lots of yelling in a nice singing way. Sounds really fantastic. (CK)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

DOC HOPPER / THIS SIDE UP - split EP

THIS SIDE UP is pretty generic melodic hardcore. They also cover BILLY BRAGG's "New England," which is no longer fresh. The DOC HOPPER side is not their best stuff by a long shot. Two throwaway tracks, including a GANG GREEN cover, from days gone by. Pretty unnecessary. (RL)
(Vagabond Heart, 20 Westminster Rd, Chatham, NJ 07928

THE DON'T CARES - "Spit in the Ass" EP



Faster paced and hard, yet still melodic. Another fucking Swedish band that just kicks ass. When will this whole Scandinavian invasion thing end? I'm starting to get a little annoyed with it at this point. Three cuts, all of which rock like you wouldn't believe. Fast, straightforward rockin' punk. Not unlike THE NEW BOMB TURKS, THE HOOKERS or BAD BRAINS. Worth the extra effort it might take to find it. (KK)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA, 98111)

DRAGBODY - "Flip the Kill Switch" CD

Among the better releases recently to flaunt the "Produced By Steve Albini" credit. Crunching, high impact destructo-core, easily influenced by the Germans but grown in the nurturing Florida soil. On the slower bits the drums and bass do all of the navigating, with the guitar trimming the Christmas tree. As the heartbeat of the band begins to quicken, the guitar speeds up to a fuzzed out buzz. Evil shit. (TH)
(Now Or Never, 151 Ivy Hill Road, Red Bank, NJ 07701)

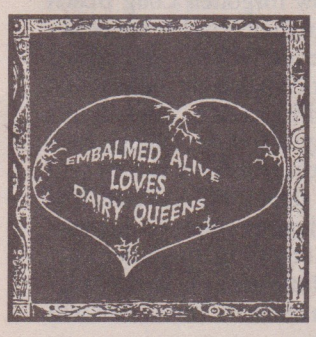
MUSIC REVIEWS

THE DUCKY BOYS/THE SHODS - spilt EP

The SHODS are OK. A bit boring, but OK. Sort of like a mix between a Two Tone band and slow '50s rock and roll. The DUCKY BOYS are pretty fuckin good. One original up-tempo pogo punk tune similar to early RANCID that avoids the many pitfalls of that sound. Their cover of "Stand by Me," on the other hand... Oh man. Organs. Yikes. Hey, didn't PENNYWISE cover that song? Huh? (RM)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

EL MARIACHI/ MAD MINORITY - split LP

MAD MINORITY does the "fast hardcore with a few tempo changes" thing. With vocals in German I'm having a hard time getting it. They are intense and powerful, if that helps any. EL MARIACHI is more melodic hardcore, a la an Epitaph band. Oh well. (RL)
(Riot Rock, Heiko Muller, Witzling 19, 94474, Vishofen, GERMANY)



EMBALMED ALIVE/ DAIRY QUEENS - EP

Let's hear it for demo quality recordings and xerox record covers! EMBALMED ALIVE is simple straightforward grindcore, and the DAIRY QUEENS are raw angry screechy punk rock. Nothing outstanding, but youthful aggression always gets points in my book. (RC)
(Dairy Queens, 533 Madison Street, Fairfield, CA 94533)

ERADICATE - LP

I'm not sure what ERADICATE is all about, since the songs are shouted and roared beyond recognition, often in German, and the LP has no lyric sheet. The time they didn't spend writing down the words, they must have spent getting faster and tighter, 'cause these guys are hardcore maniacs! Maniacs! There are three to four chords per one minute song, and about fifteen drumbeats per chord change. Let me clarify; this is not a "power violence" record. It's just fast and usually unintelligible—a little too metal for my tastes, but if yours range into the mid period NEUROSIS, this might be for you. By the way, the hand-done cover shows Satan presenting Jesus with all the governments of the world (hey, don't ask me). (AC)
(Whirlwind c/o M Scheurer/C. Gollub, Steinweg 26, 93059 Regensberg, GERMANY)

THE EVOLUTIONS - "Primate Not Ape" EP

The thing about releasing a really crappy sounding record is that you have to have good songs. That's the one thing most bands forget. If the songs are great, it's easier for the listeners to ignore the bad production. I will also make an exception for people who seem crazy. That's what you got here. Not-so-memorial songs, but the noise these kids put out is wonderful, or as Rema just said, "sounds really squeaky." From the label that brought you LAST SONS OF KRYPTON, who the EVOLUTIONS sound exactly like. Also note, this record is not for sale in Wisconsin. Probably a good idea, but if anyone in Wisconsin wants one, I'll see what I can do. (CK)
(Kryptonite, 827 Lincoln Blvd, Manitowoc, WI 54220)

EXCRETED ALIVE/ STAND AGAINST - spilt EP

Global powerviolence takeover. Are you ready to be chewed up and EXCRETED ALIVE? No-Fi Spanish daunting hardcore most of which stirs ya into a frenzy before breaking it down. Just when you think it's safe, Australian STAND AGAINST attack, barking and banging their way into your bloodstream. Enjoy! (TJ)
(Dry Retch c/o Daniel, GPO Box 1200, Hobart TAS 7001, AUSTRALIA)

THE EXPLOSION - "These Times" CD

Never heard of this band before. They rock pretty good. Five really well-produced songs and the best way I can describe their sound would be a mix of late '70s UK punk and the early to mid eighties New York and DC sounds. Sort of like THE SUSPECTS if you've ever heard that band, but with snottier vocals. I like it. (RM)
(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilmington, DE 19810)

THE EYELINERS - "Here Comes Trouble" LP

This all-girl trio is addicted to those three-chord progressions almost to a fault, but you can't criticize them for pushing out brisk pop-punk with a minimum of cute backup harmonies. They also use the word "cuz" a lot. But through the entire album, they play at pretty much the same speed, doing similar songs, so that even decent output like "Rock-n-Roll Baby" leaves you shrugging your shoulders. Variety needed here. (SS)
(Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 69614)

MUSIC REVIEWS

THE FENDERMEN - "Muleskinner Blues" LP

Caught somewhere between rockabilly and surf, the FENDERMEN were an early '60s duo who had a big hit with their cover of "Muleskinner Blues." This collection is great at times, spotty at others. The songs that aren't so sanitized or sugarcoated are the ones that work best for me. Still, this is an interesting, occasionally moving, document of a short-lived group. Fans of JOHNNY CASH's early rockabilly tracks, or those who wish the VENTURES were a little more country, should look into this. (BG)
(Beat Rocket, PO Box 85, Coxsackie, NY 12051)

4 PROMILLE - "Die Jungs Von Nebenan" EP

This record features songs recorded between the years 1995-97. I wish I knew some German so I could tell you whether or not these guys and gals have political, anit-Nazi lyrics, because it's hard enough to trust these types of bands when they are here in the United States, much less Germany. I've heard that there are members of the B.O.B. punk rock family from Bremen, Germany that beat all skinheads on sight. Probably an exaggeration, but I wouldn't want to chance such a confusing fashion statement either way. 4 PROMILLE are pretty easy going fare when it comes to Oi, but it was catchy enough to warrant a second listen. (JV)
(Knock-Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

4 PROMILLE - "Die Jungs Von Nebenan" EP

This is a very good street punk/Oi! record by a band who has an untarnished reputation after 5 years together. On their new LP, 4 PROMILLE say: "Don't fight for your country, fight for your class. Do you really believe in the jobs they've promised you? Don't believe in their political bullshit." On this EP there is an excellent cover of "Teenage Kicks" by the UNDERTONES. Knockout Records does not support Nazi bands. A reviewer would be ill advised to make generalizations about an entire scene that he cannot speak about intelligently. (BR)
(Knock-out)

4 PROMILLE - "Im Nächsten Leben" LP

The cover of this LP has a street punk caught in the middle of receiving a manicure. These hooligans have earned a spot in my well-pampered heart! 4 PROMILLE have managed to bring the tunefulness that lies at the heart of the best street punk quite far in the direction of '50s crooner ballads. Makes for a compelling listen made the more so with the switch up between a gruff male vocalist and a smoother female singer. The combo of this and the OIMELZ LP has me looking forward to future Knock-Out releases. (TH)
(Knock-Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

FIGURE FOUR - "Exercise Your Demons" CD

This band seems to like everything about metal but the fashion sense of its fans. It opens with a sample from *Heavy Metal Parking Lot* called "This Man Is Wearing White Tiger Spandex Pants With A Matching Muscle Shirt," denouncing punk rock, and commences to rocking in a very metal way that doesn't sound punk at all, unless you want to count the NOFX style song. (DP)
(WikkidRawk@hotmail.com)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM - "Total Fucking Blowout" LP

The second full-length from these relocated rockists continues in the vein opened on their first LP; super-spazz bluesadelica with lotsa "whoos!" and tight little two-note guitar spirals that hope to corkscrew into yer medulla oblongata. The heaviness is there, the songs are pretty strong and there is no passion letdown, but I've listened to this fuzzfest a couple of times now and still prefer the one on Empty. Which is fine, I just like that one *loads*, and this one is think is just...*good*. The current "rawk" trend should be captured live in the studio perhaps? Volunteers? (RW)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98227)

FRAMPTION BROTHERS - "File Under F" CD

Longtime Philly goof-roots-pop band with another release. Sometimes reminds me of now forgotten Long Beach band, the PONTIAC BROTHERS, in their nasal vocal delivery and swatches of rootsiness. However, lyrically and sarcastically, the FRAMPS derive their world view from the besotted weariness of the YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS. And if this review is bringing up way too many '80s-type college-rock reference points, well..... Nevertheless, this new record will warm the hearts of those of you in the YFF/FASTBACKS/BEATNIK TERMITES/etc. school of pro-pop tongue-in-cheek tuneful fare. And God knows, there is other stuff that's definitely worse out there. OK, sorta lays it a little heavy in the self-pity dept. but rocks pretty well in its own context. Those who will dig this, you know who yu are! (JY)
(Cacophone, PO Box 6058, Albany NY 12206)

THE FRENETICS - "Scenery" CDEP

Decent mod rock here. That jangly up-tempo sound of THE STRIKE, although not quite that anthemic. The raspy vocals here remind me a little of Guy from FUGAZI. Maybe this is part of some emo mod movement I'm unaware of. A tough record to explain, but a good CDEP nevertheless. (RL)
(Grenadine, PO Box 42050, Montreal, Quebec, H2W-2T3, CANADA)

MUSIC REVIEWS

GASOLINE - "Step On The Gas/Afro Cow"

This head-shaking double A side hit really rocked my world. Blown out and simplified, GASOLINE still manage to keep their pop sensibilities about them and have me shaking my head like I had a silly haircut. The stand out of these two tracks is the more garaged out "Afro Cow," but in the end, they're both keepers. These stars are from Japan, and this is on Estrus, so they must know of the ultra rare GASOLINE seven inch from France, (the wet dream of many a geek collector). Is the name an attempt to get some attention for their test pressings on Ebay? Kids'll be paying big bucks for this in 2031. (ST)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

GET UP & GO'ERS - "Before You Go" CD

I tried to check out Swedish hardcore on the internet and you wouldn't believe what I saw. Third record from these guys on their own label. Fast-paced metal-influenced hardcore punk with chunky riffs and group chants. Intelligent lyrics, including a song about sweatshop labor that has a cool lengthy Noam Chomsky sample. Pretty solid. (AD)
(Euphony, Daniel Axelsson, Kringelvagen 10B, 35244 Vaxjo, SWEDEN)

GIMMICKS - "Honeymoon's Over" LP

Another Texas band mining the retro landscape by doing the STOOGES thing, though not in a particularly original or inspired way. The riffs are there, even the IGGY-esque yelps and whoops. But the band just doesn't seem to really kick in behind the singer. And every song sounds like "Down In The Street," which gets quite tiring after a while. What are really weird are the songs with the hammond organ—what function does that fulfill? It really sounds out of place here. Plenty o' other bands doing this shit better. (JY)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

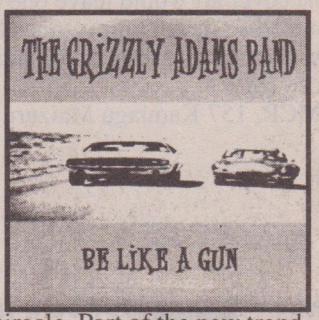
GRAYLING - CD

A record that's a little harder to peg in our tight genre compartmentalized world. Not really punk rock, this is more of a intelligent, moody, alt-pop thing with some pretty decent songs. Sorta almost like a more intelligent and noisier EVERCLEAR (yes, the MTV band) meets MORPHINE or something. And I do mean that in a good way. The singer has that world-weary drawl with some pretty ironic lyrics which most of the time tell some ironic story. There's also a tendency for the ethereal too. Therefore, from this review, no one reading this mag would probably have the least interest in it. However, from my vantage point, there are some really good tunes with some pretty startling emotional twists and turns. Check out the weird story in "Sarsfield." The pitiful life painted in "Community Work." Musically, it never really gets over the top, but retains a tense, arty, angularity. Sorta has the same effect on me as when I heard AMC for the first time. Strange, not quite rockin,' but quite satisfying and extremely literary. (JY)
(Dead Drift, 29721 Quinkert, Roseville, MI 48066)

THE GRIPS - "Firebrand Rock/n/Roll" 10"

High energy blast of crunchy punk snax. Like LAZY COWGIRLS on 45 RPM. Excellent and out of control, in a real tight and damn rockin' way. There seems to be a hod-rod theme, but you might never notice, save for song titles and cover art. All signs say they're English too, yet very un-Brit punk in every way. The first 7" we've got on hand may be a slightly finer release, but they've still got my vote. (RY)
(Firebrand, PO Box 5894, Nottingham, NG1 1PG, UK)

THE GRIZZLY ADAMS BAND - "Be Like a Gun" EP

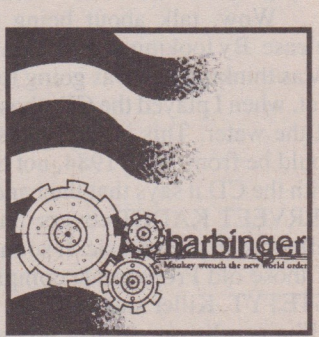


I'm not real sure how a German band gets a name like THE GRIZZLY ADAMS BAND, but I'm just going to accept it and move on. Mid-tempo, traditional punk rock that sounds like it's had serious influence from THE MISFITS. Six cuts on this little hummer and all are quality tracks—that in itself is a minor miracle. Part of the new trend towards pushing punk rock back to the basics. I'm down with your cause, brother. (KK)
(Chief, c/o P. Richter, Grüne Gasse 13, 48143 Münster, GERMANY)

HANDSLEG - "Base of Black" EP

Crazed punk thrash from Japan that reminds me of the quirkiness of SMASH YOUR FACE. They rip some energetic thrash that gets totally out of control and loose. The vocals really make this—they are completely all over the place. Man, this month has been filled with tons of surprises from Japan. Keep 'em coming I say! (MW)
(Breeding, 10 00 Yasou 2-14-7, Matsugaoka Nakanoku, Tokyo, 165-0024 JAPAN)

HARBINGER - "Monkey Wrench the New World Order" EP



This is HARBINGER from Washington, not the East Bay. This is much more crazy and heavy than HARBINGER from the East Bay. Powerful, drudging guitar and screamy vocals that on the whole bring to mind the slower moments of RORSCHACH or early BORN AGAINST. Of the two songs here "B.B.V." really starts to rock once the tempo picks up. Comes with Instant Life info sheet. (PA)
(Crash, 1122 E Pike St #1037, Seattle, WA 98122)

MUSIC REVIEWS

HARUM-SCARUM - "Mental Health" LP

This album is awesome! Great political minded punk rock. I think the comment on this album about the medical drugging of America is great. Environmentalism, role models and death row are some topics of original well thought out lyrics. "Corporate Pennies" and "Bible Belt" are from their last seven inch. The women vocalists rule! (SR)
(Tribal War, 1951 W Burnside #1936, Portland, OR, 97209)

HAZARD - "Hate! Hate! Hate!" EP

Blistering Japanese studded jacket-powered thrash. While the cover art would leave one to think it would be more pogo punk than thrash, this is tuned low, midpaced Japanese thrash. As their second song states, this is "To The Core." Get it or get lost. (MW)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru Kyoto, 624-0913, JAPAN)

H E L D B A C K / PRINCESS DOROTHY - Spilt EP

Loving Swedes is easy with music (albeit very different) like this. HELDBACK is punchy solid straight forward hardcore with all the proper elements held together with screamy vocals. With a sound bite from Pete of SICK OF IT ALL about staying involved with the scene, you know you'll love it. PRINCESS DOROTHY explode with a noisier approach to chaos, screeching vocals and even a bit or keyboard. LOCUST, anyone? It's an accomplishment to find bands have different sounds, yet compliment each other. (TJ)
(Buchannon c/o Simon Martner, Hestra Ringv. 26B, 504 70 Boras, SWEDEN)

HILIJAINEN KEVAT - "Sininen" CD

Wow, talk about being blindsided by an unexpected release. By looking at the CD layout and the photo of the band, I was thinking this was going to be some bad rock n' roll crap. Yet, when I played the CD, those perceptions where blown out of the water. This is rad Finnish hardcore that sounds like it could be from 1981-1984, not the year 2000. In the letter sent with the CD it says that the band originally started out playing TERVEET KADET covers, and you can definitely hear that influence in their music. It sounds like they should be on a one of those old Propaganda compilations with KAAOS and RIISTETYT. Killer stuff. (RC)
(Hiljainen Kevat, Astro Lihjamo, Pappilanniementie 13 A 7, 42700, Keuruu, FINLAND)

HOPELESS DREGS OF HUMANITY – "Buildin' Da Muthaphuckin' Revolution!" EP

WTO protests cover (the first one?), color and black & white photocopied booklet (someone here works at Kinkos), Chomsky quotes, Seth Tobocman artwork, activist contact list - I thought I knew what to expect - put on the record - sounds like a Oi band! After that initial shock it goes into more FIFTEEN-esque territory, then it starts to sound like DIVIDE & CONQUER. Fans of the PINKERTON THUGS take note, this is great sing-along anthemic punk rock that would rather burn a flag than wave it. Heart-liftingly angry, yet happy - just like myself. (AD)
(Ever Reviled, 50 Powers St., New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

HOT SNAKES - "Automatic Midnight" LP

Between PITCHFORK and DRIVE LIKE JEHU, I knew there was really little chance of this record failing. In some ways, this record could be seen as a bridge between those bands. It's a lot more rudimentary and melodic than DRIVE. But it's still more "free" than PITCHFORK. But leaving those signposts behind, this is guitar music for a generation that thought style was dead. It's a challenge to new music as much as it's a challenge to a generation of un-original punk. Second generation GREEN DAYS and third generation NIRVANAS should run and hide from this record. (LH)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

LOS INFERNOS - "Rock and Roll Nightmare" LP

Slick and greasy punk rock, as slick as the pomaded jelly-rolls sported by members of the band. LOS INFERNOS remind me of early SOCIAL DISTORTION, before they were ravaged by drugs, line-up changes and the worst of Bakersfield country & western. Something for the little Mike Ness that lurks inside all of us. Wasn't there an old R.K.L. album with the same title? (JH)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94192-9092)

LOS INFERNOS - "Meirda Vieja" CD

Old stuff and out takes, stuff that never made it onto records, "crowd favorites"??? Scary, considering I'm not one of the "...folks that come to the shows and sweat it out with them." This band barely rings the quietest bell in my recollection. However, I can dig it, as they play a decent bag of HUMPERS-type mid tempo punk r'n'r and and an ounce of hod-rod twang. Four tracks were recorded in 1995, and these are the best of the lot. Definitely represents all good things about LA punk, then and now. I wish I knew how good their previous records were. Sorry. (RY)
(Giant Squid, PMB 240, 3410 La Sierra Ave. Suite F, Riverside, CA 92503)

MUSIC REVIEWS

INFEST/P.H.C. - split EP

I know you are already putting the stamp on the envelope to mail order this...now you, yeah even you, can have this rare "live" gem (on a slightly more common, less colorful format) for your own collection. Eight (3 more then the original! you win!) INFEST favorites that lay down the law for powerviolence. PISSED HAPPY CHILDREN know how to walk that very fine line of drudge (without boredom) packing it with tons of kick. "Cut the go-go lights" and get in the pit. (TJ)
(Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142)

INHUMAN LEGION - "Rebellion" CD

Melodic sXe hardcore that reminded me a lot, musically, of a Bay Area band called POWERHOUSE. INHUMAN LEGION aren't quite as hard-sounding as POWERHOUSE, or their name, but their superior musicianship makes this release a bit more listenable than similar sounding bands I've reviewed of late. Lyrically, there is a lot of doom and gloom here. (JV)
(Exit, PO Box 263, New York, NY 10012)

INTROSPECT - "Education" EP

Pure shit! The title track is like some artsy-fartsy techno number that reminds me of that song in *Basic Instinct* when Sharon Stone is getting jiggy with the brunette at that hipster joint. Blech! Don't worry, the flipside'll make you gag too, and I shit you not, it sounds like that early '80s hit "Pop Goes The World"!?? A truly sad waste of vinyl. (NF)
(GC, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654)

ISOLATION - "No Difference" EP

Peace- (hard)core, from Japan. Bunta (low and scratchy) and Takemai (hollow and high) sing together, and it works really well. The rest of them rock with fast, punchy hooks that alternate between aggressive outbursts and moody breakdowns—like your last bad relationship, played back to you, on wax! (AC)
(Destroy, PO Box 1122, BS99 2HX, Bristol, UK)

THE JIMMIES - "Let The Fat Men Plunder" CD

This could've been a really hot EP. There's some catchy, revved up rock, and their RAMONES meets MR. T EXPERIENCE sound works great when the songwriting is on. Unfortunately it's not always on. This disc starts out swinging, but by the fourteenth track just goes down for the count. (BG)
(Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614)

JOHN Q PUBLIC - "The Neverending Why" CD

Jeez, these guys burst out with a sonic wall blast of energy. Live loud guitars crunch out hardcore tunes that remind me of a refined SAMIAM on speed. Primitive emo-ish graphics with all the lyrics make this a fine package. (HM)
(Middle Man, PO Box 4606, Lafayette, IN 47903)

THE JONESES – "Criminal History" CD

Fuck all those old LA glam bands saying punk influenced them—this is the real deal. A collection reissue from this early '80s LA band that really pulled off the NEW YORK DOLLS/ JOHNNY THUNDERS thing without all the posturing. Shit, half this band is probably dead too! This has aged very well in light of all the pale imitations of glam rock these days. Rock and roll! (RL)
(Sympathy)

JP5 – "Hot Box" CD

Trashy poppy garage punk here from Vancouver. Good duelin' gal vocals that remind me of the MUFFS as well as something sweeter, like the GLOO GIRLS or THE HISSY-FITS. A little uneven, but as a whole a definite keeper. Fans of gals who rock with that fun pop feel will like this. (RL)
(Sudden Death , Moscrop PO #43001, Burnaby, BC, V5G 3H0, CANADA)

JUMPIN' BEANS AND THE MOUSTACHES - "Born In The USA/ Head Above Water/

OK guys, fess up... who stole the prescription pad from their doctor? Sounds like someone dipped into a bottle of downers and washed'em down with a couple shots. Literally, this sounds like a bunch of tards escaped the loony bin and had a righteous party. Really, this is pretty special stuff.. you can really lose your mind to it, and that means a lot to me these days. I mean who covers "Born In The USA" and actually makes it sound cool? Now don't you boys go a-changing. (DL)
(Ball, PO Box 152 Gardner, ME 04345)

MUSIC REVIEWS

KARATEKA CRUNCH - CD

Crunchy hardcore influenced funk metal from Japan with barked rap style vocals. This style is pretty boring when played well, when it's as bad as KARATEKA CRUNCH, it's just unbearable. (JF)
(Ball and Elephant, no address.)

KID DYNAMITE - "Shorter, Faster, Louder" LP

This is like 1985 all over again. Reminds me of lots of HC I was hearing around that time. Stuff like 76% UNCERTAIN or older SSD. This is mostly fast-paced, with all the requisite break downs and singalongs. A surprising release for Jade Tree. They sound like they'd be fun to see live, but I've heard (and played) more than my share of this kind of punk. (BG)
(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilmington, DE 19810)

KNUCKLEDRAGS/RED ANGEL DRAGNET – split CD

Stripped down, rowdy, good time punk rock here. RED ANGEL DRAGNET "throw a fist in the air" and blast energetic rugged street punk with power and finesse. KNUCKLEDRAGS are catchy as well as raw and sweating with energy. All the important punk rock elements! (TJ)
(Pin, 1517 Floyd #Q, Richmond, VA 23220)

LANEMEYER - "Stories For The Big Screen" CD

Hey kids, if you were trying to catch in on the pop punk bandwagon, you're about twenty minutes late. LANEMEYER play generic sappy pop punk that makes MTX seem threatening. Quite simply this CD is a disgrace. (JF)
(Langan, E. Amsterdam Ave, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410)

LIGHTYEAR/EVIL MACARONI - split CD

Aw, don't you wish PROPAGANDHI still played "Ska Sucks" live? Punk and pop punk and hardcore, with nothing surviving the ska-treatment. I can't really tell when one band starts and another ends. Every song can be directly connected to an equal (but better) song by either OP IVY or RANCID. In fact, every other song starts as if they're gonna bust into "Bad Town." The merger of ska and pop punk has been a plague that quickly consumed too much of the North American population. Is the UK next? (LH)
(Positive Outlook, 14 Huntly Grove, Peterborough, PE1 4DJ, UK)

LINK 80 - "The Struggle Continues" LP

I've never been too big on the ska punk. I've also never been big on the LINK 80. Although the singer OD'ing and being that crappy writer's kid certainly made for good conversation. More of that ska punk mixed with hardcore here. The only thing that grabbed me was the MADNESS cover, "My Girl". Maybe this is good for LINK 80, but I can't tell. (RL)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

LISAFER - "Welcome To The Curb..." CD

Here's a punk trio out from behind the Orange Curtain. Songs range from man-stealing, insecurity, and getting fucked up....all the usual relationship horrors. This is pretty standard stuff with mostly girl vocals over rudimentary power chords. They even show off a little of their New Wave roots with a cover of "Johnny Are You Queer?" Not so exciting, but fans of SNAP HER might get nut off of it. (DL)
(Slip, PO Box 15894, Newport Beach, CA 92659)

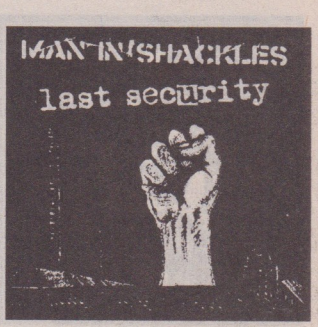
LOIKAEMIE - "Wir Sind Die Skins" LP

Get out of the way you fucking wimps! LOIKAEMIE'S brutal skinhead attack has left eardrums bleeding! This top shelf Oi! record has rough-as-fuck vocals with hammer choruses and pummeling guitars. The drums and bass are relentless! Very rocking indeed! Violent sounding German lyrics with a scary stance by the band on the cover. These guys mean business! This is consistently hard all the way through. Fans of the BROILERS, SMEGMA, and GOYKO SCHMIDT will like this! (BR)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

THE LONERS - "Love 'Em or Leave It" LP

Wow. If I didn't know better, I'd swear this disc came from a band from the Midwest. It's got that rock'n'roll/punk(-abilly) sound that exudes Americana. I've said this about other bands/records and it applies here: this is a rock-n-roll record first and a punk record second. I'm starting to think that it is the ultimate compliment you can pay a band/record. However, it is my honest belief that this record does not come from the Midwest (or anywhere in the United States of America) at all, but from Germany. Faster paced, melodic and catchy and well put together, this record truly rocks. (KK)
(Unter Schafen, c/o Timo Löwenstein, Auf der Hardt 35, 56130 Bad Ems, GERMANY)

MAN IN SHACKLES/LAST SECURITY - split EP



Crusty hardcore from Sweden, with English lyrics. LAST SECURITY is pretty good, kind of reminded me of ECONOCHRIST at times, but then again, who doesn't? MAN IN SHACKLES is pretty incredible, but I'm in a good mood as I write these, so take it for what's it's worth. A Swedish ABUSO SONORO maybe; just good. Excellent packaging job on this one. (JV)
(Sounds Of Betrayal First, Södra Parkgatan, 35a, 214 22 Malmö, SWEDEN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

EL MARIACHI - "Wenn Blicke Toten" EP

Six songs, half in German, half in English. Playing punk with some pop sense and that does not mean it is pop punk. Falling somewhere between early PEGBOY and mid period BAD RELIGION none of the songs stand out as amazing, yet they are all well played and recorded. (PA)
(Shrapnell, Mauerstr. 28, 37073 Gottingen, GERMANY)

MENACE - "Punk Rocker" EP

I've never been too big of a MENACE fan, so this came as a pleasant surprise. Two of the better songs that I've heard from them are on this record. Pretty cool. (NF)
(Knockout, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken GERMANY)

MIBURO - "Hard Hit Oi!!" EP

Japanese oi band with a three song single. Just didn't grab me in any way I'd want to repeat—two of the songs are slower, and don't have anything that'd make them catchy enough to bear repeated listens. They do turn up the energy a bit on "Makoto," but not enough to turn me around. Next! (TM)
(Knock-Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

MIBURO - "Gekidou Hana" CD

Oh no, here they are again. I reviewed these guys before and didn't understand a damn thing, because this is completely in Japanese. Well, since then their English hasn't gotten any better and my Japanese, well, does not exist, so.... I do remember that I was pretty impressed with their last release, thinkin they had really great production and anthemic hooks. This CD single stills holds true. Fans of the hook-laden street punk and gruff vocals should hunt these guys down. (DL)
(Straight Up, bld 2F Minami, 2Nishi,1 CHouou-ku Sapporo 060-0062 Japan)

MIHOEN/COCKROACH - split EP

This release is pressed on a very heavy piece of (red, with black spots) vinyl. It comes wrapped in a cool cardboard sleeve. Neat. COCKROACH is a faster, rawer version of FISH, from Japan, and their side is pretty damn close to perfect. Wow. MIHOEN is definitely on that DISCHARGE vibe, but it's not bad. I saw CROW do it live recently, and I liked that a bit more. (JV)
(Utrecht Se Weg 305, 3731 GA De Bilt, NETHERLANDS)

MIKE - "Chicago's Only Hope" CD

Chicago's in trouble, cuz these pop punkers need lotsa help with lyrical substance and with emitting all their whiny, sniveling, repetitive choruses. Sounding similar to MTX, MIKE needs to take a lesson from them and be more creative with the myriad of girl songs. "Too Cool To Drink A Slurpee" and "Guppy Girl" are funny and well written, but most of the rest of the CD needs help. I know "(they) don't care what (I) think" from their tune "Fitting In," but if they edit some of their tunes, they might have a chance to "help" Chicago. (HM)
(Carbonite, PO Box 325, Calumet City, IL 60409)

MOURNING AFTER - "Day Tripper/She Means Nothing To Me"

I feel real bad even saying this, cause it's obvious and not very illuminating or even hip-to-the-point, but this EP is just *Austin Powers* mod-alike soundtrack background material. Maybe I just made them really happy, I hope so. Peace! (RW)
(Detour, 44 The Meadows, Todwick, Sheffield, S26 1JG, UK)

MOURNPHAGY - "Thy Word Abideth" EP

As much as I like psycho grindcore weirdness, I'm over it. This is drum machine grindcore noise, that does have some good points (crazed time changes, black metal influences, etc.) but I just can't get into this stuff anymore. If you like four track-recorded drum machine-driven grindcore, then this is your stuff. (MW)
(Noise Squatch, PO Box 1387, Ballston Lake, NY 12019)

MULIGAN STU - "Dumb In Love" EP

Geeky pop punk full of hooks. Kinda sentimental and sappy at times, but it really takes me back to high school (*Wow, that far back Bobby? What, since class let out on Friday?—Tom).* Maybe a Mutant Pop comparison is in order, but instead I think I'll just recommend this to anyone who has either been infatuated, heartbroken, or in love, and doesn't mind bands who throw in hand claps and harmonies. (BM)
(608 Kisses, PO Box 3127, La Crosse, WI 54602)

MUSIC REVIEWS

MY MINDSMINE - "Between Soothing Consolation" CD

Whoa. This is something - hadn't heard them before, so what a rush. Toss in some absolutely manic screeching vocals, wandering guitar, and huge dollops of blazing speed. Ferocious stuff—fifteen songs in about eighteen minutes. This is the stuff that gets my blood going—I still haven't bought the idea that you can be 'too fast'. Awesome—one of the better things I've heard this month. (TM)
(My Mindsmine, Wijnaldumerstraat 3, 8913 BN Leeuwardern, NETHERLANDS)

NAZIS FROM MARS - "Tina Techno Punk Teen" EP

Techno punk in a way that is diametrically the opposite of DHC. Very catchy despite the manic wall of noise guitar and drum loops and tracks. Deadpan female vocals with catchy-as-hell punk. Sort of like a totally fucked '77 style HELEN LOVE. I think this might be really fantastic. Imagine SUICIDE and BLONDIE merging into one concept. (LH)
(Astral Anarchy, Varenstraat 374, 3765 W2 Soest, NETHERLANDS)

NEW SOCIETY OF ANARCHISTS - "Gagged By the Flag" CD

Macho hardcore. Maybe I don't like this because I don't understand being "true to my crew" like these guys say they are. Or maybe its the fact that I laughed out loud when the thick vocalist bellows out "my hatred builds." Whoa... this guy must be pretty angry. The first person the "anarchists" have on their thank you list is God. What a fucking joke these guys are! You can even join the N.S.A Soldiers fan club if you write to this address! (SR)
(N.S.A, PO Box 07025, Milwaukee, WI, 53207)

OI-MELZ - "Berfluchte Oimelz" LP

Oi-melz. Is that like a German skinhead tuna melt? Ha, ha. Get it? Anyway, this band is kind of boring. Mid-tempo German street punk, sung in German. One of the twelve songs here sounds like a SOCIAL D tune. Alright, but not great. (RM)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dislaken, GERMANY)

OI-MELZ - "Berfluchte Oimelz" LP

I am totally floored by the LEATHERFACE-esque melody that these street punks ain't to tough to play. To think a perfectly good reviewer copy was wasted on Mr. Murgia! (TH)
(Knock-Out)

ONE MAN ARMY- "Last Word Spoken" CD

Alright, so I've changed my mind about these guys. Listening to their second album, I can actually appreciate the really catchy melodic punk rock. All the songs have their own characteristics which is great to hear, when many albums I get sound the same all the way through. A couple songs even have a weird trace of a POUGES like feel to them. Well, I'm going to get kicked out of my circle of friends for liking an album produced by Billie Joe, but isn't punk all about being defiant anyway? (SR)
(Adeline, 5337 College Ave #318 Oakland, CA 94618)

ONE WAY DOWN - "Kids of Insanity" EP

Awesome melodic hardcore punk from Kanagawa, Japan. In the vein of ASTA KASK, later RAPED TEENAGERS, or KINA, ONE WAY DOWN plays rough and heavy punk with tons of melody and distortion (the only way to be melodic in my book). Great shit, plus their group photo is an old ALVA team photo which scores them extra points in my book. Get this and learn how melody doesn't have to equal shit. (MW)
(Psytoh On Parade, 2999-2 Shuowaso 102 Noborito, Kawasaki-City Kanagawa 214-0014, JAPAN)

PAN AM - "Save Yourself" CD

These folks strike a nice balance between the locomotive drive of ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT and the manic desperation and melodic intensity of early HÜSKER DÜ. I like the "drive till the wheels fall off" feel of this. It sounds very organic and angry, like they've been waiting impatiently to get all this out. It's not the most original thing you'll ever hear, but it is done with real passion and energy. I'd recommend it. (BG)
(Eargear, Postbus 14598, 1001 LB Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

PEZZ/REMUS & THE ROMULUS NATION - split EP

My goodness, PEZZ has been around quite some time. I haven't listened to them since the days they were probably still playing with their neighbors TRUSTY. Hook laden melodicore full of vocal harmonizing with nods to such bands as DAG NASTY. REMUS & THE ROMULUS NATION have a carefully drawn out sound and style that matches their name rather well. Loose guitar, reserved drumming, and buttery vocals. The EP is meant to raise awareness about the death penalty and includes plenty of literature. (TH)
(Soul Is Cheap, 164 St Agnes #3, Memphis, TN 38112)

MUSIC REVIEWS

PHANTOM SHIFTERS - "Given Half A Chance We'll Wreck It For Everybody" CD

Take WHITE ZOMBIE, then throw in some southern, country fried crap, and prepare to be annoyed by the PHANTOM SHIFTERS. (NF)
(Gas, PO Box 77062, Ottawa, ON, K1S 5N2 CANADA)

PIG DESTROYER - "Explosions In Ward 6" 12"

Chaotic hardcore with metallic, SLAYER-style guitar riffs, larynx-shredding vocals, and ultra-tech blast beat rhythms. If the lyrics are anything to go by, I'd guess the Ward 6 of the title is a psychiatric ward. They sure do a lot of damage for a three-piece with no bass. For the most part, the songs are short and to the point, but the last song is some sort of prog epic. I didn't time it, but it seemed like it was about ten minutes long. Still, on the whole, this record kills. (AM)
(Clean Plate, PO Box 709, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002)

THE PILLOCKS - "Kilt-Punk" EP

This EP is (like almost everything else that I've heard on this label) mediocre punk rock with hardcore influences. I say pass. (NF)
(Intensive Scare, Lilienthalstr. 4, 10965 Berlin GERMANY)

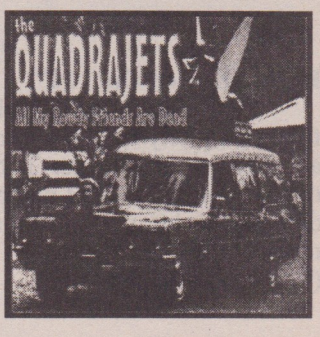
POWER OF IV - "Walking Distance" LP

Fantastic LP, folks. A well balanced blend of the pop leaning midwestern punk as played by OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN and TREPAN NATION, hook infused hardcore of KID DYNAMITE, the East Bay sound of yore, and POWER OF IV's own mix of fun and personal politics. If they aren't already, I can see this band entering the house show hall of fame. (TH)
(Suburban Legend, 7 Woodbrook Circle, Wilmington, DE 19810)

PRESCRIPTIONS - "Why We Don't Rent To Women" CD

Totally great indie rock with punk overtones. All girls, I think. Great vocals that remind me of VELOCITY GIRL (for lack of a better comparison on this rainy night... under much duress). Musically it's something like the RONDELLES meets early SUPERCHUNK meets... uh, DISCOUNT. You know what I'm trying to say. It's great! (LH)
(Johann's Face, PO Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647)

THE QUADRAJETS - "All My Rowdy Friends Are Dead/Mr Eliminator"



This is fun, raw psycho rock. The title track is like a younger, angrier MOJO NIXON doing a '50s song at punk velocity. All sweat and attitude. The flip side is a DICK DALE song, which is decent, but doesn't touch the other side's ferocity. (BG)
($5 ppd: Bronx Cheer, PO Box 13, Glasgow, G12 8NS, Scotland, UK)

RABID RAT FONDUE - "Let it Brie" CD

Sleaze and tease from a former CHAINSAW KITTEN. Not my thing at all, though I give 'em credit for attempting this style over the Bay in un-hip Berkeley. (JH)
(Fiendish Thingy, 1748 Shattuck Ave. Ste. 122, Berkeley, CA 94709)

RATIONAL SOLUTION - "Symbol of Destruction" EP

Fast and anger driven anarcho-punk with dual vocals. I'm amazed at how much information packed this record is. Tons of literature on female political prisoners, animal rights and Mumia. The music is average, but you get bonus points for the great work! They are interested in building up the DIY community so write to them if you are too. (SR)
(Ever Reviled, PO Box 6072, Edison, NJ, 08818)

RAW NOISE - "The Terror Continues" CD

A newly reformed RAW NOISE finally puts out a long overdue full length of their ferocious Scandinavian thrash assault. As much as I'd love to rip this to shreds (bands getting back together after so many years, "featuring members from CRADLE OF FILTH," etc...I hate that kinda of shit....) this rips pretty hard. Good production (not clean by any means) helps this in a big way. As with the reformed AVSKUM, I'm sold on this new incarnation. (MW)
(Rutham Vicar, Unit 15 Bushell Business Estate, Hithercroft, Wallingford, Oxon, Ox10 9DD, UK)

MUSIC REVIEWS

RC5 - "Kicked Out" 10"

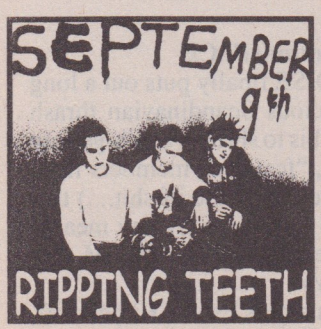
Fairly decent heavy rock shit, I'd say a few good, and a few more pretty lackluster tunes. More like the ONYAS than any Norsemen outfit, just not as great. Not really doing anything wrong, just don't pump my gnads, you know. In their defense, this hits the world at a pretty saturated grebo inspired moment. (RY)
(Estate, no address)

REAKTOR - "Hot" EP

These Swedish punks are playing a brand of beer hall punk that I usually associate with Germany. Each song is geared towards audience reaction, from the sing-a-long choruses to the tunes that are fast enough to keep the timid in the back but the rest up front dancing. But not so fast that any beer gets spilled of course! The clippings on the sleeve suggest that the lyrics may be more lefty than usual for this genre. (TH)
(Box 74, 391 20, Kalmar, SWEDEN)

REFUSE THE STATEMENT - "Strive For More" EP

This EP brings me back to the Ebullition hardcore/emo movement of the early '90s. You know, songs that sound inspired by CHAIN OF STRENGTH, with a little bit more distortion and explanations to all the songs. Of course the songs deal with compassion, inner struggles, and the personal revolution. Just in case you don't know this from reading REFUSE THE STATEMENT's lyrics, they provide you an explanation to their songs. As overbearing as this stuff can seem, at least REFUSE THE STATEMENT is trying to say something. Oh, as a side note, the vocals are too out in front.(JF)
(Keep It Alive, Benny Gottschalk, Helenenlage 3, 66299 Friederichsthal, GERMANY)



RIPPING TEETH - "September 9th" EP

RIPPING TEETH do a fairly decent, snotty SCREECHING WEASEL style on their debut EP, but nothing sets them apart from the hoards of bands that do that style. Maybe they'll create that something special with their new guitarist, Itch. (HM)
(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, UK)

ROCKY & THE SWEDEN - "844" EP

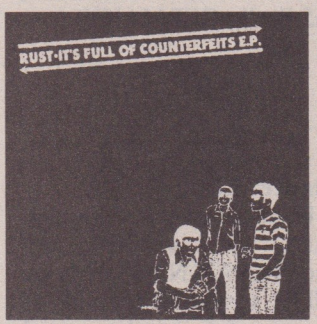
Hard charging punk rock from this hilariously named Japanese band. One of the three songs on this EP is a GBH cover, which should give you an idea of where they are coming from. Solid as steel! (RC)
(Blood Sucker, 203, 1-16-18 Kosunoki-Chou, Nisi-ku, Hiroshima 733-0002, JAPAN)

RUIDO - "Vete" EP

I'm thinking LOS CRUDOS without the lyric sheet. I'm thinking anger and despair. The song titles are in Spanish, and from looking at their other releases (the ones with lyric sheets), I think they're singing in Spanish, but I'm not sure, cause there's no lyric sheet. This is heartfelt in all the right ways, meaning pissed off and dangerous heartfelt – not "Oh, there's a hole in my sweater and I'm so sad," heartfelt. Good stuff. Wish there was a lyric sheet. (ST) (Podruido, 7231 Ensign Ave, Sunvalley, CA 91352)

RURAL SWINE - "Selfish and Unneighborly" CD

Punk with a Southern twang. It might play better on the Bayou, but it sounds pretty uninspired from this corner of the lower 48. (JH)
(Opulence, PO Box 2071, Wimington, NC 28402-2071)



RUST - "It's Full of Counterfeits" EP

I can't tell if these kids are trying to be Mod or oi, but they're definitely Anglophiles and, whatever they're trying to do, it comes out with plenty of energy, somewhat strident vocals and all. On "What Do You Want" they could pass as a slowed-down early REGISTRATORS. (DD)
(Real Deal/Rust, 4-39-8-205 Nishiogi Kita, Suginami-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

SCARIES – "Wishing One Last Time" CD

Another good pop punk release from these guys. Straight forward stuff along the ways of many a Dr. Strange or Lookout band. But these guys are good at what they do. Still, outside of an acoustic song, this does sound a bit same-ee. This reminds me a lot of the ATARIS, who do a better job of mixing it up. Still recommended though for you pop punkers. (RL)
(Route 14, PO Box 501, Langhorne, PA 19047)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SECOND COMING – "In Denial Of Our Impermanence" CD

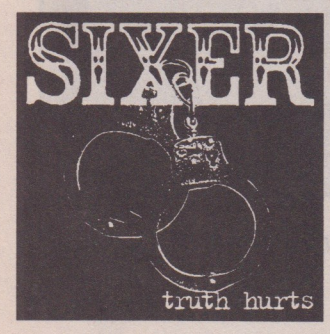
Wow, a completely interactive hardcore event. Not only is the computer production more than I expected, so is the music. Live, besides not really getting their posi-ideals across, they haven't captured my attention like they do here. Solid '90s rough hardcore without all the metal posturing. If you want to see the world on fire, turn into a dahrma wheel, or pick your favorite band member after watching little quick time movies of their ingenious critiques of "the scene" as they expose their undying love for POWERHOUSE, you can do that as well. (TJ)
(Breakout Records, no address)

SETBACK - "The Path of Resistance" CD

Someone once said that art is suppose to invoke some reaction. Whether you hate it or love it, it makes you feel something. This album failed because I didn't feel a god damn thing. Hardcore from Sweden that I find boring and dull. (SR)
(Burn, Box 6211 102 34, Stockholm, SWEDEN)

SETPOINT – "No One Can Live Life Alone" CD

In the tradition of Straight Up hardcore releases, this Japanese straightedge band is thrashy in immoral late '80s fashion. The clean bass solos, the spastic drums, the driving guitar sound, you know you love it. The evil soft strumming hippy intro (that is easy enough to skip unless something goes very wrong, like it did at my house—I'm still recovering) is all you have to fear. (TJ)
(Straight Up, Kowa bld 2F Minami-2 Nishi-1 Chuou-Ku Sapporo 060-0062, JAPAN)



SIXER - "Truth Hurts" EP

ONE MAN ARMY meets RANCID with ex-ANN BERETTA members. The kids should eat this up. (NF)
(TKO, PO Box 4104, 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

SMOGTOWN - "Fuhrers of the New Wave" LP

Now here's a band that has good clothes, a snappy sense of fashion, cool haircuts and... actually rocks! Thirteen songs of raw and catchy surf punk from the place were most good bands are spawned, i.e. Southern California. The sun is shining, the surf is up, and here I am typing reviews, fuck! Uhhh...anyhow, this is a great release. (RM)
(Disaster, no address)

SNFU - "The Ping Pong" EP

Rolling out the red carpet, SNFU are back pumping out a new brand of ping pong progressive rock. Lyrically strange, SNFU still gleam with healthy doses of aggression and vigor that keep this release rolling along. Still, this is hardly vital.... (DL)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

SNUFF - "Numb Nuts" CD

Do I really need to review this? It's SNUFF, you know the score by now... every record sounds like the last one, every record is good, every record has at least one song that's an instant classic, every record has chirpy Cockney wit and funny song titles, every record is actually worth having... This is as good as anything they've done since their first EP. (AD)
(Fat)

SOCIETY'S DISEASE - "Depleted" EP

Fast Anarcho-Punk made in the DIY spirit. Female/Male vocals with really good cookie monster vocals on the third song. All songs are anti something so you have to listen to this when you're in a pissy mood to help you move it along. A good first release for Depletion Records. (SR)
($3: Depletion,30 Hays St. Woodland, CA, 95695,)

SOLEDAD BROTHERS - "Sugar & Spice/Johnny's Death Letter"

Loose dirge 'n' blues of a poorly-recorded variety. Easy comparisons to '68 COMEBACK, BASSHOLES or even DOO-RAG are possible, if one was of a mind to make them. Both "Sugar & Spice" and "Johnny's Death Letter" buzz in a cool kinda way, but neither are distinctive enough to be really memorable. Note the use of the MC5's "White Panther" logo on the cover, a tip-off to the SOLEDAD BROTHERS' Motor City origins. (JH)
(Italy, 4530 Avery, Detroit, MI 48208)

SOUL CRYING - "Twisted Punchers" CD

Twelve songs of hard hitting Japanese hardcore here. Not blazing fast mind you, just really crunchy and upbeat. There's all kinds of cool sing along parts and just a tinge of SLAYER in the mix as well. All this makes for a killer release and two very enthusiastic thumbs up! (RM)
(Discrete, Hideyuki Okahara, Ceramica II #30/2-1-37 Minami, Kokubunji, Tokyo 185-0021, JAPAN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SOYLENT GREEN - "Planet Of The Apes/Mayday"

Nice to know they couldn't even be bothered to come up with a cover for their record—this is packaged in a white paper inner sleeve. The A side is stoner-ish instrumental hardcore with samples from, you guessed it, *Planet of the Apes*, while the flip is similar in style but with actual vocals. A little on the metal side, but pretty good. (AM)
(Crash, 1122 E Pike St #1037, Seattle, WA 98122-3934)

SPICOLIE - "Suburban Hero" CD

It's really a bad sign when you prefer a band's intros to the actual songs that follow. To be fair, I don't go for the whole post HC pop punk sound. If you do, though, you might like this. It is well recorded, and they sound like they can play alright. I'm just scratching my head at how so many bands can be content to sound just alike. (BG)
(Vigilante, 859 N Park Ave, Indianapolis, IN 462202)

SPLASH 4 - "Rules of Life" EP

It's good to see one of the leading arguments for the French ability to rock getting the Lookout spotlight. That said, I'm surprised that the garagey mid tempo "Rules of Life" gets the A side treatment in preference to the more hell-bent-for-leather "Armchair Thrillseeker," but what the hey! As a bonus, guitarist Lili displays her chanteuse abilities in the EDITH PIAF meets METAL URBAIN "Ma Solitude et Moi." (DD)
(Lookout!, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

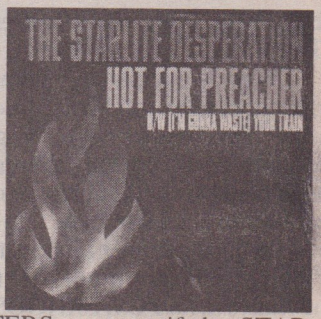
SPLASH 4 - "Rules Of Life" EP

Oh, I get it. Lookout is to Garage, as Alternative Tentacles is to Power Violence. (TH)
(Lookout)

STACK/NARSAAK - split EP

What can you say about STACK, except complete blistering hyper fucking thrash? This is completely in-fucking-sane hyper thrash. Fuck they are good. NARSAAK slow things down (but not too much) with their bulldozer metal onslaught. And while the NARSAAK stuff is strong, listened to after the STACK stuff, it just doesn't compare. Good split, showcasing two of Germany's powerhouses. Another awesome release from..... (MW)
(Per Koro c/o Markus Haas, Fehrfeld 26, 28203 Brehem, GERMANY)

THE STARLITE DESPERATION - "Hot For Preacher/I'm Gonna Waste Your Train" 45



.....actually, this isn't half bad ....reminds me of Los Angeles around 1980..... that little scene of bands.... like THE GUN CLUB, X, THE BLASTERS, THE PLUGS, TOP JIMMY AND THE RHYTHM PIGS, THE BRAT, THE FLESHEATERS... etc.....if the STARLITE were around in those days, most likely they'd be lumped in with this lot ...no doubt about it..... very sexy music..... (SW)
(Gold Standard Laboratories, PO Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712-2794)

STATE OF FEAR - "Shroud" EP

A reissue of an awesome seven inch. Fast, heavy, hardcore with intense vocals. Get this while you can and turn it up! (SR)
(Aftermath, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN, 55408)

STIFLED CRIES - "Sisyphus" EP

Complex churning hardcore that mixes hardcore, emo and metal, similar to somebody like UNRUH. The only drawback of the record was the somewhat lo-fi production, because it distracted from the power of the record. I still thoroughly enjoyed this record, and I am already looking forward to any future releases by this band. (RC)
(Conspiracy, PO Box 269-2000, Antwerpen 1, BELGIUM)

SUBMACHINE - "Fresh Out Of Give-A-Fucks" CD

Interesting cover art, which is usually the case with SUBMACHINE, a band that's been around seemingly forever. This release is very reminiscent of a lot of bands that have stuck it out over the course of the last decade, because while it's still punk at its roots, the overall sound is just good old fashion rocknroll. Very similar to a *MRR* records band by the name of STRYCHNINE, which features some survivors of their own. My overall opinion of this is that it stands up to anything SUBMACHINE has ever done, and if you were into that stuff, then this release is for you. (JV)
(Radical, 77 Bleeker St., #C2-21, New York, NY 10012)

MUSIC REVIEWS

SUGAR SHACK - "Get Out Of My World" LP

This Texas band has that Pacific Northwest updated garage sound down pat. Kinda reminds me of the SINISTER SIX, and occasionally the MAKERS, but with a better producer. (DP)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

THE TANTRUMS - "Motels" 10"

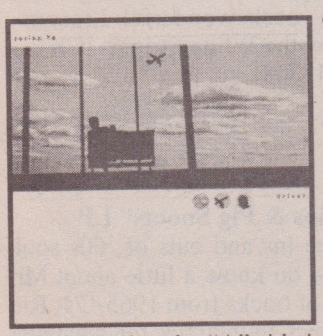
These cats have it together. A completely consistent 10", from the moment I dropped the needle and started leafing through the little handmade photocopied and stapled booklet. They're trashy sultry rockin' country-billy, complete with the roadside motel theme all over the cover and with that sexy title track. Believe me, this record will make you want to go out and get yourself a chihuahua. (KM)
(Cheetah's, PO Box 4472, Berkeley, CA 94710)

THE TANTRUMS - "Motels" 10"

...I can't think of a single band to compare this to... which is a good thing in this case because this leaves shit marks on just about everything else. Femme fatale-fronted rockabilly, heavily rooted in pop punk (or pop punk heavily rooted in rockabilly, depending on how you look at it...) that seriously makes you want to dance. One of the best damn records I've heard in a long time, by one of my all time favorite local bands. Get this and you won't be sorry. Featuring ex-members of DING DANG, TILT and CRIMPSHRINE, if that means anything... (BM)
(Cheetah's, PO Box 4472, Berkeley, CA 94710)

THEE HEADCOATS SECT - "Ready Sect Go!" LP

They did it before, but this time the BILLY CHILDISH/ DOWNLINERS SECT axis really delivers. I'm still something of a CHILDISH fan, even if I've got more records with his voice on them than I'll ever listen to (and I stopped buying them a while ago), and when you've got the old school, the new school, the West Coast, the East Coast...at any rate, this delivers pretty much exactly what you'd expect of it. Just don't start me thinking of conundrums spawned by a couple of guys who were contemporaries of the ROLLING STONES...just don't get me started. (DD)
(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Bldg 1F 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku, Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)



TORINO 74 - "Driver" 45

Well, once I got past the Jade Tree-inspired packaging, I got one pleasant pop punk surprise from TORINO 74. Sounding like JAWBREAKER *Unfun* era with British accents, TORINO 74 have it going on. Really this record packs an exceptional wallop. One thing that really dampens my enthusiasm, though, is the fact that the "A" side is on 45, while the "B" is on 33. Is anything more annoying? Still, if you are a fan of emotional (emo?) punk rock, this is a definite pick up. (JF)
(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, UK)

TREPAN NATION/AMBITION MISSION – split EP

Nicely packaged joint effort from two Illinois bands and two Illinois DIY record labels. TREPAN NATION bring to mind a scrappy PROPAGANDHI and the PIST. AMBITION MISSION aren't as fast, but are as angry, sounding like a pissed-off CRIMP. I wish there were more bands like this—political: but not crust, melodic: but not pop. I hope they sent me one... (AD)
($3: Community Shower, PO Box 267873, Chicago, IL 60626)

UNITED '97 - "Running On My Life" CD

UNITED '97 rules! The songs on this disc are in the same league as any DISCOCKS, HAWKS, TOM AND THE BOOTBOYS or KICKERS releases. Highly recommended! (NF)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru Kyoto, 624-0913 JAPAN)

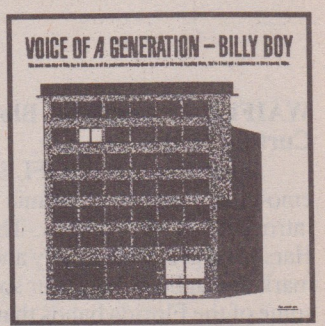
VENDETTAS - "Fast Ride/I'll Walk"

CRAMPS like retro-rock, though more pristine and squeaky clean than Lux and co. The A side is a "Date With Elvis" styled stomper with shrill female vocals. The B side is a more standard CHUCK BERRY-derived retro '60s rocker of a tune. Both songs are short and over before you know it, and doesn't the whole concept of "squeaky clean garage" seem sort of weird? This is OK, but it takes more dirt under the fingernails to keep me happy.
(JY)
(Space Baby, spacebaby@earthlink.net)

VISITOR 42 - "Heavy Handed Hospitality" CD

Sorta straight forward punk and hardcore with the occasional ska riff tossed in. The hardcore stuff is sort of in the old school DOA-meets-DETONATORS style. Nothing ground breaking, but no harm done... (LH)
(Butt Flower, PO Box 5134, Alameda, CA 94501)

VOICE OF A GENERATION - "Billy Boy" EP



Four crisp, snot-nosed punkers here, the best, "Billy Boy," having appeared previously. The durability of their style—stinging powerchord guitars, hoppin' tempos, and familiar but irresistible three and four chord progressions, pretty much makes all the tracks here (including "Ultraspecial," which was culled from the band's demos) makes for a consistently pleasing effort. This one's dedicated to German street punks, and they should appreciate the gift. (SS)
(Knock Out, Postfach 100718, 48527 Dinsenken, GERMANY)

MUSIC REVIEWS

VOM - "Live At Surf City" EP

Very few people can pull off "stupid" like this anymore, and I think it just has a lot more to do with changing times than rising intelligence levels. VOM were a great pre-ANGRY SAMOANS punker group from 1978 LA, staffed mainly by scenester wise guys and rock critics who waxed some great "punk" songs that leave I-was-there types like M. Lucas bemusedly dismissive to this day. History is very kind to this type of poser band and this five-song EP reissue sounds great in the pitiless light of our glorious new century. The vocals by rock crit supreme R. Meltzer are loaded with echo and sound really crappy, I'm so glad. The cover is *very* half-assed. Thank you. (RW)
(Kryptonite, 827 Lincoln Blvd, Manitowoc, WI 54220)

VOORHEES/DEVOID OF FAITH - split LP

I remember thinking how much sense this pairing made when I first heard this split was going to happen. Team one of the best (now defunct) US straight ahead hardcore bands with a band very similar in style and execution from the UK. They both deliver here, not with any surprises, but with more of the consistent, vigorous and skillful hardcore they've both demonstrated in the past. I don't want to give the impression this isn't good—it's far better than most releases I hear in a given week, it's just so, well, predictable, it's hard to gush about it. Great stuff—really appreciated the covers—excellent choices! (TM)
(Gloom/Coalition, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

WADGE/BLOWER - split CD

Ear-melting grindcore from both bands. If I had to make an educated guess, it looks like BLOWER contains ENEMY SOIL and AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED personnel, whereas WADGE continue to raise eyebrows with their consistently faster than fast output. So prepare to put the pedal to the metal and rock on out to this blazing CD. (RC)
(Regurgitated Semen, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. Des Friedens 45, 07819, Mittelpollnitz, GERMANY)

WAIFLE - "And The Blood Will Come Down Like A Curtain" CD

The previous WAIFLE releases were intense, but of an emo-core variety: anthemic walls of guitar, pained vocals, introspective slowdowns. This is a wholly different intense. Harsh and gruff, musically and vocally, nearly hitting the metal mark throughout their four songs. This is rather reminiscent of some of the Florida bands that Moo Cow put out. The names of those bands escape me but they alternated metal pound and throttle with rather dramatic vocal focused slow downs. WAIFLE improves on that formula by leaving out the obvious dynamics and sticking to screaming. Quite a change in sound. (TH)
(Magic Bullet, 2005 Monitor Drive, Stafford, VA 22554)

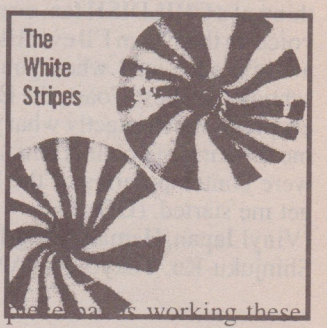
WEEKEND BOWLERS - "In Over Our Heads" EP

This excellent new Cyclone Records product by the WEEKEND BOWLERS is the fucking shit! The deep vocals by Chris K. remind you of the great Al Barr. The rock and roll foundation for this four-song EP is 100% intact with a ferocious street punk growl on top. Originally from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, these punks are taking New York and the Northeast by storm. The song "We've Been Had" has some thought-provoking lyrics: "Never wanted to be anything else/ Why won't they let me be myself?/ Be this/ Be that/ Sometimes we have to follow their rules/ And we've been had!" This is tough street rock for you punks and skins! Get it now! (BR)
(Cyclone Records, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

THE WHITE STRIPES - "Let's Shake Hands/Look Me Over"

"Oh, baby, let's be friends / can't come up with a better plan / put your fingers in my hand / oh baby, let's be friends," croon the WHITE STRIPES. Here we got a DEMOLITION DOLLRODS-like love-starved dittie that serves nicely. On the back burner, the WHITE STRIPES break out with some rock theatrics in "Look Me Over Closely" which plays like a lost track from *Tommy*. Rock Opera's Not Dead? (DL)
(Italy, 4530 Avery, Detroit, MI 48208)

THE WHITE STRIPES - "Lafayette Blues/Sugar Never Tasted So Good"



Better late than never, I always say. This one has been out for a few years and just now showing up at *MRR* Headquarters. The WHITE STRIPES are worth the wait. Minimal rock and roll by this brother/sister team that sounds more full than most five piece bands working these day. The songs are great and the vocals wonderful. I recommend buying anything you can by the White Stripes. (CK)
(Italy, 4530 Avery, Detroit, MI 48208)

ANDRE WILLIAMS - "Rib Tips & Pig Snoots" LP

I'm not too schooled on the ins and outs of '60s soul, pathetic White Patty that I am—I do know a little about Mr. Williams, however. A collection of tracks from 1965-'71, Rib Tips & Pig Snoots makes a perfect soundtrack for whatever illicit affair you plan to engage upon. (JH)
(Soul-Tay-Shus, 200 W 72nd St, New York, NY 10023)

MUSIC REVIEWS

WITHIN BLOOD – "First Blood" CD

With a 25 TA LIFE directness in delivery and style, WITHIN BLOOD is ready to storm HC Rambo-style. This Australia "BLOOD" band easily beats down BLOOD FOR BLOOD and outruns BLOODLET, of course, IN COLD BLOOD could take 'em. (TJ)
($14 ppd: Resist, PO Box 372, Newtown, NSW, AUSTRALIA, 2042)

WITHIN REACH - "Fall From Grace" CD

Gruff, thickneck hardcore from Sweden. They left me with the impression that this would have made a great single, but they've stretched a bit too pull off a full length. There's a certain similarity between songs—in writing and style—that doesn't engage me enough to want to listen on after five or six songs. Good stuff—midpaced, harsh; with raw vocals that I like. (TM)
(Bad Taste, St. Sodergatan 38, 222 23 Lund, SWEDEN)

WITHOUT LIMIT - "Neoclassical" CD

Driving Japanese hardcore which shies away from the wall of noise/speed approach common to many of their countrymen—the singer is often understandable, and the choruses are anthemic, if you can understand the "English with Japanese accent" of the singers. It's not slow or boring—plenty of tempo changes, and great drum roll/ break/ chorus songwriting. They cover a JUDGE song, which seems appropriate. Ironic that the cover is about the fastest song on the record—they do it well—perhaps there's something in the speed, eh? (TM)
(Straight Up, Kowa Bldg 2F, Minami-2 Nishi-1, Chuo-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062, JAPAN)

YACOPSE/BIZARRE X - split EP

BIZARRE X plays a very hyper, very cheesy version of power violence—think the ULTIMATE WARRIORS. Not that bad, but also not very memorable. YACOPSE is incredible, and makes this EP worth purchasing, no question about it. Nice changes, tight musicianship, and relentless vocals. Has more in common with real good grindcore than it does the power violence on the other side. (JV)
(Vulgar, Sille Priebs. K.-Pchalek-Str.1/02625 Bautzen, GERMANY)

YELLOW SLOTH CHICKEN BROTH/STUPID JERKS - split CD

In Byron, California lives a little man named Ted Angel. He has spent the last few years being ridiculed and poked fun at because of his band YSCB (who's earlier efforts were... well, let's just say they were indeed and in fact "efforts" and leave it at that). Well this record is Teddy's revenge, because it's going to change everyone's minds about the band. Teddy still write sentimental and wussy lyrics, and when he sings he still sounds like a girl (you've gotta hear this kid's voice!! It's incredible!! The wussiest voice I have ever heard!) but the band itself has gotten tighter and catchier. Power pop in the vein of the DECIBELS and the BUZZCOCKS. The STUPID JERKS are Ted's other band (hence the name of the CD) which he simply graces with his drumming. Quite the contrast to YSCB (not really, they're all a bunch of sissies who play songs about girls). Steven growls and snarls his vocals much like Milo or Vapid live. They aren't doing anything new, but they do it better than most. Four chords, simple lyrics, and noodley guitar leads. This is yet another great record from Slap Happy (save those comps... *groan!*). (BM)
(Slap Happy, PO Box 249, Byron, CA 94514)

YOUTH ANTHEM - "A Bolt From The Blue" CD

More kick-ass Japanese oi courtesy of YOUTH ANTHEM. Eleven ripping songs that'll please anyone out there who digs CRIKEY CREW, SIDEBURNS, DICK SPIKIE, FUCK GEEZ, etc. One to look for. (NF)
(Straight Up, Kowa bld 2F Minami-2Nishi-1, Chuou-Ku Sapporo 060-0062 JAPAN)

ZIPPO RAID / THE JONEE EARTHQUAKE BAND - split EP

The best part of this 7" is the first five seconds of each ZIPPO RAID song, when a moment of hope exists as the raw distorted guitar starts up. It deceives you into believing there might be some good punk on its way. Then the vocals come in. Great yelling for hardcore, but clashes with what the musicians are trying to do. THE JONEE EARTHQUAKE BAND is a keyboard/bass/drums trio covering the Stones' "Play With Fire." I'm sure they had fun jamming this one at practice, but pressing to vinyl...? (KM)
($3: Spiral, PO Box 361, Malden, MA 02148

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Amish Apocalypse" CD

Four Pennsylvania bands, three songs from each, like four EPs on one disc. TRAILER TRASH UK sound very old—if you told me this was from 1981m I'd believe you.The singer sounds like a nut. RESTLESS FEW also have an old-school sound, and even mention Nicaragua in a song. They play mid-paced snotty fun generic punk rock. BALLSTICKS are faster and angrier in an East Cost pogo attack kinda style—music to spike your hair to. HOPE BEYOND HOPE are anarcho-punk with male/female dual vocals, like a less heavy NAUSEA. This is a cool way to check out four bands for the price of a single 7-inch. (AD)
(Broken Down Volvo of Hate, PMB 337, 3741 Walnut St, Philadelphia, PA 19104)

V/A - "A Will to Extinction" EP

International comp of gruff, noisy hardcore bands—ideologically tied to the resistance of mankind's increasing emotional disconnection between each other and the environment. Decent stuff from all involved—there's a rough, unpolished feel to the entire record that reminds me of the topical compilations of years ago. Bands include JOHN BENDER, GLOBAL HOLOCAUST, DEAD END, IDI AMIN, SOUL COMPOST, EBOLA (UK), DISABUSE and STIGMATA UNO. (TM)
(Disoppress, 193 Patricia Ln, White Lake, MI 48386)

V/A - "Bands On Lance" LP

A pleasant but marginal comp of Sixties releases from New Mexico's Lance Records. Half is teen (and slightly green) soul bands, while most of the rest tends towards folk punk, with the only standouts being the two LINCOLN ST. EXIT cuts (reissued by Dionysus on an EP with the FE-FI-FOUR PLUS TWO, which is much more recommended) and the KREEG's "Impressin'" which I know damn well is on some other comp, but which I can't recall. Again, pleasant but marginal (for non-archivists, at least). (DD)
(DC, PO Box 1140, 96115 Memmelsdorf, GERMANY)

V/A - "Blood Beat" EP

Comp of four bands: PCP ROADBLOCK, CLANCY SIX, CHARM CITY SUICIDES, and KOJAK, from the East Coast netherland regions of PA, MD and VA. Lots of screaming and dissonant guitar sounds. The latter bugs the shit out of me, the former covers it up enough to make the noise enjoyable. (CK)
($3 ppd: Blood Beat, 28 Piney Hill Rd, Airville, PA)

V/A - "A Compilation Dedicated To Tim Yo-Mama" LP

.....wow, I'm glad I got to be the one to review this record.... it's pretty fucking touching actually.... 37 bands paying their respects to the late Tim Yohannan.... shit, a day doesn't go by where I don't think about Tim in some weird way or another..... we all miss him, the sarcastic motherfucker....the only reason I still do these fucking crummy reviews is because of Tim..... the bands play in this order: HATED YOUTH, INSULTS, NEGATIVE GAIN, THE OFFENDERS, WORKING MUTHAS, THE FIX, BATTALION OF SAINTS, STATE, B.P., OUT OF ORDER, 5051, FATAL RAGE, WILLFUL NEGLECT, UNSEEN FORCE, D.D.T., DEADLINE, VILE, CHRONIC SICK, YOUTH BRIGADE, THE WORST, KORO, C.I.A., NEON CHRIST, DEATHWISH, D.Y.S., F, PIG CHILDREN, GENETIC CONTROL, ARTICLES OF FAITH, M.O.B., Y.D.I., URBAN WASTE, SUB-CULTURE, M.I.A., MOURNING NOISE, NEGATIVE APPROACH..... sheesh!!!!!!!!... most of this here is Hardcore stuff..... not really my bag, but Tim dug it..... still a really cool record for many other reasons....hell, I didn't really know Tim for his personal politics.... I liked him for the fact that he loved music so much.... all types of music....not just punk....and he had great taste in women....the old bastard always had himself set with a real knock-out younger chick....how did he do it???????....he must have had a huge cock..... (SW)
(no address)

V/A - "Fahrt Zur Hölle" EP

This is a compilation, but that's about all I can tell you. All the information was in German. Anyway, this record comes with an abundance of packaging, as do all the records I reviewed this month. The bands here are PEACE OF MIND—sounds like TILT, DELLWO, MAD MINORITY, EL MARIACHI, KOYAANISQATSI. AVERAGE. (JV)
(Phillipe, Göttingerstr.39, 37120 Bovedon, GERMANY)

V/A - "Fellowship of the Fat Shit" EP

Seven inches, four bands, two countries, zero fun. Not too sure how many individual tracks by each of the represented artists, 'cause it's all the frenzied hardcore stuff that bleeds together into noise, noise, noise. Tracks from the PRICKS and IDYLS (Sweden) and the NERDS and GRABBIES (Italy). I suppose with the formation of the European Union more compilations like this are inevitable. (JH)
(Ken Rock, Fabriksgatan 39 B 3tr, 412 51 Göteborg, SWEDEN)

MUSIC REVIEWS

V/A - "Homeless Benefit" EP

Whoa, I must have made Mr. Hopkins happy this month, because he gave me a good one with this compilation. Eight bands who represent the harsher side of hardcore on this little piece of 7" wax. The contributors include: HELLNATION, CORRUPTED, JEANXSEBERG, LACK OF INTEREST, EBOLA, HYBRID, REAL REGGAE, and AUTORITAR. While all bands were impressive on this release, it was France's JEANXSEBERG who blew me away. Buy this! (JF)
(Bad Card/Revolution, Romain Troicherie, Les Brunetieres, 53 370 St. Pierre Des Nids, FRANCE)

V/A - "Josta Baby/Factor 8" EP

FACTOR 8 start off with a nice little sloppy pseudo surf jingle. But it slowly morphs into straight forward punk and hardcore. Recorded very lo-fi, which is a really nice change of pace from all the slick sounding stuff coming out these days. Almost like SIN 34 with dude vocals... JOSTA BABY are more quirky post punk noodling. Like the OFFS at times. Like crap at others... But kinda entertaining regardless... (LH)
(Funkey Munkey, 119 Homewood Ave, Steubenville, OH 43952)

V/A - "LSD: Real Garage Punk From Sweden 1966!" LP

At first one would think this would feature standard beat bands from Sweden, right? Wrong, with the exception of one whole side of somewhat staid '60s standards. The rest of the record consists of truly bizarre renditions of '60s tunes done in some twisted alien-inspired aesthetic. Case in point: KLUNK'S KLAN. Their rendition of "Shakin All Over" truly defines an almost SHAGGS-like shamblingness combined with an almost RESIDENTS-like sense of otherworldliness. Which probably means they were incompetent. But man, listen to that track! It's downright fucked up. The other tunes (including "Hound Dog") take on the tone of some ritualistic, weirdo rant. The songs from WWH and STEFAN & MARTIN are almost as bizarre as well. But KK takes the prize for truly quantum, universe-shattering weirdness. Get it for those songs alone. (JY)
(Subliminal Sounds)

V/A - "Plancha in the Pit" CD

The majority of the CD is made up of equal parts hardcore, straight out punk, and Fat/Epitaph style punk. There are occasional ska and pop punk bands as well, though. Some of the more notable bands include: TWELVE GALLONS, ALL BETS OFF, CHI, EIGHT MILES HIGH, KNOCKDOWN, SOCIETY GONE MAD and though I'm generally opposed to the mixture of ska and punk, ADVERSE SIDE-FX do it rather effectively. With thirty bands there are plenty of throwaways though. (PA)
($5 ppd: High Risk, 1711 Rutland Dr. #1001, Austin, TX 78758)

V/A - "Stories Of Love And Rebellion" LP

....it's a European comp split into two sides. Side one, which is the poppier of the two, is a bunch of.... well, they say they're love songs so I'll take their word for it..... Side two is a bunch of fist waving anthems. Nothing very memorable at all here. CARPE DIEM does the male/female vocals thing pretty well and the LONERS are okay too.... I can't really describe this because it's all over the place. I'm just going to leave it at that... "This comp is all over the place!" (BM)
(Unter Schafen, Auf der Hardt 35, Zimmerstr. 40, 42105 Wuppertal, GERMANY)

V/A - "Ziko-Syucyou Vol. 2" split CD

Well, let's run through the line-up, shall we? You'll find REAL REGGAE, FLASH GORDON, FLUX CORED WIRE, IDOL PUNCH, VORACIOUS SOUL, ZERO HOUR, CAVEMEN, NICE LIFE, SLIGHT SLAPPERS, FREAKS and STAB 4 REASON on this CD. If you are even the slightest fan of Japanese hardcore you will already be wondering how you are going to be able to track this down. Just watch out for three of the bands towards the middle of the CD, because they are really bad. But it is still well worth the price of admission anyway. I thought I should point out how much I liked the thick, angry, bass-heavy punk rock cranked out by VORACIOUS SOUL. I had never heard them before and I am really glad that I did. (RC)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto, 624-0913 JAPAN)

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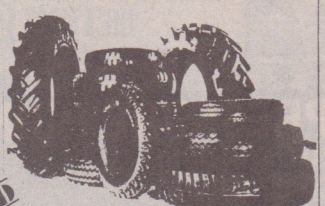

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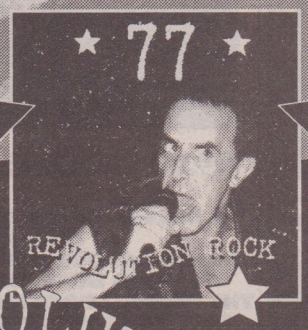

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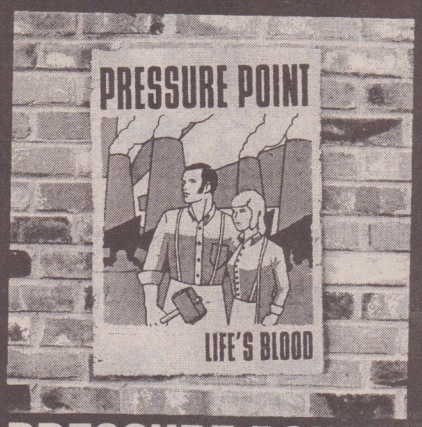

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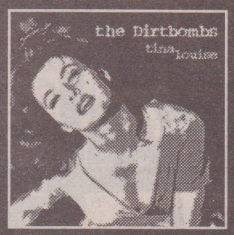

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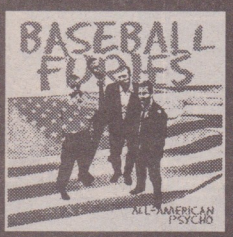

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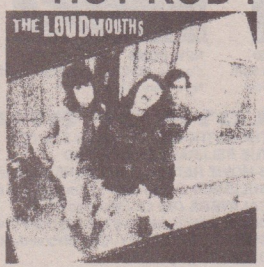

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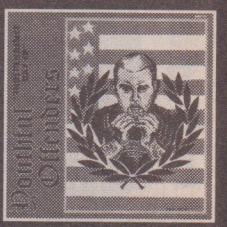

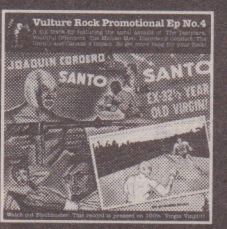

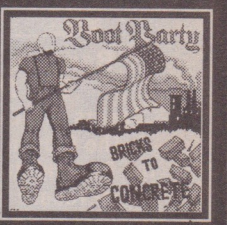

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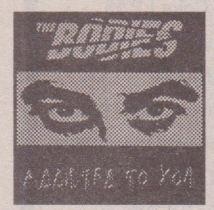

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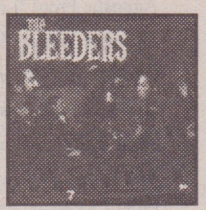

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FANZINE REVIEWS

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (BC) Brianna Chesser, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (NF) Neale Fishback, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MJ) Mary Jane, (KC) Karoline Collins, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (SS) Sean Sullivan.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us. It's very simple. Hey! Count the pages! You count the pages! Not us, you!

Specific criticisms aside, it should be understood that any independent release deserves credit for all the time and money going into it.

ARROWEB SHORT ZINE #4/5—2 stamps / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 12 pgs
A quick read, and I have to say that I wasn't all that interested in it. There were a few columns, some personal writing by the editor, some photos, and a few show listings. This is probably best if you live in the area...it's very "local scene" oriented. Trades also accepted. (KC)
117 Sturbridge Road / Clarks Summit, PA 18411

ATTITUDE PROBLEM #30 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Ah, Steve. Steve writes me out a note with all the info—page count being most important. All I have to do is just type it in. Good Steve. See how easy kids? Now his zine gets a good review! Ha, kidding, it rules anyway. Included is a great interview with some guy who does puppet shows, and also one with Felix Von Havoc. (GF)
PO Box 2576 / Colchester, Essex / CO3 4AY / England

BEER CAN FANZINE # 4 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 32 pgs
I thought it would be a good idea to have a beer before reading this one, and you know what? It was. It is really well done fanzine with a perfect combination of beer and music. In this issue the editors include a run down of some Italian bands, a brief history of the Blitz-Weinhard brewery, reviews of records and reunion shows, and, best of all, a beer tasting contest. This is good stuff. This is a great zine. It does feel kinda like a boys club newsletter, though. (CR)
PO Box 14371 / Portland, OR 97293

BEER-POWERED BICYCLE #7 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
A nice "observations on life" type of zine. Portland sounds a lot like the Bay Area was ten years ago. Lots of free time to live and breathe with decent people before the machine moves in and clears everyone out. Punk. (AR)
PO Box 40001 / Portland OR 97240

BITTER PIE #4, 5 & 6 / $2
5 x 8 - copied - 12 pgs
Great dark and angry comics...these three issues cover topics like the never ending yuppie infestation of San Francisco (and all once affordable spots in the world), introspection, class war, corporate dominance, the information super highway (maybe we'd all better just ride our bikes?!), demonstrations, mental baggage, loss of culture, communication...I'm only just scratching the surface with this list...this comes from the heart and the guts... you *need* these. Write to this woman today. Free 'Not Your Bitch' sticker with every comic. (KC)
1943 Mission St / SF, CA 94110

BRAINSCAN #11/**EYECANDY** #14 / $1
4 1/4 x 7 - copied - 40 pgs
Split issue from Portland, with *Brainscan* on the top half of the page and *Eyecandy* on the bottom. I'm guessing on the price since it doesn't seem to be in there anywhere. *Brainscan* deals primarily with personal musings about relationships, moving, etc. *Eyecandy* has personal stuff too, but also stuff about punk, gulf war syndrome, foreign films, and some reviews. Great cover. OK, feels more like a local project. (MJ)
2315 SE Stark / Portland, OR 97214

BRIDGES FREEZE FIRST #5 / $1
8 x 5 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
It's true that I cringe whenever I hear "by any means necessary" tacked onto haphazard slogans, and "taking back the word 'ska'..." is no exception to my personal rule. Meant seriously or simply silly, it doesn't work for me either way. I had to skim this zine because I just wasn't interested. Reprinting factsheets off the internet – even if about worthy and under-examined topics like sweatshops—I recognize as an effort to "educate," but it's too easy. The lay-out is scattershot (almost all text) and so is much of the writing, whether musing over malls, gelatin, punk SUVs, or indie rock packaging. Short interviews with Dave Hilliard and Holly Golightly, some random e-mail correspondence from the editor's friends, and two (count 'em, *two*) pages of "stupid Dan Quayle quotes."

There are also "idiot's guides to..." zines and web design, both of which I strongly urge no idiot to follow because, really, if you're an idiot, why bother? (MN)
301 Newbury St #154 / Danvers, MA 01923

BROKEN PENCIL #12 / $5
11 x 8 1/2 - offset - 72 pgs
I always like *Broken Pencil*, and this issue is no different; those Canadians know how to write a good zine about, er, zines. (I now forgive them for foisting Celine Dion on the world. Well, almost) Cut-and-paste, the under-appreciated art in the age of personal computing, is explored with zinester Tara Azzopardi while the geeks weigh in with a sociological analysis of zineing and an interview with Stephen Duncombe, author of *Notes From the Underground: Zines and the Politics of Alternative Culture*. As usual, there are the well-picked excerpts from various zines (including a girl's first time on Ecstasy, true love, mannequin abuse, and a review of the female condom) and the always readable reviews. Even if I don't care to read another chapbook ever again in my whole entire life, I don't mind reading its review in *Broken Pencil*. (MN)
PO Box 203, Stn P / Toronto, ON M5S 2S7 / Canada

CAUSTIC TRUTHS #72 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 40 pgs
This zine contains interviews with: At the Drive In, L7, Kid Dynamite, the Lunachicks and more. The interviews tend to be short and won't change your life. The rest of the zine is just ads. Unless you need to read every word spoken by any of the above bands, don't bother. (DS)
PO Box 92548 / 152 Carlton St / Toronto, Ontario / Canada M5A 2K0

CHICKEN IS GOOD FOOD #6 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 78 pgs
Believe it or not, this is the first I have heard of this Bay Area zine that has been rapidly growing a devoted following. This is the brilliantly themed Technology Extravaganza issue, but, not being a tech geek, I had trouble deciphering his technobabble a lot of the time. However, the entire damn issue is a monument to the triumph of the "geeks over the preps," and this issue is no exception. Get it now, my children. (RD)
PO Box 642634 / San Francisco, CA 94164

CHUMPIRE #125 / SASE or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
I am fond of stability. I want something I can rely on, something that's gonna be there when everyone moves away (for good reason), work is fucked, etc. *Chumpire* once again has a bit of Greg's thoughtful, personal writing, some local (PA) scene stuff, some reviews. It is a fast read but I'm very happy to read it. (JM)
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

COMFORT CREATURE #6 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Holy shit, this is a lot of stuff to read. All handwritten and void of graphics, I had a hard time getting started on this. The writing is personal, and the style verges on pretentious and overly descriptive. I would call it quasi-fictional, with a definite Cometbus influence. If you like that kind of stuff a lot, those "a day in the life" kind of stories, you might like this. (MD)
PO Box 4251 / Boulder, CO 80306

COUNTER THEORY #2 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 82 pgs
Great looking thick offset zine. Tons of interviews, Hot Water Music, Kid Dynamite, Olivia Tremor Control, Reversal Of Man, loads more. Lots of heart, lots of tedious columns, lots of ads. There's a lot of good reading here, although I don't know about using material about Y2K at this late date. (GF)
12850 St Rd / Davie, FL 33325

DEAD CITY #6 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
This zine does not have a lot of pages, but it has lots of text; mostly stories that seem somewhat autobiographical and fictional at the same time. Some of the stories are pretty interesting and written in a very detailed, descriptive way. The themes of the stories are mostly focused on regret, friendship, memory, and experiences in punk culture. Some of the stories were really engrossing, but others made me feel like I was reading someone's journal. Overall, a pretty good read. (JL)
539 Washington N.E. / Warren, OH 44483

DEKADENCIA HUMANA #9 / $4
15 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs - Spanish
This zine reminds me that while we San Franciscans may have computers stuck up our asses and concern about the "hot economy," other people around the world are still playing punk music and actively fighting racism and fascism. I miss those good old days! And this zine brought it back. Politics and punk are what this zine is about, from an internationalist point of view. (HH)
CC N31 (1407) Suc.7(B) / Cap Fed BS AS / Argentina

DOLL #151 / $10
8 x 10 - offset - 162 pgs
This is like the *MRR* meets *Spin* of Japan...a big thick book full of punk rock, glossy photos, and tons of ads. Unfortunately for me, I don't read Japanese... or else I could be reading about '80s thrash revival bands, a Boss Hog Japan tour report, Gee Vaucher (Crass), Get Up Kids, The Hong Kong Knife, Senseless Apocalypse, and Missile Girl Scout...to name just a fraction of what's sandwiched between these pages! Oh yeah, in the "I'm totally conceited department" I must be honest and say that my favorite part about this issue are the two photos of What Happens Next? that I took...GO!!! (KC)
#303 Aota Bldg / 3-1-9 Kita, Kohenji Minami / Sujinami-Ku / Tokyo, Japan

EAT SHIT! # 11 / 2 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 14 pgs
Sloppy zine from South Lake Tahoe with some short columns. reviews, a (recopied?) article on veal and a biography of a Napalm Ape band, "DUI". Might be good if you're living in the

area, otherwise... (CR)
PO Box 4766 / S Lake Tahoe, CA 96157

ELEPHANT MESS #7 / stamp or trade
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 32 pgs
Like many personal fanzines, reading this was much like reading someone's diary. If it's your friends diary, and you get to know something about them that they can't say out loud, then that's pretty cool. But if you don't know the person, it's just a little bit boring and self-centered. The writing is good, the layout clear, but the content just didn't move me. But hey, why not throw him a stamp and read it for yourself. (CR)
PO Box 1582 / Eugene, OR 97440

EQUILIBRIOPRECARIO #4 / $5
11 x 8 - offset - 96 pgs - Italian
This zine has loads of interesting punk, interviews with newer bands such as Don Caballero, Fluxus, Blonde Redhead, Ultra Bide and Deus. There is also a long interesting article on the Italian hardcore scene from the eighties when it totally ruled with such bands as CCM, Negazione, Indigesti,etc... Finally this zine has lot of record reviews and cool ads. (HH)
Stefano Paternoster /via Cembra 49/ 3 / 38015 Lavis (TN) / Italy

FOOD GEEK #2 / $1
4 x 5 - copied - 30 pgs
This zine is really fun to read. It revolves around the author's enthusiasm for food, complete with favorites, recipes, letters of bonding on the basis of food, and some writing about how people relate to food, psychologically and emotionally. Mostly, this zine is about what kinds of food the author and her friends enjoy, depicted through stories, comics, and recipes. (JL)
PO Box 481051 / Los Angeles, CA 90048

GAME OF THE ARSEHOLES #2 / stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 6 pgs
This has an interesting interview with Tony Erba in it. He sounds articulate and intelligent, which is a welcome change from some of the stupid things I have heard come out of his mouth. There is a great book review of *Fucked Up and Photocopied* and some shortish record reviews. Not bad for a pamphlet. (AR)
9 Fenwick Road / Whippany, NJ 07981

GET IN TOUCH #7 / $3 (World) $2 (Asia & Oceania)
4 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 96 pages
This is truly an international zine. It has band interviews with JR. Ewing (Norway), OneXmore (Belgium) and Feud (Philadelphia). It also has scene reports from France, New Zealand, Latvia, Malaysia, Britain, etc... And the zine finishes off with a worldly zine and record review section. The only way the editors could fit this all in was to make this zine huge, well worth your money. (DS)
Butch & Dangie Regala / 1260-D Quiricada St Sta. Cruz/ Manila 1003 Philippines

HELLBENDER #12 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
This is basically a column, interviews with Samian and the Enkindels, and the tour diary of All Out War. Not too substantial, and a huge amount of advertisements, but good-natured and well intentioned. Pick this up, because they seem capable of turning out good efforts in the near future. (RD)
PO Box 547 / Vails Gate, NY 12584

HELLO MY NAME IS RACHEL #3.5 / 2 stamps or trade
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Are good punk rock feminist zines getting more and more rare, or am I just more cynical? This one saved me, at least for tonight. Rachel manages to render her politics with well-written prose and personal anecdotes about funerals, mental illness, eating disorders, domestic violence, and anti-Semitism. This last piece is particularly powerful, a letter to her grandfather, as she considers the kinds of violence that puncture her daily routine, walking down the street or retrieving her mail from a neighbor. Rachel also dispenses with didactic rhetoric to thoughtfully consider the old debate between pacifism and armed struggle and sings us out with a rousing Digger protest song. Very much worth the two stamps, and more! (MN)
3269 25th St / San Francisco, CA 94110

HOLIDAY IN OTHER PEOPLE'S MISERY #1 / $1.50
6 x 4 1/4 - copied - 80 pgs
A Greyhound travel journal that goes from NYC to SF, chronicling the trip and the other people the writer encounters. Nice format: the cover looks like a little notebook with a good photo, but I've never really bought into the whole romance of Greyhound and am pretty bored by these detailed logs of trips. (MJ)
KYEzine Internationale / 565 Waller St / San Francisco, CA 94117

IMPACT #25 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
I've seen a few issues of this publication, and I think this one's the best yet. Columns and articles about hip hop, the drug war, how fucked the INS is, Chile, AIDS, big business, etc. Pretty good reading for two bucks. It's free in Orlando and I think a lot of the material comes off the internet; certainly many pieces are cross-referenced there. The foul taste of liberalism is still present in some of the writing, and the CD reviews barely touched on punk shit, but I liked this issue a lot anyway. (JM)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

INSTANT LIFE #1 / $1
6 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This photo zine is black, white and color copies of Polaroids. It has a rock theme, so there are photos of the Lunachicks, Murder City Devils and others. Bad xeroxes of rock 'n roll girls showing their boobs (how punk!) and a bunch of other photos that are hard to tell who they are. Could have promise, if the editor lost the handwritten chicken scratch. (DS)
1122 . Pike St #1037 / Seattle, WA 98122)

JADED IN CHICAGO #8 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 30 pgs
Light reading, short interviews with Anti-Flag, Get Up Kids, Apocalypse Hoboken, Small Brown Bike. Also local stuff. Well worth $1. (GF)
4031 Forest Ave / Western Springs, IL 60558

LOSE #3 / $1 or trade
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Well this zine has the novelty of being a "choose your own adventure" story. I found none of my adventures lasted very long, and like those TSR Endless Quest books, a routine decision frequently results in things you didn't want to happen, and death. Then I read it straight through and it wasn't much better. I think they did this cuz they were bored, more than cuz they were inspired. (JM)
PO Box 230823 / Boston, MA 02123

MANGELSLAKT #2 / $2 US, $3 world
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 76 pgs
This zine is the epitome of crust, with interviews of the bands that border on metal: Warsore, Forca Macabra, Unholy Grave, and the list just goes on. I hate to not be able to rave about it, but crust and grind aren't my forte; needless to say, the interviews are super informative and guaranteed to please any dreadlocked, patched punk rocker. Also includes coverage of the Old Barn Fest. (RD)
PO Box 580402 / Minneapolis, MN 55458

ME AND MR. T #1 / $1 (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 48 pgs - Spanish
I rolled my eyes when I found a straightedge zine in my box, but this one is goofy in an endearing way. Unlike the average sXe manifesto, it doesn't take itself too seriously, unless they really do mosh around their bedrooms to invent new moves for the next show. It has a decent awareness of sexism and homophobia, which is refreshing, given the genre. Interviews with Past Mistakes, Holding On, and Crucial Unit; reviews of sXe releases and of early '80s video games; bad "thoughtful" prose; cute games (i.e., help Ray Cappo find his nose!) and comics; and of course, plenty of Mr. T pics and trivia. Unfortunately, no interviews with Mexican bands or descriptions of the Monterrey sXe scene (which I'd have liked to read about), but I can think of worse things to spend a buck on. (NN)
Apartado Postal #2286 / Sul. J de Correos / C.P. 64841 / Mty., N.L. / Mexico

MEDIA ATTACK # 1 / $1.50
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
Wow, I didn't really think there were still peace punks out there, but these folks are proudly carrying the banner! Lots of vegan recipes, contact information for political prisoners and other activist groups. Every time I see a reprint of a "Refuse and Resist!" flyer, I wonder how many people out there still don't know that R n'R is yet another front group for the homophobic vanguardists of the RCP. This looks pretty good for a first issue though, and might be worth picking up a future issue. (CR)
PO Box 1982 / Sarasota, FL 34230

MODERN INDUSTRY #1 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 40 pgs
This is a comics anthology with ten contributors. Two of them were romance style; one for lonely teenagers and one I liked more. Two of them were fucking great! C. McNinch has a piece more experimental than her usual stuff, but still similarly-themed and sweet and sad. But the overall grand prize winner has got to be "The Cute Fuzzy Bunny Goes To Hell" by Ché Gilson. I laughed my butt off at the bunny's plight, and even Floyd said it was pretty good. If you like comics zines, this is recommended. (JM)
TFR Industries / 170 Beaver St / Ansonia, CT 06401

MULLET #3 / 25 ¢
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied – 20 pgs
Yep, kids, this is an entire fanzine solely devoted to the beauty that is the 10/90, the ape drape, the schlong—that is to say, the mullet. For those of you who don't know, that is the hockey haircut, with the short top and long back (think Billy Ray Cyrus). Not as good as the infamous www.mulletsgalore.com, but very much in the same vein. Highlights include mullet sighting stories, porn mullets, and the mullet for a day. Skimpy, sloppy and poorly written, and all I'm left wondering is, what took the world so damn long? (RD)
7741 Ohio St / Mentor, OH 44060

MULTI KID #1 / 60¢ + equal trade
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 26 pgs
If you can overlook the spelling errors, this is a pretty good read. Basic, but highly entertaining tips on theft, scavenging, and networking for free stuff. A couple of travel stories, a few personal stories, some yummy vegan recipes and a super hilarious piece entitled "let's start a band (especially if you can't play)." Throw caution to the wind and send this person some stamps. (KC)
PO Box 200232 / New Haven , CT 06520

NO LONGER BLIND #7 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 / copied / 40 pgs
This is a computer hack job. The look and content are very elementary. The intent is not. The theme is both spirituality and the positive within the context of the straightedge scene. Worthy questions, but the answers from the interviewed bands tended toward the evasive and uninspired. Hope to see continued effort from *NLB*. (AR)
74 Gladstone Ave / Wollongong, NSW / Australia 2500

OBLIVION #9 / $5 for 4 issues, or trade
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
This is a pretty rad youth-lib publication. There is an interesting article about what it took to get school administrators to grant students their legal rights; how dumbed down AOL's "parental control settings" are; how easy it is to make school administrators think you are a violent terrorist by acting even vaguely mysterious; the bad news for women and kids in Afghanistan; a letters column and some news briefs. I found it fun and inspiring and informative and if I was in high school it would be even more useful.

They want to review youth-oriented material. (JM)
PO Box 95227 / Seattle, WA 98145-2227

ON DISPLAY #1 / ?$
15 1/2 x 10 - offset - 12 pgs
This Danish networking fanzine has some great potential, what with all the awesome bands and labels that live in their back yard, but this first issue just didn't seem to live up to what it could be. Interviews with Outlast and DS-13, two of my favorite euro-hardcore bands were not long enough for anything interesting to be said/. I'm going to keep my eye on this one though, and I'm expecting big things in the future. (SS)
R Hansen / Park Alle 1 3th / 8000 Arthus C / Denmark

OX #37 / $5
11 1/2 x 8 - offset - 148 pgs - German
Ox is emoting all over the place this time around, with Shai Hulud, Hot Water Music, the Get Up Kids, etc. But also, Sacred of Chaka, 7 Seconds, and Snapcase. Tiny type, tons of information, more crowded than a Japanese condo. Claustrophobia-inducing, but complete. As usual, this quarterly includes a pay-to-play CD and review of everything printed, recorded or imagined. (AC)
PO Box 143445 / 45264 Essen / Germany

POWDERED APPLES #4 / $1
4 x 5 - copied - 32 pgs
This zine could be considered personal and even "emo"-ish. Lots of talk about feeling isolated, lonely, and disconnected from people, most of which has a therapeutic and confessional quality to it and is pretty interesting if you are interested in that stuff. The section of this zine that occupies the most pages is the discussion of whether or not Christians are misrepresented and defined in an unfair way as evil, hate-mongering bigots. The author urges that, in the name of "equality," we give Christians a fair shake and claims that a few zealots have tainted our perceptions. I found this whole discussion really annoying and disturbing. Christianity is not just a preference or orientation, it is ideologically embedded in our institutions and culturally, morally, and politically imposed on people who do not religiously subscribe to Christianity. It is totally ridiculous to even talk about "equality" considering these conditions. Read it for yourself if you want to be as irked as I am. (JL)
319 E Michigan / Galesburg, MI 49053

QUARENTINE #2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 30 pgs
This is pretty bad. It looks like a couple of 5th graders made it. Um, there are show reviews, some "art," a few music reviews, and some boring write-ups. Crap. (NF)
PO Box 72593 / / Newport KY 41072

REHASH #1 / $1
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
Goes to show you that computer layout and design do not guarantee a pleasant visual experience. This is old school typewriter and cut-and-paste, lots of reprints of *MRR* interviews (Minor Threat, Flux of Pink Indians, and Iron Cross) and some thoughts on the good old days. Good. (AR)
PO Box 201 / Troy, MI 48099-0201

ROTTEN EGGS SMELL TERRIBLE #2 / trade or 2 IRCs
11 x 8 - copied - 36 pgs - French
Lots of interesting punk rock and ska in this thin zine. There are interviews with Paris Violence, The Bulldogs, Trama Social, Swoons, Retro Trotskids and others. There are also lots of cool record reviews and ads. (HH)
Thierry Alcouffe / 34 Baraque De Luc / 12450 Luc / France

SCANNER #6 / $3
6 x 8 - offset - 72 pgs
Teeny tiny print made it hard to read this, but once I managed to strain my eyes and make out the words, there's some good work in here. And it's great to read a British zine that concentrates on the scene there. OK, there are interviews with some American bands—Mike Ness, Badtown boys, Down By Law, Garrison, but also some British folks—Travis Cut, Gee Strings, Rejected Records. A lot of columns and good reviews and some really crap punk jokes. Certainly worth the eye strain.(MJ)
6 Chatsworth Drive / Rushmere Park / Ipswich / Suffolk IP4 5XA / UK

SHAG STAMP #8 / $4
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
I have become a huge fan of this zine! This issue has a beautiful hand screened cover. Jane writes about her life, which involves a lot of traveling and working as a stripper. She writes about her jobs, the people she's lived with and the places she's lived, gentrification, the dissolving of squats in Europe, and being young, impressionable and crushed out. The writing is just really involving and interesting. If you order one zine this month, make it this one. (MD)
Jane / c/o Mohawk Beaver / Poste Restante, Norrebro Postkontor / 2200 Kobenhavn N, Denmark

SKYSCRAPER #7 / $4.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 200 pgs
It's huge! This is a music mag with really long interviews. Combine that

with the in-depth music reviews, and this is a piece of work done by a music fanatic. Sometimes it's a bit much, but there is loads of stuff to read. I like They Might Be Giants, so their interview was cool, even if they aren't punk. Others include I Am Spoonbender, The Flaming Lips, June of '44—all over the map. Looks great, feels like a small phone book. (GF)
PO Box 4432 / Boulder, CO 80306

SOAP & SPIKES #7 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 72 pgs
Standard music zine format: pretty good columns, nice layout, some reviews and interviews with the likes of: Randy Rampage, The Partisans, Vice Squad, The Freeze, TSOL and Jimmy Zero. A good zine. (NF)
431 Burlington Ave #5 / Burlington Ontario / Canada L7S 1R3

SO WHAT? #5 / $1?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
A mix of personal and political – this zine has some writings about crummy boys and girly fashions. On the political side is an anti-WTO piece (I'm getting sick of reading them) and an interview with a fair trade coffee company owner that was pretty interesting. The best and saddest piece was one about working in an animal shelter. Pretty cool. (MD)
PO Box 3101 / Littleton, CO 80161-3101

SPARED #1 / $2 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Packed with text, this chaotic zine focuses on animal rights and veganism. The best parts in here are emails from a Peace Corps volunteer in Honduras during Hurricane Mitch, info about German artist Kathe Kollwitz and a sad piece on a friend's small child that died. Very earnest, with a lot of pieces from college course work. Trades OK. (MJ)
3548 Garfield Ave S #3 / Minneapolis, MN 55408

STRAIGHT FORCE #5 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
This is the last issue these sXe boys will be doing under the name *Straight Force*, with issue number six the name will be changed to *Alarm*. The idea behind this is to appeal to a wider audience. My suggestions for future issues: Drop the bad interviews with Jimmy Eat World and Apocalypse Hoboken and concentrate on articles like the well researched and interesting one on abortion clinics (*SF* being sXe and having an all boy staff, I was worried when I started this article, but you shouldn't be, it's well reasoned and pro choice). (SS)
PO Box 200069 / Boston, MA 02120

TAKE OFF YOUR FUCKING DRESS AND GO BOWLING! #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
This is one of those zines where the editor just prints everything that he and his friends write. There is such a thing as editing, and this zine could use a little bit. It's not bad, it's just kind of cluttered. There's a lot of rambling about friends, and girlfriends and boyfriends who are psychotic. There is a long piece about the effects of aspartame, beer reviews, an analysis of morality, as well as some fiction. (MD)
2315 SE Stark / Portland, OR 97214

TEENAGE DEATH / TBFTGOG5 #1 / $1
8 1/2 x 7 - copied- 40 pgs
Two pretty good queer / personal zines. I liked Teenage Death a little more though. Stories about growing up, friends and all the other emo kind of personal stories you'd expect. *TBFTGOG5* was a little less interesting. In it were stories about love, lust, drugs, and boys. Both of these are well laid out and interesting. The stories are well written and the layout and artwork interesting. I'm not sure how I feel about ambiguously fictitious stories, but beside that these two are great. (CR)
PO Box 5664 / Richmond, VA 23220

THIRD GENERATION NATION #18 / 4 DM
11 1/2 x 8 - offset - 70 pgs - German
European fanzines don't seem as personality-driven as their American counterparts. But in #18, this Blank Frank character shows up all over the place, even the cover. About Frank: in his Top 10, Loikaemie, US Bombs, and the Bodies. His signature adieu: "See you soon in punk rock heaven, lads..." and his trip to Rio, detailed in this issue, was fabulous. *3rdGN* also includes interviews with Jakkpot, the Black Halos, and others, and the usual thorough reviews. Email: realshock@aol.com. (AC)
Ralf Hünebeck / Mühienfeld 59 / 45472 Mülheim, Germany

TREEFLESH #7 / $2
7 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
It was cool to read about the happenings back in my home state. This is kind of an anarcho-eco-hippie publication. Some standard stuff, i.e. Mumia, WTO, gardening, prisoner reports. The nice thing about this is the personal writing about work, individual survival, and technology (which spawned from a debate with a reader about Luddism). There's also some info on local shows/benefits and a new pirate radio station. (MD)
PO Box 869 / Searsport, ME 04974

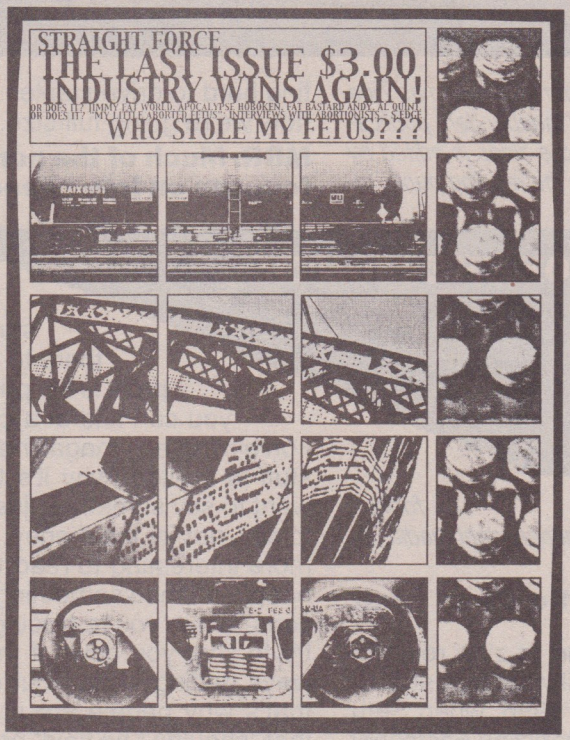
VAMPED #3/**THURTEEN** #5 / $2
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 62 pgs
This split zine is dedicated *entirely* to examining sexual assault from personal and political perspectives, compiled from various sources and contributors and edited by two committed boys who are obviously angered by the topic at hand. Everything from personal stories of rape and assault (including same-sex rape) to professional examinations of survivors' health to self-defense tips is included to devastating effect. Reprinted are excerpts from the works of a variety of advocacy organizations: crisis centers, rape prevention programs, survivors groups, and more. What gets sketchy are the numerous attempts to discover the root (cultural and psychological) causes of rape and sexual assault here; blaming pornography, for instance, is too simplistic. I have to

admit to feeling ambiguous about a few of the essays, but overall I appreciate the sincerity and commitment to dialogue and to survivors of assault displayed here. The editors are also asking for generous donations to keep the zine free in shops, shows, shelters and clinics. (MN)
PO Box 1943 / Greeley, CO 80632-1943

VISION ON #17 / free with $1 postage
8 1/2 x 11 1/2 - offset - 32 pgs
It's ten years on and this zine is still kicking. Bouncing Souls, Jello Biafra, The Dragons and Down By Law (I know, but people in England think they're cool for some reason...) Also a great interview with Becky from Flame In Hand gigs and Crackle records, who along with her partner Dave is one of the coolest bookers ever, and deserves your adulation. This one's always good. (GF)
27 Springbank Croft / Holmfirth, West Yorks HD7 1LW / UK

VORTEX FROM THE EAST # 19 & 20 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 38 pgs
These zines seem pretty decent, but I can't speak Malay, so I can't say for sure. These are Malasian mags that deal (from what I can tell) with hardcore and sub-genres of hardcore. (NF)
Abdul Azziz Itar / 18 PJS 2C / 11N Mendan Garden 8th miles / Old Klang Rd 46000 Petaling Jaya Selangor / Malaysia

ZINE GUIDE #3 / $6
11 x 8 1/2 - offset - 160 pgs
Massive and always an eye-strain, the *Zine Guide* is an impressive effort to document every damn "independent" publication in somewhat current circulation (I'm going to guess, however, that this is mostly limited to English-language zines by default). Listed alphabetically, there are place/name/subject indexes to help out those of us who are skimming for zines that address topics near and dear, or are published by friends and foes. The actual listings themselves (of which there appear to be thousands) are somewhat sparse with a roll-call of zine content, contact information, and maybe the editor's faves and some quotes from readers if you're lucky. There's also a listing of zine libraries, most of them in the United States, complete with information on submitting your "work" and gaining access to the collections. (MN)
POB 5467 / Evanston, IL 60204



ZONKED #4 / $3 (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 60 pgs
It's got the normal reviews, rants, etc., plus there's interviews with Agent Orange, Where's the Pope, Otherwise, and Reducers SF. The guy who does this mag has good taste in music too. (NF)
50 Hollingburg Rise / Brighton BN1 7HJ / UK

MORE LISTINGS

BANANA RACE #9 / $1 or trade
After nine issues I would expect a little more than this. Very high school, cheesy - there are some music reviews and some pretty lame writing that might be of interest to those who put this out.
92 N Cheesebrush Ave. / Tucson, AZ 85748

ED GEIN ZINE #666 / 2 stamps
Hmmm, lots of gory photos of murder victims, embalming techniques and some music reviews.
804 Caroline St / Pekin, IL 61554

EGGS & MAYO"NOISE" #5 / 15 ff
A French zine with interviews with Fugazi and a handful of (French?) bands of lesser fame. I thought the "fanzinotèque" feature was a nice bit. Reviews, etc.
43 Rue Des Moulins / 16200 Jarnac / France

FEAR WHY THE MOUSE CAN'T BREATHE #1 / ?
Small zine with personal writing, mostly about crushes on girls. Hey, using apostrophes is okay, really.
5258 Five Fingers Way / Columbia, MD 21045

FORTUNE 2000 #5 / $3 (or trade)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
A pretty cool comic we got here. Great artwork with a slightly demented storyline. I enjoyed it. (NF)
56 Mansfield St. #1 / Allston, MA 02134

HGP #2 / $1
If you're going to do your zine on a computer, at least use the spell check. Personal writing about girls, consumerism and a friend who died. Really big print, not much writing.
420 South Van Buren #4 / Iowa City, IA 52240

KOEK RAND #93 / postage?
This free Dutch photocopied zine begs the question, is it really issue 93? Show, record, book and zine reviews, and the editors pose this eternal question: "Punkers op leefttijd?"
Johan van Leeuwen / Laan van Berlioz 6 / 2151 GR Nieuw Vennep / Netherlands

THE NEUS SUBJECT #27 / one stamp
The keepers of the flame for the Cincinnati scene have down it again with a one pager chock full of reviews and gossip. Great if you're from the area, not worth much if you're not.
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018

OZZY ROCKS #3 / ?
Some columns, some music reviews, some thoughts and some ads. I guess I was hoping for something more. Oh well, maybe some other time.
PO Box 1084 / Dunkirk, NY 14048

STUPID STUFF #2 / $1
No kidding, guys. This is basically reviews, mindless rants and a bunch of self-serving junk regarding the guy's band. Aptly titled.
106 S Park Blvd / Streamwood, IL 60107

TOUCHED BY AN ANVIL #12 / $1
Filled with a mixture of stories, cartoons, random quotes, pictures from the ed.'s UHaul photo collection.
PO Box 30104 / Eugene, OR 97403

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #44 / $1
Show reviews of Buzzcocks with the Lunachiçks, Down by Law, Superchunk, Guided By Voices, and a few others. Also, interviews with a member of the Buzzcocks, C-Average, Lunachicks, and I think one more. More reviews of records and CDs, and a tale about a crappy New Year's Eve.
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205

a reader's guide

A Reader's Guide to the Underground Press (formerly known as Zine World) , is the essential guide to fanzines and independent publications. This thorough guide to zines, books and e-zines is edited by Doug Holland and does a great job of keeping the reading public informed on what's out there and the importance of an independent media. Interview by Casey R.

ZINE OF THE MONTH

MRR: To start with, explain a little about what *Reader's Guide* is.

Doug: It's a more-or-less quarterly zine of zine reviews and underground news, written by an all volunteer staff of zine junkies. We started the project in 1996, when Seth Friedman was in the early stages of euthanizing *Factsheet Five*. He had just announced that he planned to publish *F5* only twice a year, so it looked like we'd have no way to keep connected in a timely manner unless we started our own review zine.

MRR: How long have you been doing it?

Doug: Let's see... three and a half years now. Damn.

MRR: How has the zine changed over that time?

Doug: Well, most obviously, we've changed the title. We started out as *Zine World*, but as we evolved into covering a lot of interesting stuff that doesn't quite fit the word "zine"—self-published books, videos, websites, e-zines—we went for a kinda clunky title that more accurately describes what we're about. Other than that, the big change is the size of the damn thing. Our first issue was 60 pages, digest size. Now we're up to 120 pages, and it's getting hard to drive staples through something that thick so now we're going full-size.

MRR: Much of the non-review writing in the zine focuses on free speech issues. How do you feel zines relate to free speech?

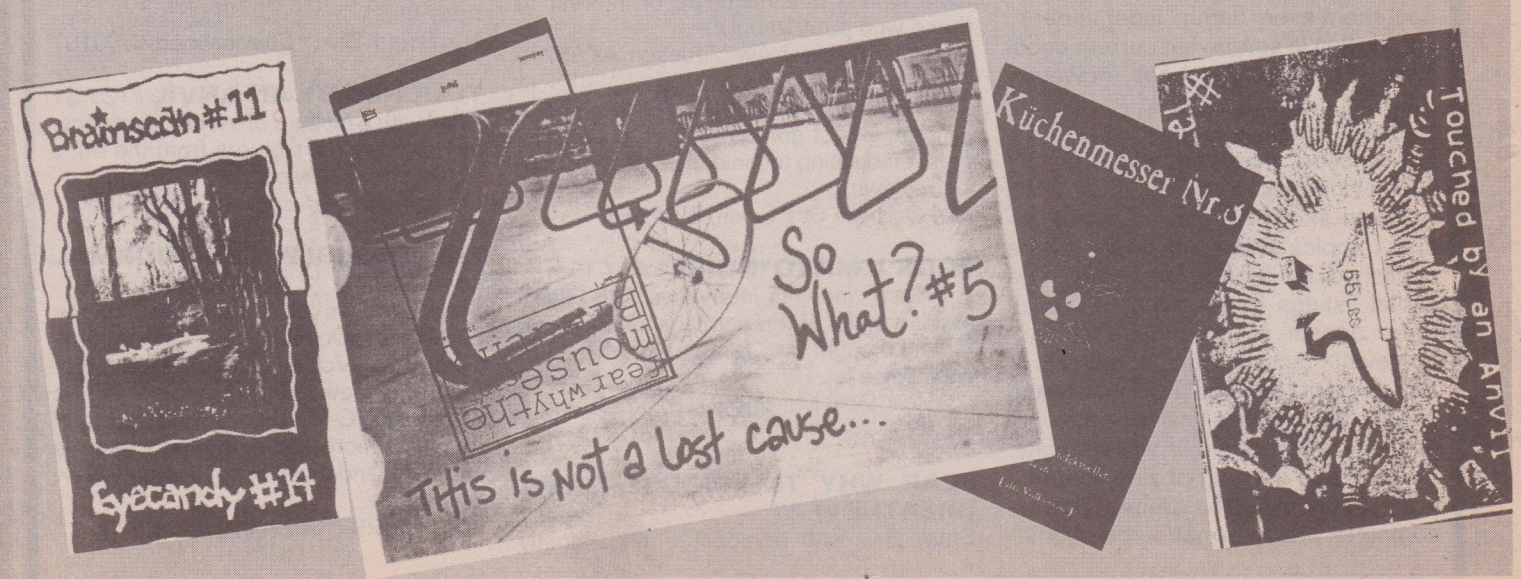
Doug: Oh man, that's the whole notion, ain't it? The stuff the corporations put out is only there to make money. I mean, making a profit is the primary purpose behind *everything* you can find at a chain bookstore, record shop, or on almost any magazine rack. Making money is why that stuff is printed, why it's there on the shelf. People who want to say something just because they have something to say, not for the money, hell, of course that's going to be more interesting to read. And it's a lot more likely to piss people off than something so mild it sells to giant corporations. When you're pissing people off, someone's going to try to shut you down if they can. That's why kids are always getting kicked out of school for publishing a zine, that's why people are prosecuted for writing something that "shouldn't be said" or drawing pictures that "shouldn't be seen." The powers that be don't really want freedom of speech for anything but apple pie and American flags.

MRR: How did you get involved in fanzines?

Doug: I was involved in zines before I knew there was a word for it. Typed my first zine when I was seven or eight, and dropped carbon copies—that was the technology then—on all the neighbors' porches. None of them gave a damn what the snot-nose kid down the street thought was newsworthy, but that was beside the point. I wanted them to know what I thought. That's one of the things that make zines fascinating to me—finding out what's going on inside other people's heads.

MRR: Why do you feel a zine like *Reader's Guide*, is important?

Doug: It always amazes me that people read crap like *Peo-*



to the underground press

ple or *Entertainment Weely* or *The New York Times*, and chunk-blowing stuff like that. We want to let the world know there's a great personal zine being published by somebody's grandmother in Memphis, and even though there's no scene in Bumfuck, Iowa there's a kid doing be a great zine there. I want to read writing that's not just filler between the ads, and that means reading underground material. That's what we're on about.

MRR: The line between zines and small press is often blurry, at maximum we have punk as the yardstick by which to measure whether they should be reviewed or not. How do you determine what should or shouldn't get reviewed?

Doug: It's a blurry line, yeah. We've tried to make the distinction a few different ways, but every time we tried drawing a line it pissed people off, and you know what? The pissed-off people were always right. So we've given up on hard and fast rules. If it's written by people, not by employees at a corporation, we're definitely interested. We try to review absolutely everything we get that's printed on paper, and whatever websites and e-zines request a review, as long as it's not obviously corporate crap masquerading as actual art.

MRR: What makes a good zine to you, and conversely, what do you find lacking in zines?

Doug: I love to read, but I want to read something that's alive. Passion is what matters, more than whatever the subject might be, more than a neat presentation, more than glitzy graphics, more than proofreading and proper stapling technique. If the writer gives a damn, I'm gonna want to read it. And the opposite is true—if the writing is obviously glommed together as filler just to keep the ads from bumping into each other, our reviewers will say so.

MRR: What are some of your favorite zines you've seen over the years?

Doug: This is the impossible question everyone asks. I could rattle off a list of the usual suspects, but there are so many mega-marvelous zines, it's just not possible to name a few without feeling like I've shortchanged a hundred others. Let me sidestep the question, 'cause looking for The Next Big Thing, the zine everyone's talking about, really isn't the point. Every time I go for the mail and schlep home another thirty pounds of zines, I'm floored by the sheer excellence of the material as I open the envelopes. Of course, I'm also floored by how lame some of it is. Them's the breaks, but in any given week there are at least half a dozen terrific zines on my desk, sometimes more, any of which are better than anything in a mainstream magazine, newspaper, or on the best-seller list. Most of these excellent zines you've never heard of, I've never heard of until they arrive in my mail. And that's the thing I love best about doing *ARG*—pointing people toward the truly terrific titles nobody's ever heard of before.

MRR: What other sort of projects have you done or plan to do in the future?

Doug: Well, I'm supposed to be writing a book based on *Pathetic Life*, the last zine I did before *A Reader's Guide*. Trouble is, *ARG* takes up so much of my time, the book is already two years past deadline. Dammit, I want to write that book, but a lot of people are depending on *ARG*, so it keeps getting pushed back...

A Reader's Guide #11 is available now: $3 postpaid, anywhere
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PMB 2386 * 537 Jones * San Francisco, CA 94102
on the web: http://www.UndergroundPress.org.

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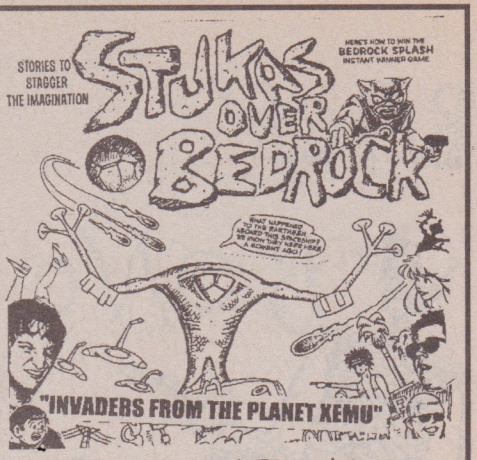

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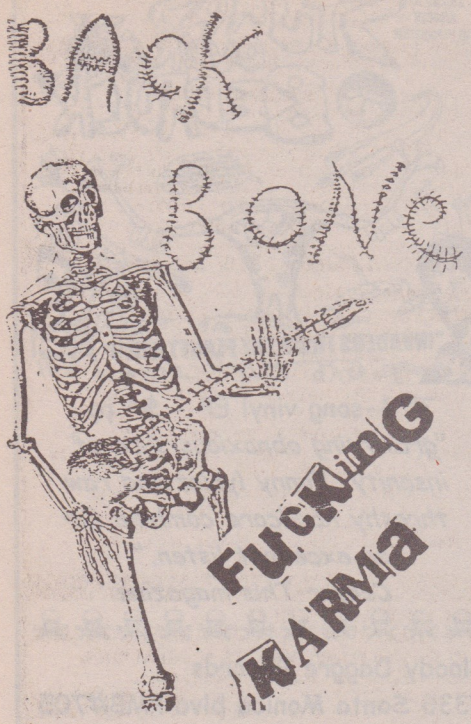

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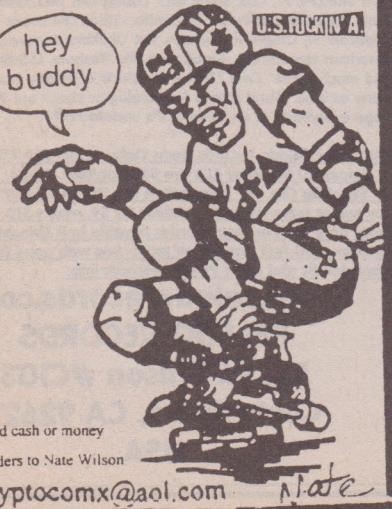

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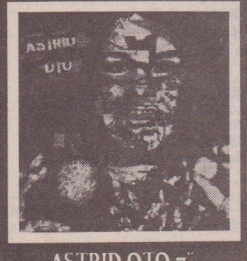

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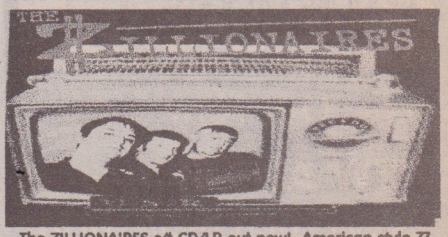

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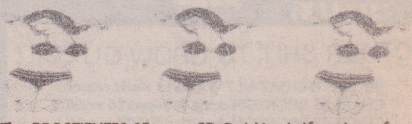

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I'M LOOKING FOR A COPY of the Screamers "Demos 1977-1978" LP that was reviewed in the December issue of MRR. I've been looking for material by the Screamers for quite a while and would be willing to pay a good price for this album, which I haven't been able to track down. If you've got this album and would like to sell it (or tape it for me) contact Bill at PO Box 162, Williams, Oregon 97544... Thanks!

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I just moved all of my stuff into storage, and I'm still trying to catch up with all the mailorder since my hospitalization (and beyond!). If you are still waiting for something from me, write and let me know. I'll do my best to either send you what you want or refund you. If you are waiting for the "Ecstacy Of Communication" CD, I never got it, so I'll happily refund your money...

E-bay just paid form my medication for the next few months. God bless Pushead Test Pressings...

Hey, our e-mail newsletter is getting a little out of control. So I'll be starting a website soon to deal with the unexpected interest in my ramblings. In the mean time, you can still get the newsletter by sending me an e-mail that says "subscribe". You'll also get my latest list of stuff for sale...

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ANTISCHISM	Still Life	Originally recorded in 1991 this pre-dated Initial State - part of the early 90's political hardcore revival. Classic.	Prank	LP/CD 7.25/9.
BANNED IN DC	DC Underground 79-85	The complete photo/commentary on the DC scene. Everyone important crazy photography. This was where it began.	Wght = 24 oz	Book 19.00
BOTCH	We are the Romans	Another of the crazy Hydra Head packages - double LP in a full color gatefold sleeve. Huge riffs all around screaming.	Hydra Head	2xLP/CD11./10.
CAPITALIST CASUALTIES	Dark Circle	Crazy packaging here - it's a picture disc packaged in a gatefold 5 sleeve. Full color disc and sleeve. Pricey + rare.	Consp. Evolve	5 7.75
CATHARSIS	Passion	New recording from one of the premier US hardcore band - intelligent driving and unrelenting hardcore. Inspirational.	CrimeThInc	CD 9.00
CATTLE DECAPITATION	Human Jerky	Crazy intricate(hyper-technical they call it) nutty grindcore a la Carcass - including the songs / graphics. Blazing.	Satan's Pimp	LP 7.50
CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS		Reissue of the First Ep - '400 Fascists'. Classic moment in furious brutal and raw European hardcore. Essential stuff.	dunno	EP 2.75
CONFUSE	Boot LP	Seems like it's almost overdue - Classic Japanese distortion makes it back to vinyl - flexi Eps 12 etc - with booklet	dunno	LP 10.00
CROSSED OUT	1990-1993	The definitive collection - 47 tracks proper sound quality - EP split 5 split EP demo's and so forth - still the best	Slap A Ham	LP/CD 7.50/11.
DAMAD	Burning Cold	Ken called it 'metallic fury...hypnotic rhythms thundering destructo-core'. Whoa - accurate by me - great Pushead art	Prank	LP/CD 7.50/9.
DEMON SYSTEM 13	Vad Vet	You should have heard of them by now - ferocious Swedish hardcore - Too many songs to count humor hooks - ace.	Deranged	LP 8.50
DYSTOPIA	Backstabber	Restock - the last studio output from this amazing band available again - three songs still untouchable quality	Life is Abuse	EP 3.00
DYSTOPIA	Human = Garbage	While I doubt this requires any introduction - they about invented the doomcore genre. Dark twisted genius.	Life is Abuse	CD 10.00
FISHSTICKS	Disko	I've been waiting! Discography comp - 31 tracks from this great LA hardcore band - humor speed impact. Top dog.	Theologian	CD 12.00
FOUND MY DIRECTION	Burn all white flags...	Twelve song blast from these Aussies - split label release. Finger in the air pummelling hoarse vocals bomb breaks.	Resist/625	CD 8.50
GET UP & GO'ERS	Before You Go	13 traks of upbeat songwriting than blurr -Hooks melodic but not slow.	Euphony	CD 9.00
GODBELOW	Painted Images	Big production big guitars and the metallic hardcore you'd expect. Stood out from the crowd though - ugly music	Surface	CD 10.00
GRIMPLE	Remember...	Awesome CD comp - this is their EP LP and split LP tracks - bombastic sarcastic and caustic East Bay hardcore. Great	Liberation	CD 12.50
DAMAD	Rewind	Whoa - didn't think we'd see these again - older release - crazy Pushead artwork - color vinyl / acetate cover etc	Bacteria Sour	EP 4.00
POINT OF FEW	Beneath the Surface	Another smoking release from these Dutch hardcore heros - ten songsgreat layout high energy. Excellent stuff.	Coalition	EP 3.25
HARDCORE CALIFORNIA	History of Punk...	The history - pictures and text. Circle Jerks to Dead Kennedys to Black Flag - it's all here. Great book know yr roots!	Wght = 32 oz	Book 22.00
HIS HERO IS GONE	The Plot Sickens	Amazing stuff - their latest and perhaps last. Color gatefold package questioning and prodding music and life again	Ne Vous Laissez	LP 8.50
KOREISCH	This Decaying....	Haunting intro - then you're dispatched quicker than the ATF could muster. Blazing charasmatic UK metallic HC.	SOS	CD 11.00
KURO	Boot LP	Another of the infamous Japanese bands gets the treatment - 16 songs of fierce distorted Japanese HC - w/booklet	dunno	LP 10.00
MEANWHILE	Same Shit	New Millen. Another 18 track blast from these Swedish veterans - thundering Discharge 'simpler + faster' angle.	Sound Pollution	LP/CD 7.50/9.
NAUSEA	All Cops are Bastards	Demo bootleg issue from this infamous NYC crust band - circa early 90's - rough sound great band and material	dunno	EP 4.50
NO REST FOR THE DEAD	End of Space	Don't know where to begin - Japanese grindcore a la Brutal Truth but they smoke a lot of pot and it shows. Weird.	Deaf American	CD 9.00
PIG DESTROYER	Explosions in Ward 6	Crazy technical grindcore from Virginia - former Agaraphobic Nosebleed if you need a reference. Nonstop attack.	Clean Plate	LP 7.00
PUNCTURE WOUND	Break a Leg	Cleveland hardcore as that city is becoming known for - shorter/faster and spiteful as fuck. 7 songs no relief at all.	Bloodclot	EP 3.00
RAIN ON THE PARADE	Full Speed Ahead	Restock of this 12 track blast from perhaps the kings of the 'classic' HC sound + Ronnie's great lyrics! Yellow vinyl.	My War	EP 3.25
RUIDO	Deaquien Adelante	Los Angeles band who have endured the intermitable suffering that is L.A. - here to fill you in. Blatant raw punk.	Six Weeks	EP 3.25
SOCIAL INFESTATION	Lasciate Ogni Speranza	Also available as a 10 - full color cover crazy variety keeps it fresh and engaging - blazing hardcore keeps it moving	Goat Lord	10/CD 6.75/7.50
TRENCHANT	Exit Wound	Former '16' drummer returns to the fold - burly midpaced stuff - will peel paint - it's heavy as fuck as you'd guess.	band	CD 9.00
UNCURBED	Keep the Banner High	Sound Pollution working the Swedish connection again - as Ken calls it 'pummelling wall of guitars'. 2 bonus tracks.	Sound Pollution	LP/CD 7.50/9.
V/A AGENTS OF SATAN / BURN THE PRIEST		Gotta like a record with those as the band names - crazy stuff. Burn the Priest indeed - Technical spiteful grindcore	Deaf American	EP 3.25
V/A AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED / CONVERGE		Another 9 furious blasts from the AN juggernaut - total velocity addiction. Converge destroy with metal application.	Relapse	CD 8.00
V/A BURNING FLAMES / GET UP AND GO'ERS		Taking melodic hardcore and fine tuning it - these Swedish bands have a handle on songwriting and catchiness - great	Euphony	EP 4.50
V/A CRY OF SOUL		Sure to move quick - limited Japanese comp with Crow Selfish Final Bombsand an unreleased His Hero is Gone trk	Crow Records	EP 4.50
V/A G.I.S.M. / COMES		The infamous boot LP - the 'Detestation' and 'No Side' recordings collected. Two highlights of classic Japanese HC.	dunno	LP 10.00
V/A HELLCHILD / GOMORRHA		Frenzied Japanese grindcore meet their German counterpart - beautiful embossed sleeve - crazy 2000 mph drumming..	Per Koro	EP 3.25
V/A HOLDING ON / THE REAL ENEMY		Departure for Havoc - color cover and two more 'youth crew' oriented bands. Both are quick and punchy - it's a keeper	Havoc	EP 2.75
V/A HUMAN BODY FLAWED / JMVCC		Former Enemy Soil / current PG99 - flip is former Year of Our Lord - tough stuff looks great as well. Ltd 1000	Obtuse Mule	EP 3.25
V/A INFEST / PISSED HAPPY CHILDREN		What needs to be said? The first Slap A Ham release redone as a hard vinyl 7. Classic tracks unrelenting bands.	Slap A Ham	EP 3.25
V/A MAD COW DIZEAZE 182 / CONTRA		Limited quantity - latest split for the MCD 182 crazies - rough hardcore from both - suitable sense of sarcasm all over	bands	EP 3.00
V/A VOORHEES / DEVOID OF FAITH		Whoa. Not like either will need introduction - 21 songs blast including Bastard and Suicidal Tendencies covers	Gloom/Coalition	LP 8.00
V/A WELCOME TO 1984		The classic comp back in print - Terveet Kadet/Ohlo Seco/BGK/Crucifucks/Electric Deads/Icons of Filth/etc etc	Sonic Reducer	CD 11.50
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?	The First Year	I've been waiting - the comp CD. Includes the 10 the EP the comp tracks plus a bonus live show - Bandana returns!	625 Productions	CD 8.00
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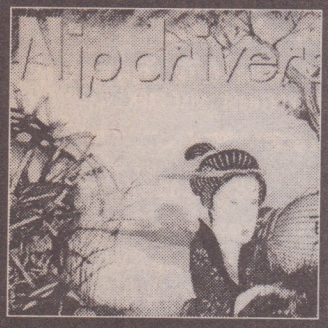

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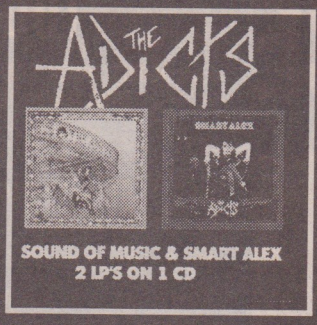

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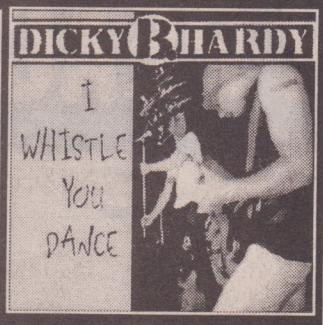

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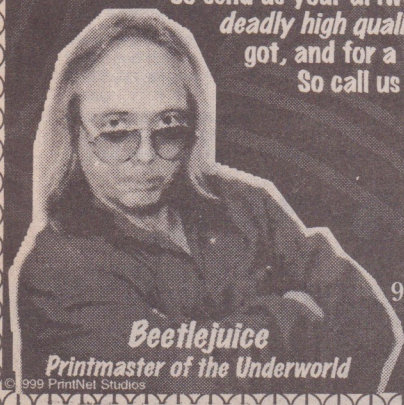

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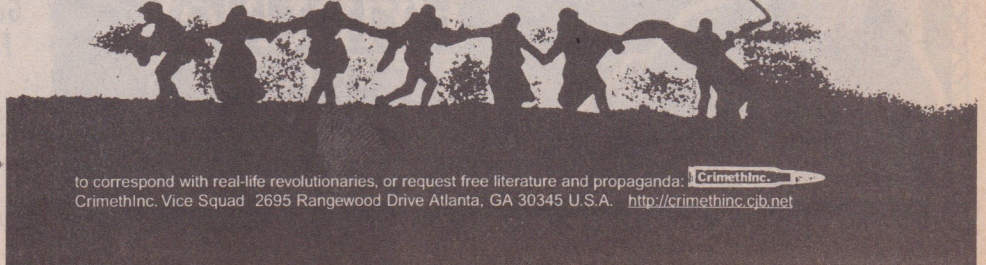

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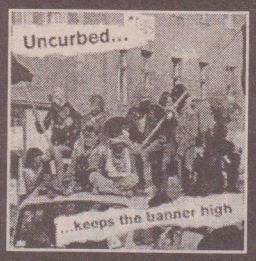

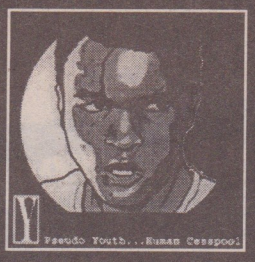

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